

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00003426051

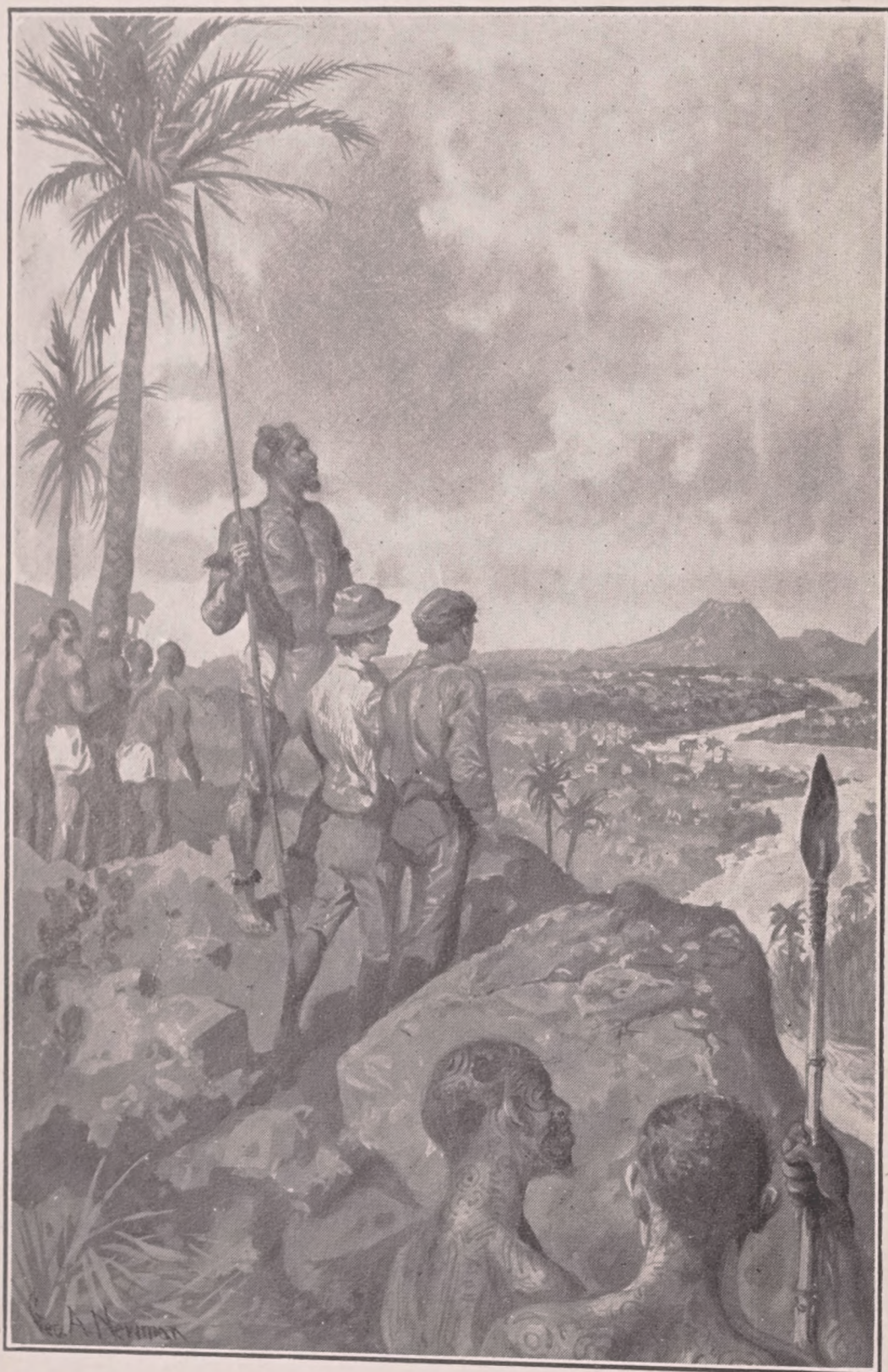




The Pacific Series

Number III

In Captivity in the Pacific



*"The two lads stood almost entranced by
the beauty of the panorama"*

Page 52

In Captivity in the Pacific

OR, IN THE LAND OF THE BREAD-
FRUIT TREE

Edwin J. Houston, Ph. D. (Princeton)

Author of "Five Months on a Derelict," "Wrecked on a Coral
Island," "The Boy Electrician," "The North Pole Series,"
"The Young Prospector," "The Wonder
Books of Science," etc.



Philadelphia

The Griffith & Rowland Press

Boston

Chicago

Atlanta

New York

St. Louis

Dallas

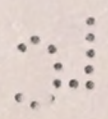
09-5522

PZ
H818 Im

LIBRARY of CONGRESS	
Two Copies Received	
FEB 20 1909	
Copyright Entry	
Dec. 5, 1908	
CLASS	XXC. No.
224165	
COPY 8.	

Copyright 1908 by
A. J. ROWLAND, Secretary

Published January, 1909



PREFACE

"IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC," the third volume of "The Pacific Series," relates the adventures of two boys who were taken prisoners by savages and carried, in war canoes, to one of the Marquesas Islands.

In this volume an account will be found, not only of the great breadfruit tree, which may justly be regarded as the most valuable vegetable product of the tropical islands of the South Pacific, but also of other curious and valuable products.

In addition to the above there is given a description of the daily life of the Polynesians, together with a short account of their customs, religious habits, and occupations.

It is the author's hope that, carried along by the interesting account of the wonderful experiences of these boys, his readers may learn much of the life, alike vegetable, animal, and human, of this part of the world.

PHILADELPHIA, September, 1908.

E. J. H.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. CARRIED AWAY BY A WAR CANOE	11
II. MAHINEE, CHIEF OF THE WAR PARTY, AND KING OF THE ISLAND OF CAPTIVITY	23
III. COMPLETION OF THE JOURNEY TO THE ISLAND OF CAPTIVITY	36
IV. MAHINEE'S HOUSE IN THE VALLEY	46
V. KOOLOO AND MARBONNA	60
VI. AN APPARENTLY NEW KIND OF TATTOOING	72
VII. THE GROVE OF BREADFRUIT TREES	83
VIII. EXPLORATION OF THE RIVER VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN PEAK	97
IX. A NEW WAY OF STARTING A FIRE	110
X. KALORO MAKES TROUBLE	120
XI. CHARLEY AND ACHARTO	131
XII. THE GREAT TABOO. CHARLEY TURNS THE TABLES ON KALORO	145
XIII. EVERYDAY LIFE ON THE ISLAND OF CAPTIVITY. THE BURNING-GLASS	157
XIV. TAKEN CAPTIVES BY THE NATIVES OF THE WESTERN VALLEY	170
XV. WHAT WAS DONE ON HARDING ISLAND	182
XVI. PREPARATIONS FOR THE RESCUE OF CHARLEY AND HAROLD	194

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVII. A LONG VOYAGE IN AN OPEN BOAT	203
XVIII. WHAT BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE PICKED UP AT SEA	216
XIX. BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE REACHES WAHEA- TOUA'S ISLAND	226
XX. A FEW DAYS ON WAHEATOUA'S ISLAND	237
XXI. BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE BLOWN AWAY. MAROONED ON A SMALL ISLAND	250
XXII. A CHANCE VISITOR TO THE ISLAND GREATLY SUR- PRISES THE CAPTAIN	264
XXIII. CAPTIVES IN THE WESTERN VALLEY	276
XXIV. CHARLEY AND MICONAREO	289
XXV. THE DECISION IN THE HOUSE OF THE IDOLS	301
XXVI. THE ESCAPE FROM THE WESTERN VALLEY	318
XXVII. BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE REACHES MAHI- NEE'S ISLAND	329
XXVIII. THE FIGHT AT THE LAVA CAVE	346
XXIX. HOW THE DOCTOR'S MEDICINE CHEST WAS EM- PLOYED	362
XXX. THE RETURN TO HARDING ISLAND	374
XXXI. CONCLUSION	394
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/>	
APPENDIX	409

LIST OF FULL-PAGED ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>"The two lads stood almost entranced by the beauty of the panorama" (Frontispiece) ..</i>	52 ✓
<i>"They now began carefully to search the edge of the crater"</i>	112 ✓
<i>"He would be unable to keep up much longer" ..</i>	220 ✓
<i>"He held the piece of glass between the sun and the wood which . . . burst into flame"</i>	315 ✓
<i>"'A splendid place where we can make a stand against our enemies'"</i>	348 ✓

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN ARTHUR HARDING, of Harding Island.

CHARLES YOUNG PLEASANTON, taken into captivity from Harding Island.

HAROLD ARTHUR HARDING, taken into captivity from Harding Island.

HIRAM HIGGENBOTHAM, left with Captain Harding on Harding Island.

JOHN PARKER JACKSON, left with Captain Harding on Harding Island.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM M. PARKER, former commander of the Ketrel.

MR. AND MRS. PLEASANTON, Charley's parents.

MR. AND MRS. HARDING, Harold's parents.

DOCTOR CHARLES B. PARSONS, or "Miconareo."

MAHINEE, king of the Island of Captivity.

AHARO, one of Mahinee's chiefs.

KOOLOO, son of Mahinee.

MARBONNA, interpreter of Mahinee.

KALORO, chief tattooer.

ACHARTO, chief priest.

WAHEATOUA, a Polynesian rescued from drowning by boat Number Twenty-three.

KAPIAU, a Polynesian, friend of Waheatoua.

OTOA, king of Waheatoua's island.

ARAHU, king of the Western Valley.

In Captivity in the Pacific

CHAPTER I

CARRIED AWAY BY A WAR CANOE

"LOOK back toward the island, Harold, but don't let the men see you are looking. Our friends are running along the beach toward the southeastern end of the island. Rompey is with them."

"I see them, Charley," was the reply; "and though they are indistinct, I can recognize Uncle Arthur, Hiram, and Jack, as well as Rompey."

"I'm glad they know in what direction we have been carried off," continued the first speaker. "Rompey has delivered our note all right."

The speakers were two young boys about fourteen years old. They were seated in a Polynesian war canoe that was being rapidly paddled toward the northeast, through a portion of the South Pacific nearly midway between South America and Australia. Besides the boys, the canoe contained twelve dark-skinned savages, who were nearly nude except for a small breech-cloth that covered their loins.

There were men enough in the canoe to permit their paddling night and day. The twelve men, therefore, made shifts of six paddlers every six hours, the chief not failing to take his turn at the work. On

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the whole, they were good-natured men, and shortly after leaving the island, began singing what was evidently a war song describing some of the things that had happened during the late expedition. As well as Charley could gather from their gestures, it appeared that this canoe was but one of others that had suddenly fallen on an unprotected island, had killed some of its inhabitants, and carried away others captives. On their return home, seeing Harding Island in the distance, the great chief, or the chief who commanded the expedition, had sent this boat to examine the island and, if possible, bring with them a quantity of food and water; for, their supplies had been rendered insufficient by reason of the number of prisoners they had brought with them.

The song the men were singing, though devoid of either true melody or harmony, appeared to give them no little pleasure.

"Harold," said Charley, "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to give the men one of our songs. What do you think?"

"It won't hurt to try," said Harold. "What shall we sing?"

"Let's give them the rollicking boat song that so pleased the captain and Hiram. I mean the one in which the music tries to imitate the strokes of the oars."

Looking at the chief, and making signs intended to ask whether he would like to hear them sing, the boys gave them the boat song. It was a beautiful

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

song. Savages as they were, they could appreciate the harmony produced by the clear soprano and the alto of the lads. But what was more to the point, they could understand that the music was intended to represent the successive strokes of the paddles as they were dipped into and drawn out of the water; for the boys were clever enough to time the music with their motion.

The savages were so much pleased with the singing, that when the song was completed they indicated that they wished it repeated, and this time they joined in the chorus, much to their satisfaction, if not altogether to the betterment of the singing.

The chief now made signs to the boys to give them another song. This they did, selecting a song in which an attempt is made to imitate an echo. This being something the savages were better able to understand, appeared to please them even more than had the boat song.

When the boys ceased singing the chief, leaning over, tapped them good-naturedly on the shoulders, and turning to the men said something clearly indicating that he was much pleased with his young captives.

There was no doubt that the singing together with the general good nature of the boys, and their apparent freedom from anything resembling fear, had thoroughly won the good-will of the men. The chief was evidently delighted, and tried to make them understand that they would be treated kindly and need have no fear.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Both boys carried silver watches. These naturally attracted considerable attention. Seeing this, Charley opened his watch and showed it to the chief, who was evidently asking him what it was. Charley then pretended that the watch was a species of fetish, pointed to the sky and then to the watch, pretending to look with great fear on it. He then pointed to his lips and, holding his watch to the ear of the chief, intimated to him that the watch spoke to him and told him things.

The chief apparently understood that the watch was a fetish, and was afraid it might work him some damage; he therefore motioned to Charley to put it back in his pocket. He then said something to the men that evidently meant they were not to take the watches from the boys; for, although before that time there had been some efforts to appropriate them when the chief was not looking, no attempt was made to do this afterward.

The songs completed, the boys sat silently watching the vigorous strokes of the six paddlers for some little time when, looking toward the island, Charley thought he could see the three dim figures he believed he could still recognize as their friends standing together at the edge of the cliffs, pointing as he thought toward the distant boat.

"They can see us better than we can them," remarked Charley to his companion; "for the captain of course will have his powerful field-glasses with him."

"Yes," said Harold, "and seeing the direction the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

boat has taken, will be able to know what direction to come in order to reach us."

The speakers were our old friends, Charles Young Pleasanton and Harold Arthur Harding, whose exciting adventures we have already described in the books called "Five Months on a Derelict" and "Wrecked on a Coral Island." It will be remembered, in the last-named book, that one day while the two boys were seated in the cabin of the coral-encrusted wreck of the brigantine, they had been surprised and taken prisoners by the men in the war canoe in which they were then seated.

When first made captives, the arms of both boys had been bound back of them by means of strong ropes formed of the fibers of the cocoanut palm. Charley, who was by far quicker in planning than Harold, determined to try to win the confidence of their captors by pretending to look on the adventure as a joke, and readily persuaded Harold to do the same thing. Seeing that the chief was asking questions, he made signs with his eyes, that if his hands were untied he might be able to show the chief what he wished to know. The savage chief appearing to understand Charley readily, smiled and ordered his men to unbind the hands of both of the boys. He then made signs that he was looking for drinking-water, and wished to know where such could be found. Charley not only showed him where they could get water, but also where they could get ripe cocoanuts. He and Harold even offered to climb the trees and throw the nuts down to them.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The savages spent several hours on the island, but did not wander far from the part on which they had landed. They were, therefore, unaware of the fact that the island was inhabited by any others than the boys they had captured, nor had the friends of the boys any idea until afterward of the great misfortune that had befallen them.

Taking the first opportunity that presented itself, the boys had succeeded in sending a note, tied to the neck of their pet collie, Rompey, and had thus acquainted their friends as to their capture by men in a war canoe.

The circumstances referred to in the beginning of this chapter occurred only a comparatively short time after the canoe had left the island with the two boys. In the meanwhile, Rompey had delivered the note to the companions of the boys who, accompanied by the dog, had gone in one of their boats to the extreme southeastern part of the island, only however to see in the dim distance the war canoe moving rapidly toward the northeast. With their field-glasses they could not only see the boat and the people in it, but could even see, as had been suggested in the note, that Charley had evidently determined to gain the confidence of his captors by pretending not to be afraid.

In order to understand thoroughly who these people were, and their relation to the lads in the boat, it will be necessary to give a brief review of the two books already referred to; *i. e.*, "Five Months on a Derelict" and "Wrecked on a Coral Island."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

In "Five Months on a Derelict," are given the adventures of two men and three boys on an abandoned brig, or derelict, in the great Pacific Ocean. The men were Capt. Arthur Harding and Hiram Higgenbotham. The boys were the two already mentioned, and another slightly older lad named John Parker Jackson. With the exception of Charley, who had afterward been taken on the derelict, these people had left Liverpool on the full-rigged ship, the Ketrel, bound for Yokohama, Japan. While off the southwestern coast of Australia, the Ketrel had picked up, adrift at sea, an open boat, without oar-locks or oars, and containing only a full-bred collie dog, named Rompey. This dog had belonged to the boy Charley, who was afterward picked up by the people on the derelict in a nearly dying condition in another open boat containing, besides himself, the dead bodies of four men.

Everything went well with the Ketrel until she reached the China Sea. Here she was completely wrecked by a powerful whirling storm, common in those waters, and known as the typhoon. All her crew were safely transferred to the ship's boats, one of which, under the command of Harding, who was then her first lieutenant, or first mate, contained, besides the lieutenant, Hiram Higgenbotham, boatswain of the Ketrel, the two boys, Harold and Jack, and two of the ship's crew.

During a succession of storms that followed in the wake of the great typhoon their boat became separated from the other boats, and two of the crew were swept

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

overboard. The two remaining men, the captain and Hiram, were obliged, throughout five days of great suffering, almost continually to keep at the oars, and the two boys to keep at constant work in bailing the water out of the boat. On the night of the fifth day, when the storm had nearly blown itself out, while the boys were taking a brief rest in the bottom of the boat and the men were resting on their oars, they were startled by a sudden blow that nearly sunk their boat. It was a blow from a derelict brig that, owing to its cargo of cork and lumber, had long remained afloat. They found on the brig a good supply of fresh water, canned goods, and other food materials in fairly good condition.

The derelict brig, despite its appearance, afforded them a safe refuge. Either because of the character of its cargo, or its water-tight compartments, it was floating fairly high in the water. A charthouse on deck and a cabin partly below the deck, after being thoroughly cleansed afforded them comfortable quarters. The groceries and other food products that formed a part of the cargo were in fairly good condition, and the water supply, stored in large sheet-iron tanks, was abundant in quantity. So too was a large supply of household goods that had been intended for the use of the mining settlements in Southern Africa.

For five months they lived on that derelict brig. During this time they were carried by the ocean currents and the winds to different parts of the great Pacific Ocean, and were thus able to see much of the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

wonders of the deep. At the request of his companions, Lieutenant Harding had taken command of the derelict brig, thus becoming its captain. As the brig was carried to different parts of the ocean by the waves and winds, they were able to get considerable information, and met with many interesting and often exciting adventures.

Although apparently ready to sink at any moment, the derelict brig proved seaworthy, safely weathering many storms while they were on it. During one of these the brig was nearly run down by a huge ocean steamer that, as they learned from one of its passengers, Charley, a lad they had picked up in the open boat already referred to, was afterward completely wrecked.

It curiously happened that Charley was the former master of Rompey, who instantly recognized him as he was taken aboard. Charley thus became one of the party on the derelict brig. A warm friendship sprang up between Charley and Harold, and it was agreed between them that Rompey was to belong equally to both.

But at last the derelict brig was wrecked. One day, toward the end of a severe storm, the little crew of five people, saw breakers ahead, and the brig was shortly afterward wrecked on a coral reef that was high and dry at low tide, but covered with dangerous breakers at high tide. As the brig was about to be dashed on the reef, they saw, fully a mile ahead of them, the dazzling white sands of the beach of a coral island,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

immediately behind which the green plumes of coconut trees were visible.

While it had been a pleasant experience to be carried over the Pacific from place to place, almost as if they were on a pleasure yacht, yet there was this disadvantage: They were unable to guide or steer the vessel; for not only had the brig's rudder and rudderpost been swept away, but even a jury mast and jury rudder that they had set up as make-shifts had been lost during the first severe storm which struck the brig after they had been constructed.

When, therefore, they saw the brig drifting toward the breakers, being unable to change its direction, just as it was about being dashed on the reef, they dove from the deck into the deep water on the side farthest from the sunken rocks, and struck out for the distant island. With the exception of Hiram who, like many sailors, was better acquainted with the means of passing over the surface of water in a vessel or boat, than of making his way through it by swimming, they were all good swimmers. Rompey, together with Satan, a pet poll-parrot they had found on the derelict brig, accompanied them.

Finally reaching the distant coral island, as related in the second volume, "Wrecked on a Coral Island," they had many strange and exciting adventures, but on the whole passed a happy life.

But the brig had not been completely wrecked by striking the reef. One half, firmly wedged in between projections in the rocks, had remained in a compara-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tively unbroken condition. By means of a rude raft, fashioned from the floating timbers of the rest of the wreck, they were able to reach the remaining half of the derelict brig. In this way they transferred to the island a large portion of her valuable cargo, both in the way of canned and dried goods, as well as in various household furniture, mattresses, hardware, etc.

A part of the brig's cargo consisted of portable wooden houses, the timbers and joists for the frames, sides, floors, doors, windows, stairs, etc., of which, had been shipped separately. These safely reached the shore, so that they were soon able to erect a comfortable dwelling-house.

They named the coral island Harding Island, and lived on it in comfort for more than half a year.

The lagoon, or body of water surrounded by the coral reef of Harding Island, contained four smaller islands. On one of these they discovered a large clearing that had originally been cultivated as a kitchen garden by a shipwrecked sailor, named John Maddox, who had been cast on the island in 1733. Maddox had lived alone on the island for about fifty years, and at last had died without any one to bury him. They found his skeleton in a wooden hut, with its bony fingers grasping a box containing a description of a valuable treasure, in the shape of pearls, he had collected during his lifetime. By means of this description they afterward recovered the pearls from the cabin of a wrecked brigantine that was found lying in comparatively shallow waters off the eastern coast of the island.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

It will not be necessary to describe, except very briefly, the great times the boys had on Harding Island in a wonderful swimming-pool provided with a natural sliding-board formed of polished marble. When wet, this great inclined plane permitted them to slide down into the magnificent waters of the lagoon. Nor will we describe either the great earthquake that broke down a part of the high limestone cliffs that had been honeycombed by the water, thus establishing, probably for the first time for many hundreds of thousands of years, a passageway for vessels between the lagoon and the ocean; or the sudden storm that carried the captain and Hiram out to sea and wrecked them on a tiny islet at a time when Jack was confined to his bed by a sprained ankle, nor how Harold and Charley, after several days' journey in their boat, rescued the captain and Hiram, and brought them back in triumph to Harding Island.

Such was the condition of affairs when our story opens. The earthquake and a high wave following it had, as already mentioned, washed the wreck of the brigantine on dry land. It was here the boys had been captured by the twelve savages in the war canoe and carried away captives toward the northeast.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER II

MAHINEE, CHIEF OF THE WAR PARTY AND KING OF THE ISLAND OF CAPTIVITY

THE vigorous strokes of the six paddlers continued to carry the war canoe rapidly toward the northeast, so that the faint streaks on the southwest horizon, that represented Harding Island, became dimmer and dimmer, and finally completely disappeared.

It required no little determination on the part of the boys, who, it must be remembered, were quite young, to refrain from completely breaking down. They were leaving the island on which they had spent many happy days. They had been torn from friends to whom they were bound by affection almost as strong as if they were a single family connected by ties of blood.

It is no wonder that a sad expression came into the face of the boy addressed by his companion as Harold. While they felt sure their companions would make an endeavor to rescue them, yet they noted the speed with which the canoe was moving, a speed that could be kept up day and night, so that the chances of their friends ever being able to overtake them seemed to grow more and more remote.

When the other boy, the one called Charley, saw the sad expression increasing in the face of his companion, he said in a low tone:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Try not to look so blue, Harold. If the men notice it they will not continue to be friendly. There is no possibility of our escaping now. It may be different afterward. We must first win the confidence of our captors. So try to smile and look cheerful as I do,” and saying this he put on an assumed look of indifference and cheerfulness, that was so poorly done that Harold was unable to refrain from smiling.

“You’re right, Charley,” was the reply, “I’ll try my best to smile and look cheerful.” A bright smile then broke out over the lad’s face, from which it was evident that his face was more accustomed to assuming a smiling expression than the sad one to which Charley had objected.

This effort was so successful that it not only satisfied Charley, but was also noticed by the men in the boat, who appeared greatly pleased by it.

“That’s much better,” said Charley. “Let’s try to keep up at least the appearance of happiness.”

Everything had taken place so quickly that it hardly seemed possible so great a calamity had befallen them. They wondered, every now and then, whether they would not suddenly awake and find it only a horrid dream. But no, there they were in a frail canoe, far out on the great body of water, with twelve savage men as their captors. Where were they being taken? Could they hope ever to see their friends again? These were the questions that repeatedly came into their minds. But it would never do to permit the savages to see they were mourning, so again they made a deter-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

mindful effort and put off from their faces all appearances of sorrow.

"Harold," said Charley in a low tone, "I know it is sad to be carried off in this manner, but don't let us play cry-baby. Our friends on the island know we have been carried off. They also know the direction taken by the canoe. They will certainly follow us. Of that I am sure you can have no doubt. Have you?" he said, wishing to force Harold to speak.

"I have no doubt whatever, Charley," was the reply. "I am sure Uncle Arthur, Jack, and Hiram will load up one of the boats with food and water and will come after us. And they'll bring Rompey with them, and he will help find us. But I don't see how they can find us, do you, Charley?" he inquired.

"No, I do not," said Charley. "It will be very difficult to know at what island to stop. It will be difficult to find us even if they reach the right island; although, in this case, Rompey will be of great help. But you know the kind of man the captain is. I am sure he will manage somehow or other to find us and, what is more, to take us away from these men and return with us to Harding Island."

While talking, the boys had been sitting in the stern of the boat and had turned their heads around so as to see the island. Thinking it would be better to face their captors, Charley turned his head in the opposite direction and saw four other war canoes ahead of them. Three of them were of the same size as the one in which they were seated, and contained the same

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

number of men. The other was twice as large, and was manned by a crew of twenty-four men.

"Look, Harold," said Charley in a loud tone. "There are four other war canoes."

"I see them, Charley," said Harold. "I wonder whether they are friends or enemies of these men?" he inquired.

"I think they belong to the same party," said Charley. "The canoes appear to be of the same build and, as far as I can see, the men have the same kind of head ornaments, breech-cloths, and paddles. I'll ask the chief," he continued, turning to that individual and looking him straight in the face, thus indicating that he wished to ask a question, he pointed to the distant boats. He then made signs, first of fighting with them and fearing their presence, and then of being pleased to meet them. When he had completed these signs he stopped a moment, and again raising his eyebrows, clearly asked the chief which.

These signs were clearly understood not only by the chief but by the other men in the boat, who set up a loud laughter, and calling out the word "tayos."

"I guess, Charley," said Harold, "the word 'tayos' means friends." And then as if to test it, Charley pointed to Harold and to himself and then to the men, said:

"Tayos?"

The chief was much pleased to think that Charley was trying to speak his language, and he cried out:

"Aa, Aa," which Charley understood to mean "yes,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

yes." And then, pointing successively to Charley and Harold called out: "Tayos."

"The chief seems to like my talking to him, Harold," said Charley. "I think I'll keep it up," so pointing to himself he said: "Charley."

The chief instantly understood and endeavored to repeat the word, but the nearest he could come to it was Charleyo, Charleyoo, and several similar sounds.

"Charley," repeated the lad.

The chief replied, and at last settled down on the word Charleyo, by which name Charley was known during his continuance on the Island of Captivity. This point being settled, the chief, pointing to Harold, made signs to Charley that he wished to know his name also.

"Harold," replied Charley.

"Haraldeo, Haraldo, Harealdo," replied the chief, and finally settled on the word Harealdo, by which name Harold was afterward known.

"You'll have to let it go at that, Harold. I am Charleyo and you are Harealdo. And now," he continued, "I'm going to ask him to give us his name." So again looking at the chief he pointed to him, and again raised his eyebrows, as if saying: "What is your name?"

The chief again laughing, said:

"Aharo."

Charley then greatly delighted the chief by repeating his name, "Aharo."

There was nothing very astonishing in what Charley

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

had done. Almost any sensible person, especially of the white race, could have done as much, and would not have thought that what had been done was at all wonderful, but to the savage Aharo and the other dark-skinned men in the boat it seemed very wonderful. They were pleased with what they thought was the astonishing manner in which the white lad was learning to speak their language. They shook their heads as if again saying, "yes, yes," and again Charley heard the sounds, "Aa, Aa." And then the men commenced talking rapidly with each other, and for some time, and although Charley could not understand what was said, yet he did occasionally hear the words, "tayos, miconarie."

"Harold," he said, turning to his friend, "I'm going to try to talk to them." And turning to the chief, he said: "Aharo tayos Charleyo?" Meaning, "Is Aharo Charley's friend?"

That Charley should be able to speak in succession three words of their language, so that they could understand, was to these men a great marvel. They shouted with delight, repeating the "Aa, Aa," and adding: "Charleyo tayos Aharo," which Charley understood to mean that Charley was Aharo's friend.

"This seems to go pretty well, Harold," said Charley; "I'll keep on talking." So pointing to Harold, Charley again said to the chief: "Aharo tayos Harealdo?" And again the men replied: "Aa, Aa," and added, "Harealdo tayos Aharo."

Ahara then began a long conversation with Charley,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

of which, of course, Charley could understand little or nothing, but by means of many signs he indicated that they would soon join the other canoes, especially the largest of these canoes. That the man who commanded the large canoe was a much bigger man than Aharo. That he especially wished the boys to gain this man's good-will. He kept on this way fully three minutes, and seemed so anxious that Charley turning to Harold said:

"I think he means we are going to see the great chief, and that it is very important he shall like us. That our safety depends on this."

"Suppose we sing for the great chief that rollicking boat song they all seemed to like so much," suggested Harold.

"I will ask Aharo if he would like this," said Charley.

Charley had no difficulty in doing this by means of signs. Aharo was greatly pleased with the suggestion, and said: "Aa, Aa."

The boys, therefore, began the boat song in which the chorus makes a clever imitation of the paddles striking the water as the boat is urged along. It was very beautiful indeed. So much was it so that the distant boats, at a motion from the chief in the large canoe, stopped and waited until the boys' boat came alongside of them. Aharo, who was evidently much pleased at the effect produced on the great chief by the beautiful song, motioned to the boys to sing another verse. This was done, when, as the chorus

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

was reached, not only the men in Aharo's boat but in the other boats made efforts to join in it.

When the voices died away, Aharo making an obeisance to the great chief, said something to him, and pointing successively to Charley and Harold, employed the words, Charleyo and Harealdo several times. He then rapidly recited the story of their capture on the island, the manner in which the boys had shown them where to get fresh water, had gathered cocoanuts for them, and other things that had taken place during their journey in the boat. It was evident too, from watching Aharo's face, that he was relating to the chief the fact that although carried away from the island, neither of the boys showed any fear, but acted as though it was a great piece of fun.

The great chief listened attentively and appeared greatly interested in what he heard. When Aharo told him of the manner in which Charley had requested him to untie his hands he appeared greatly tickled, and on several occasions repeated in a low tone something about Kooloo, Charleyo, and Harealdo. At last he said something to Aharo, who motioned to the two boys that they should get into the canoe of the great chief, pointing to the chief, saying:

"Mahinee," and then bowing his head as if to indicate to the boys that it was a great chief they were going to visit.

"Come on, Harold," said Charley, "let's try to make as good an impression on these people as we can." So getting up promptly the boys stepped confi-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

dently into the boat of the great chief. Going toward him they made a slight obeisance as indicating that they recognized his authority, when Charley turning to the chief said, to his great delight and astonishment as well as that of the men in the canoe with him:

“Mahinee tayos Charleyo? Mahinee tayos Harealdo?” using an inflection in his voice as if he was asking the question. Astonishment as well as pleasure appeared on the face of the chief who nodded his head, repeating the words, “Aa, Aa,” and then motioning the boys to sit down near him. Again the chief repeated the word Kooloo, joined with the names of Charleyo and Harealdo, and then appeared to be asking the opinion of the chief man in each of the other four boats. The opinion of these men appeared to agree with that of the great chief, and all had something to say that was sufficiently long to keep them talking for at least five minutes.

Mahinee, who, as Charley afterward discovered, was not only the chief of all the war canoes, but was also the king of a portion of the island to which they were being carried captives, an island which for want of a better name, they agreed to call the “Island of Captivity.”

Mahinee was a magnificent specimen of a man. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, and was fully six feet six inches in height. He possessed a splendid muscular development, which could be readily seen, since, like all the other savages in the boat, his dress was quite scanty, and although some-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

what fuller than that of the other men, consisted mainly of a girdle and breech-cloth that passing around the hips extended downward and covered the loins. This material consisted of a cloth formed of woven vegetable fibers of different colors.

Mahinee held in his right hand a richly carved paddle spear. Both arms and ankles were ornamented with bracelets and anklets of plaited human hair.

But what was most striking about the king was the wonderful tattooing that not only covered nearly all parts of his body, but especially ornamented his face.

It is difficult, without actual observation, to understand the horrible effects that are capable of being produced by variously arranged groupings of tattooings extending in different directions over the human face. In the case of Mahinee these tattooings consisted of two broad stripes of color, extending from the crown of his head obliquely to the two eyes, outside the lids, and to some distance below each ear. Then, as if to make the appearance still more awful, an additional strip of tattooing extended in the form of a straight line along each side of the lips until it reached the other two lines, thus marking the face with a readily distinguishable triangle.

Notwithstanding the horrible appearance thus produced in Mahinee's face, it was, in the main, when the chief was not angry, a kindly face. Mahinee had evidently been favorably impressed with the two boys, especially with Charley, and gave the lad occasionally a look as if to say that neither he nor his companion

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

need have any fear while with them; that they would be treated kindly.

Both Charley and Harold were in the habit of carrying in their pockets mouth-organs of a better type of manufacture than the common organ. The boys were accustomed to playing together on these instruments and, since they were tuned in different keys, they produced pleasing harmonious effects.

"Harold," said Charley, "suppose we see if Mahinee would like to hear us play a tune on our mouth-organs." So taking the instruments out of their pockets, Charley inquired by means of signs, whether Mahinee would wish to hear them play.

The chief pleasantly said, "Aa, Aa," when the boys began playing an air suitable for a lively dance.

If there is anything that especially pleases the savages of the South Sea Islands it is music, especially dance music. The two instruments played the tune in such excellent time that, although the boat was far from being suited for a dance, yet the men began to move their bodies to and fro, and especially their arms so as to keep time.

Mahinee, pleased at this new evidence of the wonderful things the white boys could do, turning to Charley when the music was finished, said:

"Mahinee Charleyo tayos mortakee," meaning that Mahinee was Charley's good friend, to which Charley replied: "Aa, Aa," and then inquired: "Mahinee Harealdo tayos mortakee?" as if asking whether Harold was not also Mahinee's good friend.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Not only the chief but all the men in the boat burst out into laughter at this question of Charley's, when Mahinee replied, "Aa, Aa."

The weather continued good, the stars came out, and the full moon rose in the skies, but all that night and for several days and nights the canoes kept moving through the waters. Every one in the crew, even Mahinee, took part in paddling, each set of men continuing working for four hours when they were relieved by the others.

Several hours after the setting of the sun on their first night from the island, Mahinee turning good-naturedly to the two boys, and pointing to a mat that had been spread on the bottom of the canoe, motioned them to lie down and go to sleep. They did this, and were soon in a sound, refreshing slumber.

Awaking the next morning Charley saw that Mahinee was examining the watches that he and Harold wore. Taking the watch out of his pocket he placed it to his ear and listened as if it were telling him something, and at the same time he pretended that he stood in great awe of its magic properties. Like all savage races, especially those who inhabit the islands of the South Seas, Mahinee was superstitious. He therefore motioned Charley to put the watch back in his pocket, and said something to his men which was apparently of an import similar to what Aharo had said to his men when Charley had in a similar manner exhibited the watch to him.

But the pocket compass that Charley carried with

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

him especially attracted the attention of Mahinee. Wishing to get as accurately as possible the general direction of Harding Island, Charley frequently looked at his compass needle when he thought that none of the men were observing him. This action, however, did not escape the sharp glances of Mahinee. Motioning to Charley that he wished to examine the compass, Charley explained to him, as well as he was able by means of signs, that it was a spirit that was able to tell him the direction in which they were traveling. This greatly astonished Mahinee, who began to regard Charley as a very unusual specimen of a boy, in which conclusion he was by no means mistaken. But what was more to the point, as far as the future of the two boys was concerned, he began to believe that Charley might be dangerous to any who gained his ill-will. He therefore concluded to treat both boys kindly, not only because he was getting to like them, but also because he thought it might be to his advantage to do so.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER III

COMPLETION OF THE JOURNEY TO THE ISLAND OF CAPTIVITY

THE war canoes continued moving rapidly toward the northeast for nearly three days and nights. During this time, Mahinee not only had the two boys remain in his canoe, but also kept them near him. It was evident they were rapidly becoming great favorites with the king as well as with all the men in the royal canoe.

The warriors in all the canoes were well-developed men, but the twenty-four men in the king's canoe were evidently picked men. Not one of them was under six feet in height, while, as already mentioned, the king's height was fully six and a half feet. Like the king all the men were highly tattooed with figures that nearly covered all portions of their bodies, but it was on the face that these markings were especially placed. Nor, indeed, were they entirely absent from the head, from portions of which, as well as of the cheeks, the hair had been carefully removed in order to permit the markings on these parts to be more readily seen.

While perhaps to a great extent, the markings on the bodies were intended to take the place of ornaments, and thus increase the personal beauty, those on

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the face were apparently employed solely for the purpose of making the face as cruel and appalling as possible. In this way they believed they could best strike fear into the hearts of their enemies. A common form of the markings on the face consisted of heavy curved lines extending from the base of the nostrils downward toward the mouth. These lines gave an especially savage, ferocious appearance to the face. My readers can convince themselves of this fact by making two rough drawings of faces exactly like each other, but giving to the mouth a downward curve on one face, but an upward curve on the other. The first face will take on an angry, ferocious appearance, and the second face a smiling, pleasant look. It is needless to state that none of the warriors were adorned with the upward curve, since this would prevent the purpose for which the facial tattooings were employed.

In some cases the lines of tattooing consisted of a number of circles drawn around each eye as a center, the circles being repeated until they covered the entire half of the face above the mouth. This method of tattooing was apparently quite popular, since it gave the face a peculiarly ferocious appearance.

Another method, which was also fairly common, consisted of a number of straight radial lines extending outward from the eyes as centers in all directions above the forehead, on the cheek, and toward the nose.

In some cases, the lines of tattooing had been so arranged around the mouth as to give it the appearance of extending across the entire face; and, since some

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

of the tattooings represented huge teeth, these also produced particularly horrible effects and were therefore greatly esteemed.

But on none of the faces except Mahinee's did they see the triangle before referred to. This was evidently employed only on the king and members of the royal family, and as Charley afterward learned, was under the power of the mysterious and dreaded taboo to which frequent reference will be made in this book.

Now that the boys had an opportunity of examining the savages closely, they discovered that the color of their skin, which they at first believed was black, was of a brownish tinge. It was the tattooing, requiring as it did the piercing or perforating of the skin, that had caused it to appear to be a black color. As the boys afterward discovered, especially in the cases of the women and the young children, who were tattooed to a much smaller extent than the men, the natural color of the skin was a light brown.

Most of the men kept the hair of the head closely cut, except a bunch or tuft on each side of the center of the crown. Here they generally permitted the hair to grow, so as to give it an appearance not unlike that of two horns springing out of the top of their head, midway between the crown and each ear. Although nearly all the men had beards, yet they generally kept them closely cropped, since otherwise they would have lost the peculiar beauty that each firmly believed was imparted to the face by the tattooings covering the cheeks. Some of the men, however, wore long beards under the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

chin. These, which were generally plaited, were long enough to extend considerably down each side.

As already stated, the men, like Mahinee, were nearly naked, the breech-cloth being practically the only article of dress. This consisted of a short strip or girdle of cloth worn around the hips and then passed in between the legs. None of the men, however, wore bracelets of human hair around their arms and legs as did Mahinee, although most of them wore necklaces consisting of shells or of the teeth of sharks. Although their ears were perforated, yet none of them wore earrings. As the boys afterward learned, these ornaments were seldom worn while on the war-path, but were reserved for state occasions only.

Their ordinary canoes were from sixteen to twenty feet in length and about fifteen inches in width, while the king's canoe was larger. Both bow and stern consisted of solid wood. The bow approached the water horizontally, and was carved so as crudely to represent a human face. The stern rose sharply upward in an irregularly curved shape. What especially interested the boys was a variety of light lateen sail, made of matting, that was raised during a favorable wind in order to increase the speed. In no case, however, did the men cease to keep their paddles in motion during the day or night, whether the sail was raised or not.

It may interest my readers to know that a lateen sail is triangular in shape and is supported on a short mast by means of a long tapering yard. The yard is slung

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

by halyards at a point below its center, the lower and heavier end being made fast so that the yard forms an angle of about 45° with the mast, the sheet being secured at the after lower corner.

The plan adopted by Charley and thoroughly carried out by Harold, of taking the matter of their captivity as a huge joke, continued most fortunate. By its



The Lateen Rig

means the boys were already great favorites with all in the canoe, especially with the king himself. Nor is this astonishing, for both boys were unusually attractive-looking youngsters, and had a way of looking into the faces of the men with a smile in their eyes that made them pleasant companions. This was especially the case with Charley, for when he set about being agreeable he never failed to make a success of

it, and this was especially the case when he had come to the conclusion that the safety of Harold and himself depended on how he did this.

During the second day of their captivity, Aharo, who had been summoned by Mahinee to bring his canoe alongside the royal canoe for the purpose of asking some of the many things he wished to know concerning the island from which he had taken the boys, inquired whether there were any signs of other people on the island and other questions of a similar character. Aharo, who had seen nothing of their

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

friends on the island, assured him that the boys were the only people he saw; that the boys had a dog with them that, however, ran away and deserted them.

Then Aharo told the king of the pictures Charley had made of his canoe. Now Charley, who possessed remarkable talents for sketching, was in the habit of carrying in one of his pockets, a number of pads of drawing-paper and lead pencils. Indeed, he had been sketching in the cabin of the coral-encrusted brigantine when the war canoe approached, and on leaving the cabin had stuffed a number of these pads and pencils in his pockets. He was now, therefore, well supplied with the drawing materials.

Ahara had kept a sketch Charley had made of his canoe when he had been taken captive, which he now showed to Mahinee.

As the king examined the sketch the men near him crowded around expressing their astonishment that a mere boy or "tammaree" should be able to do so wonderful a thing, as to make a boat show out on a piece of white stuff. Mahinee then motioned to Charley that he would like to see him make a sketch.

Charley at once took some sketch paper and a lead pencil from his pocket and began rapidly making an excellent sketch of the great war canoe with the men in their places. He then handed the sketch to Mahinee, who expressed both surprise and satisfaction at receiving it. Charley then took out another piece of paper and indicated by signs that he wished to make a drawing of the chief himself, inquiring whether he

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

would prefer to be represented sitting down or standing up. The king, who understood Charley's signs, immediately stood up in a graceful position, holding his spear in his right hand as if in the act of striking. Charley rapidly made an excellent sketch, and handed it to the king, saying:

"Mahinee tayos Charleyo, Harealdo."

The chief laughed, shaking his head, and replied:

"Aa, Aa."

Charley's ability to make objects stand out on paper was regarded by the king as a piece of magic. He again examined the drawing, and turning to Aharo began a long conversation in which Charley could hear frequent repetition of the word Kooloo. Wishing to know who Kooloo was, as soon as the king had finished speaking, he repeated the word Kooloo as if he wished to know who he was.

The king appeared much pleased with this question and made signs that Charley had no difficulty in understanding that Kooloo was a boy like himself, that he was his son; that he wished Charley and Harold to know him. So that when Charley again made use of his limited knowledge of the language, and said:

"Kooloo Charleyo tayos. Kooloo Harealdo tayos."

The king replied:

"Aa, Aa."

At last they could see on the northeast horizon several dim streaks that most probably were some of the islands to which they were to be taken. As well as they could understand, they were correct in this belief.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

This pleased the two boys, because they felt that the sooner the canoe stopped the better would be the chances of their friends rescuing them.

There was no little excitement among the different boats as they drew nearer the distant islands. The men at the paddles increased their strokes slightly, as if they wished to shorten as much as possible the time required for reaching their homes. The islands grew more and more distinct as the canoes drew near them. The warriors now began practising a song of triumph. They had been on a long expedition a great, great distance from home. They had fallen suddenly on some unprotected island and, after slaughtering many of its people, were bearing back in triumph a number of the captured people. These captives were huddled together in a single boat with their hands bound back of them by ropes made of cocoanut fibers.

The canoes at last drew near enough to enable the islands to be seen with fair distinctness. On all of them there were high mountains.

The boat passed near one of these islands that was much smaller than the others. It made no attempt to land, but gave the boys an opportunity of making a fairly close examination of its general formation.

"The islands are very different from Harding Island, Harold, aren't they?" said Charley. "The old islands have not yet sunk out of sight. See how suddenly they rise from the waters. It looks as if there was very deep water off the shore. I wonder if the sinking here takes place so rapidly that coral reefs

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

cannot be formed; for you can see there is very little or no coral off those shores."

"If Uncle Arthur was only here," said Harold with a sigh, "he would tell us all about it."

"Then," said Charley, who saw that Harold was again beginning to feel sad, "we'll ask the captain about it as soon as he comes for us."

"Do you think he will ever come, Charley?" inquired Harold.

"Of course I do," was the reply. "I am certain he will come. At least if he can," he added. "Of course, it will be difficult for him to find his way through all this distance; but he will, somehow or other. If these savages can get here, a man like the captain certainly can. Then we'll manage somehow to leave signs that he will recognize we are on the island, so he will look for us. I say, Harold," he continued, "didn't we have a great time on Harding Island, on the lagoons in the boats, and in the swimming-pool? Then you remember the day we got lost in the grottoes on the Parker Cliffs." So the two boys kept talking together in a low tone while the savages were practising a great war song which they intended to sing on their return, and in which they related the wonderful and brave things they had done in the wars in which they had been engaged.

"I wonder if any of these mountains are volcanic, Charley," said Harold.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I'll try to ask Mahinee," so taking a sheet of drawing-paper from his

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

pocket, he began sketching one of the nearer mountain-peaks.

As soon as the men had finished singing, Mahinee indicated to Charley by signs that he wanted to see what he was drawing.

Taking the drawing to the king, Charley added a few lines to it, indicating a volcanic eruption with a stream of lava flowing down the side of the mountain and stones thrown up into the air.

Mahinee apparently did not understand Charley's question, for he shook his head, as if to say that the mountain at which they were looking never assumed the appearance that Charley had given to it by the added touches.

A few hours after sunrise the canoes reached the shores of a large island that was mountainous in its character. Here they were met by a crowd of savages who had assembled to welcome them.

"What shall we call this island, Harold?" inquired Charley.

"I guess we will call it the Island of Captivity as already agreed," replied Harold.

"All right," said Charley. "If we wish we can give it some other name when we learn what the people here call it."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER IV

MAHINEE'S HOUSE IN THE VALLEY

THE Island of Captivity was mountainous like the islands they saw in the distance. Like the smaller island too, near which they had passed, it was entirely different from Harding Island; for, while the former was wholly of coral formation, this island showed little or no signs of coral reefs. Indeed, with the exception of a few small fringing reefs near portions of the shore, the Island of Captivity was entirely of ordinary geological formation. The mountains, they could see towering above the coast as they were approaching the island, terminated in abrupt precipices facing the ocean, that, when they landed, completely shut off the view of the mountain summits. Indeed, their lower slopes terminated so abruptly that the part of the land constituting the shore proper was so limited that only a narrow strip of beach was provided for the savages who were waiting to meet their friends.

"Charley," said Harold, who had been closely examining the shore, "I wonder why there is so little coral rock to be seen."

"I am not certain, Harold," was the reply, "but I think it is because the water is too deep. You remember the coral polyp from which reefs are mainly formed

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

cannot live in deep water. However, when the captain comes we'll ask him."

"So you still expect the captain?" remarked Harold.

"Of course I expect him, Harold," was the reply. "I have already said so. You don't know your uncle if you think he will leave off trying to reach us until he succeeds."

"I know he'll try, all right," was the reply, "but what bothers me is to see how he can find the island on which we are about landing. Do you see how he can do this?"

"No, Harold," was the reply, "I don't; but I know what I'd do if I was looking for you or for him."

"What's that?" Harold inquired.

"I'd visit one island after another until I found the right one."

Charley's reply appeared to give Harold no little satisfaction. "You're right there," was the reply, "and that is just what I think Uncle Arthur will do."

"But at the same time, Harold," continued Charley, "we must do what we can to leave some sign on this island that will let the captain know we are here."

"But how?" persisted Harold.

"I do not know, I'm sure," was the reply. "But if we think hard and keep on thinking, I would not be surprised if some plan would suggest itself that would be fairly apt to succeed."

"All right, then," said Harold, "I'll keep on thinking. Indeed, Charley," he continued, "I think if I

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

can get a chance, when no one is looking, I will stuff my pocket handkerchief in some crevice in the rocks. It might be passed over by the natives, but not by our friends, especially by Rompey, though I imagine that any scent in it would disappear long before our friends could possibly reach the island even if they knew exactly where to come."

"I'm afraid you're right, Harold," replied Charley. "Still, if you get a chance, try it. Even if Rompey fails to find it, our friends may. Then I'll try to leave some marks on the trees that I am sure Jack and the captain will see. I'll place an arrow alongside of them showing the direction in which we will have been taken."

"What do you mean by being taken? Don't you suppose these people live near the coast of this island?"

"Look around, Harold," said Charley, "and I think you can answer that question yourself. As you see, there is very little level low ground between the cliffs and the ocean on which one could live. And to live on the sides of that precipice one would require feet like those of a fly. Of course it may be different on the other side of the island. I imagine that the houses of these people will be found in some of the valleys of the mountains. If you are to do anything to mark our landing-place here, you will have to do it promptly. I think we will soon be taken up some place where we can climb to the top of the cliffs. Once there, it may be difficult to get an opportunity for reaching the shore again."

As they afterward learned, this island, as well as the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

neighboring islands, at one time probably had barrier reefs at fairly considerable distances from its coasts. These reefs, however, disappeared by reason of the rapid sinking of the land, and afterward, when the sinking became slower, it was impossible for another fringing reef to form, owing to the depth of the water. It was this rapid sinking too, that had produced the abrupt shores, the deep bays, and the almost inaccessible cliffs. As they afterward learned, the sinking of the bed of this part of the ocean had taken place so rapidly that in one place an island fifty miles in length had entirely disappeared.

Judging from the rate at which the canoes had been forced through the waters, they estimated roughly that they were situated between five and six hundred miles to the northeast of Harding Island.

By this time the canoes had landed on the beach of the island. The beach here was so narrow that, as Charley had supposed, they at once began to climb the almost precipitous cliffs. The captives were placed in charge of a body of warriors, but Charley and Harold were evidently not regarded as captives, since Mahinee beckoned them to follow him. Doing this, they soon reached a place where huge steps had been cut in the steep inclination, up which they began to climb slowly. After having ascended several hundred feet the inclination became less abrupt, and they reached a gradual slope of the mountain, up which they climbed until they came to a nearly level plateau or plain fully a mile in breadth, which led by gentle

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

slopes toward the north to a mountain range whose summits terminated in three peaks. Judging from the conical form of their peaks, these mountains, that extended generally east and west across the island, were of volcanic origin. The width of the plateau rapidly decreased toward the north.

It may be mentioned here that, seizing an opportunity when the attention of the party had been attracted toward the ocean by an accident to one of the prisoners while ascending the precipice, Harold had succeeded in stuffing his pocket handkerchief in a crevice in the rocks without being detected.

Leading the way across the plateau toward the west, they were soon standing with Mahinee and his warriors on the western edge of the plateau that descended precipitously toward the valley, the fertility of which greatly surpassed anything they had even dreamed of. Through this valley there flowed a fairly large river, the headwaters of which rose on the higher slopes of the mountains between the central and the easternmost peaks.

The lower part of the valley, except toward the north, was completely surrounded by the remains of a broad plateau. This valley extended for twenty-five or thirty miles toward the north. From where they were standing they could see the headwaters of another stream that had its origin between the opposite slopes of the central and the westernmost peaks.

The valley on which they were looking had been gradually eroded or eaten through the rock of the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

plateau by the heavy tropical rains in that part of the world. Unlike many other valleys, though fairly broad at its lower end, it gradually widened toward the north, where it nearly merged with the upper portions of the valley in which the river that rose between the central and the western cone had its headwaters.

The rain-water, draining off the top of the plateau, had cut deep side-channels or furrows in it which discharged as waterfalls into the valley below, where they formed tributaries of the main stream.

The rich soil of the valley, together with an abundant rainfall, and the tropical heat and light had produced a luxuriant and varied vegetation that is difficult for one who has never lived in the tropics to begin to understand. Trees of a great variety of forms, some of which were laden with luscious fruits, could be seen, especially in the lower valley near the banks of the main river. There were numerous groves of cocoanut palms laden with fruit. In places, these groves formed a large proportion of the vegetation. In other places, however, they were replaced by far more conspicuous and attractive trees. As they afterward learned, these were the wonderful breadfruit trees. In other places, the surface of the valley was covered with a wilderness of guava bushes, while in still other places dense groves of bamboos, towering in height above the tops of most of the trees, grew so luxuriantly as to make it practically impossible for one to force a passage through them. Besides these, there were groves of orange, lemon, and lime trees, as well as huge clumps

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

of many kinds of bananas. In other portions there were low plants laden with luscious pineapples.

It must not be understood that they could see all these things standing, as they were, at the top of the precipice looking down several hundred feet below them into a valley many miles in length, and in some places nearly a mile in width. It was only the general outlines they could distinguish. They afterward had abundant opportunity of examining at closer range these different kinds of vegetation.

It was indeed a most beautiful sight. Probably no other part of the earth possesses a more peaceful-looking valley than that on which they were looking down with their dark savage captors standing near them. Even the miserable captives, who had been torn from their distant homes and carried forcibly to that distant part of the world, and who knew not what fate awaited them, were unable to refrain from exclamations of delight at the beautiful sight.

As the two lads stood almost entranced by the beauty of the wonderful panorama that was spread out before them, Mahinee, greatly pleased at the effect it had produced, stood proudly erect and, turning to the boys, said something that they were of course unable to understand, except that it appeared that he was informing them that he was king and absolute ruler of this beautiful part of the earth. He then assured them he would be their friend; that they had nothing to fear, and then began pointing out to them different parts of the valley.

It was indeed a wonderful sight. The valley occu-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

pied the region the waters of the river had, after probably hundreds of thousands of years, worn or cut in the side of the mountain. This lovely valley, cut off from the rest of the world, afforded apparently a safe resting-place where one would not be only free from predatory neighbors, but also be supplied with an abundance and diversity of the choicest food products the tropical region is able to bring forth.

All this time Charley had been wondering how he could leave something to indicate to his friends, should they succeed in reaching this part of the island, the point at which they had descended. Seeing near them a tree the trunk of which was covered with bark sufficiently smooth to permit it to be marked, and believing that Mahinee would not be surprised if he attempted to draw a picture on the bark, Charley took a large blunt lead pencil which he used for the heavier lines of his sketches, and began to trace on it a crude drawing of the war canoe. He then added a picture of the valley with its main stream and its tributaries.

Turning to Mahinee he then intimated that it was by means of the canoe they had been brought to the island to the beautiful valley below them. He then pointed with his finger in different directions as if asking where they would descend to the valley. Mahinee understood and pointed to a path on their right leading to some steps which furnished the means of reaching the valley below. Hurriedly sketching an arrow pointing in this direction, Charley then wrote his initials C. Y. P., for Charles Young Pleasanton.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Then, fearing Mahinee would suspect that he was endeavoring to leave directions for his friends, he again turned to the chief, pointing to him and to the boat, as if to indicate that Mahinee had brought them to this beautiful place and that he, Charley, had made a picture of it to let the world know how great a man Mahinee was.

Fortunately, the chief had no idea of just what the youngster had succeeded in doing. He simply smiled, and leading the way was soon followed by the two boys down steep rough steps into one of the ravines that had been formed by the rain draining a part of the plateau. This part of the road required great care. A single false step would have precipitated them to certain death on the rocks below. The path extended generally along one side of a stream of water that dashed down the precipice. In many places the ravine was so deep that its overhanging precipitous walls almost completely shut out the sunlight, rendering the place nearly as dark as if it had been night. The savages, however, were able to follow this route rapidly, knowing it so well, so that at last they all safely reached the valley below. Here they found fairly level ground, over which they passed rapidly for several miles, until at last they came to a settlement consisting of a number of houses whose frames and roofs were formed of large bamboos and the trunks of trees thatched with large leaves.

Mahinee led the way to a house larger than any of the others. As they afterward discovered, this was his

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

house. It was like all the other houses in the valley, but was built in a somewhat better fashion. It was not erected directly on the surface of the ground, but on the top of a number of large stones that had been laid on one another in layers or courses, to the height of perhaps eight feet. The area covered by these stones was of the same shape as the foundations of the house built on it, except that the house did not completely cover it, but left a space in front that, enclosed by a low picket of canes, possessed the appearance of a porch or veranda.

As to the house itself, it was formed mainly of large bamboos placed in an erect position on the platform of stones which, as they afterward learned, was called a pi-pi. The roof was formed of bamboos together with the boughs of trees that were ingeniously connected to the bamboos by twisting. The spaces between the bamboos and boughs were filled with leaves of the cocoanut palm. Since the bamboos forming the roof were sloping, the roof when covered with a thatching afforded an ample protection against the rain.

The eaves of the roof extended down to within about five feet of the surface of the pi-pi. The house was open at the sides. It was not, however, directly open, since there extended downward from the edge of the roof, curtains or blindlike additions, consisting of an open screen formed of light strips of bamboo. These were woven into a fabric that permitted the free entrance of the air, and yet, at the same time, served thoroughly to keep out the rain.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

As the boys followed Mahinee they entered the house through a narrow opening in the screen. On the inside were two well-polished trunks of the coconut palm, as straight as arrows, extending the entire length of the house. One of these trunks was placed at the back of the room, while the other was placed parallel to, and at a distance of about two and a half yards from it. The space between these trunks was covered with a number of mats formed by weaving various kinds of dried leaves, straw, and strips of cane together. These mats were formed of different colored materials. The space so covered was employed as a resting-place on which they slept during the night, and rested during the warmer hours of the day. The remainder of the floor was covered with the smooth stones of the pi-pi, or the stone platform on which the house had been erected.

On the ridge-pole of the house numerous bundles were suspended near the roof by cords formed of vegetable fibers. These bundles that had been wrapped in a variety of coarse cloth called tapa, could readily be lowered to the floor of the house when needed, since the ropes to which they were attached at one end, passing over the ridge-pole, were attached at the other end to the sides.

Against one of the walls of the house, arranged as ornaments, were various implements of war, such as spears, clubs, javelins, knives, etc. Outside the house, a small shed was employed as a cupboard or place where different kinds of food products were stored.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The house was extremely pleasant. The outer air was uncomfortably hot from a bright tropical sun, but a breeze was blowing through the curtainlike sides, and kept the room cool and agreeable. Moreover, the entire interior of the house was kept exceedingly clean.

Sitting down on a mat facing the front of the house, Mahinee pointed to mats near him, motioning to the boys to take seats, then saying something to one of the attendants who left the room. Soon afterward there came into it a number of other chiefs, but of less authority than himself. Among these were Aharo, the chief who commanded the war vessel that had taken the boys captives. The chiefs took seats on the floor at a respectful distance from the king. As soon as they were all seated, a number of warriors came into the room and sat in silence around Mahinee.

For five minutes there was a deep silence. Then Mahinee arose, and pointing to the front of the house, attendants pushed aside the curtain, thus permitting several hundred men and women who had assembled before the house to see into the room. Mahinee then began an impassioned address during which he evidently recited the wonderful things he and his warriors had done during the expedition from which they had just returned. This was followed by the war chant the boys had heard them practising while in their canoes. Then came short addresses from the other chiefs. The captives were then brought into the room and a distribution made of them among the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

chiefs. As the boys afterward learned, it had been decided not to kill any of the prisoners, but to give them to the chiefs as slaves. The captives manifested great joy on hearing this decision, since they well knew that it frequently fell to the lot of captives to be killed and eaten by their captors.

Aharo then related what had occurred on the capture of the boys on Harding Island, and began to tell some of the wonderful things the young white lads were able to do. At the end of this speech he then claimed his right to take the two boys as his share of the expedition. After some little argument, but probably because of an understanding that had already been reached between them, Mahinee took the two lads by the hands and led them over to Aharo. Immediately afterward, however, Aharo led the boys back to Mahinee, and indicated that he made them a present to his great chief. This act was received with applause by all present. Mahinee, then turning to the two boys, again motioned to them to sit down near him.

It was evident, however, that the people, especially those on the outside, had been told of the wonderful things the boys could do, especially in the way of singing, so that when the chiefs had gotten through with their speeches, Mahinee made signs to the boys to sing something.

"Let's give them the boat song again, Harold," said Charley.

The song was received with so great satisfaction by

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the people that Mahinee motioned to the boys to give another song, which was done. Mahinee then motioned to Charley to show the wonderful manner in which he was able to draw pictures on paper. In obedience to this request, Charley made a rapid but excellent sketch of the house in which they were seated, in which, however, the only figure represented was Mahinee as he stood talking to the people. It was so good a representation that when the drawing was passed around loud murmurs of surprise and admiration were heard on all sides. It seemed indeed wonderful, to these simple-minded savages, that so young a lad should be able by merely rubbing a pencil rapidly over the surface of a sheet of white stuff to make pictures stand out from it in so remarkable a manner. To them it was magic, and magic too of a very wonderful kind.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER V

KOOLOO AND MARBONNA

WHEN the audience was over, all the men left the room but Mahinee and the other chiefs. Some women then brought in food. Mahinee not only wished the boys to remain with him, but as a special mark of favor, pointed to some mats placed alongside him on which he wished them to sit and eat, informing the boys by means of signs that these mats were where they would sleep by night and rest by day. There was another mat placed next the king, between the king and the mats occupied by the boys. This, he informed them, was intended for Kooloo.

The articles of food brought in consisted of oranges, pineapples, cocoanuts, together with several other kinds of fruit they had never before seen. In addition to this there was a peculiar yellowish-looking sticky liquid placed in a calabash.

When the calabash was handed to Mahinee, he dipped the forefinger of his right hand in the sticky mass. The boys carefully watched, for the king was evidently showing them something, though they were uncertain what he intended to do with the yellow-colored liquid that closely resembled bookbinder's paste. They believed, however, since it had been brought in with the other food it was intended for

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

eating, and this was correct; for as soon as he had plunged his forefinger in the sticky liquid, Mahinee gave it a sudden twirl and drew it out evenly covered with a thin coating of the material. Still maintaining the twirling motion he inserted the forefinger in his mouth without permitting any of the sticky material to fall from it. Then, sucking his finger, removed it from his mouth licked quite clean.

Motioning to Charley to do the same thing, the lad succeeded fairly well in transferring a finger full of the material to his mouth. It was rather insipid-tasting stuff he thus ate for the first time, and he would have greatly preferred to make his meal from the fruit that had been brought in with it. While Charley was eating it, Mahinee pointing to the material repeated the words, "poe, poe," and then motioned to Charley to pass the calabash to Harold.

"You'll have to eat some of it, Harold," said Charley.

"It's awful-looking stuff," replied Harold. "How does it taste?"

"Not so very bad," was the reply. "It has a sour taste unlike anything I know of, but I imagine that bookbinder's paste if kept long enough would not taste unlike it."

Harold also succeeded in transferring some of the sticky stuff to his mouth, and even went so far as to pretend that the taste pleased him.

As the boys afterward learned, poe, poe was one of the many preparations of the fruit of the bread-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

fruit tree, one of the most important vegetable foods of that part of the world. In importance as a food product it excels even the cocoanut palm of the low coral islands of this part of the Pacific.

The calabash was passed around a number of times, until it was at last nearly emptied of its contents. They then began to eat the different kinds of fruit that had been brought in. The change from the poee, poee, especially considering the manner in which it was served, as one after another of the men dipped their fingers in the mass, made the fruit portion of the repast all the more pleasant.

There were, among the different kinds of fruit, a number of ripe cocoanuts that had been stripped of their husks and opened at the largest of the three dark spots that are always found at one end of the nuts. The oranges too were especially good, being large and juicy. The juice of some of them was of a deep red color and very sweet. There were too, luscious ripe pineapples.

Several times during the meal Mahinee repeated the name Kooloo, adding to it a new name, Marbonna. He seemed especially desirous to see these people, who the boys saw by his gestures he expected would soon appear before him. About five minutes after the women had removed the remains of the feast the sounds of approaching footsteps were heard, and two people entered the house. One of these was a lad about the same age as Charley and Harold, while the other was an old man who had shaved off all his beard and mus-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tache from his face, as well as all the hair from his head except two tufts that were left midway between his ears and the crown of his head, this having evidently been done to display in all their beautiful ugliness the tattooings on his face. Like the other men on the island, his body was almost completely covered by tattooings.

Kooloo had but little or no tattooing except some faint traces on the face, that appeared as if they were intended for the beginning of the sacred triangle. Moreover, there were only a few markings on his body. He was a beautiful boy, and bore a strong resemblance to Mahinee, so that the boys would have correctly inferred that he was Mahinee's son had they not already been informed of that fact when Charley inquired of the chief who Kooloo was.

As soon as Kooloo came into the room he gave his father a smiling look, said something to him, and then turning to Charley and Harold examined them long and curiously. As he did this both boys, especially Charley, looked smilingly into Kooloo's face. At last Charley extended his hand, and taking hold of Kooloo's hand warmly shook it, as we do in our parts of the world in welcoming a person.

Kooloo smiled as Charley did this, and seemed at first unable to understand it. His father, however, said something to him in which evidently he explained that this was a method employed by the white people of showing that they are pleased to meet a stranger.

As soon as his father had stopped talking, Kooloo

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

approached first Charley and then Harold, gravely rubbed his nose against theirs, at the same time smiling, thus indicating that he was pleased to meet them.

Mahinee then turning to Charley pointed to his son and repeated the name "Kooloo." Then pointing alternately to Charley and Harold, repeated to his son, "Charleyo, Harealdo." Kooloo repeated these names in a musical tone, "Charleyo, Harealdo."

Charley then again tried the few words he had already learned, and turning to Kooloo, said:

"Kooloo, Charleyo tayos?" putting it in the form of a question.

Kooloo smiled, probably as we would do at the incorrect pronunciation of English words by one just beginning to learn to speak our language. But, smiling, he shook his head, repeating the word, "Aa, Aa" ("Yes, yes").

Charley also asked the same question regarding Harold, and obtained the same reply.

During this time the man Marbonna was silent, for it was not the thing for him to speak in the presence of the king until he was spoken to. At last, however, Mahinee turning to him said something, when to the great surprise and pleasure of the boys the man turned to them and said:

"How you do? Kooloo, son of chief your friend. Mahinee, chief, your friend. Likes you. Marbonna," pointing to himself, "also your friend. Speak plenty English. Live one, one, one years with English, so Marbonna speak English like white men."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When Marbonna had ceased speaking, both Charley and Harold held out their hands to him, shaking his hand warmly. Then turning to him, Charley said:

“Please say to Mahinee, the great chief, that Charleyo and Harealdo are his friends, and wish to thank him for being so kind to them.”

It was evident that Marbonna was far from being able to speak the English language freely; or, indeed, to understand the fine distinctions of most of the words that Charley had used. He was able, however, to get a fairly correct idea of what Charley wished him to say to the chief. As Charley learned afterward, the opportunities that Marbonna had had for studying the English language were limited to three years, during which he had lived on a neighboring island on which a runaway drunken sailor lived. From this man he had picked up a number of English words. This sailor, however, had lived on the island for so long that he spoke the language of the islanders more frequently than he did his own. However, Marbonna had picked up a fairly extended vocabulary of English, and was thus able to some extent to act as an interpreter.

When Mahinee heard what Marbonna had to say he appeared pleased, and spoke for more than five minutes to the interpreter. He then, turning to the two white boys, said:

“Great chief say allee right. He always great friend of young white boys. Like young white boys much. Want them be friends with his son Kooloo, and so teach him talkee same as young white boys.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Please say to the king that we will gladly do as he wishes,” said Charley. “Say also to Kooloo that the young white boys hope that he will also be their friend. That they will gladly teach him the language of the white men, and hope that Kooloo will teach them his language.”

Kooloo smiled as Marbonna translated this speech, and then turning to his father spoke rapidly for a considerable time. When he was through he turned to Marbonna, apparently telling him to let the boys know what he had said to his father.

“Kooloo says,” replied Marbonna, “he likes you, and will be your friend much. He wants you teach him ways of white boys. He has heard of the wonderful things the white boys do, especially Charleyo, and says please show him some of these things.”

Turning to Marbonna, Charley said:

“Please tell Kooloo that we will show him whatever he wishes that I and Harealdo can do.”

Interpreting this to Kooloo and receiving an answer, Marbonna turned and said to Charley:

“Kooloo says please sing song.”

They again sang the boat song, not only to the great delight of Mahinee and Marbonna, but especially to that of Kooloo, who had a good ear for music and an unusually fine voice, and was able to join in the chorus in such a manner as fairly to improve it, and not to mar it as had been done where the men had attempted to sing.

When Mahinee saw how quick Kooloo had been to

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

learn the song, he was greatly pleased at this first demonstration of the advantages his son would derive by having the young white lads as teachers.

Like many other interpreters, Marbonna could understand English far better than he could translate it. Although, while listening to a statement made in English he could understand only the words here and there, he was nevertheless able to obtain a fairly clear idea of the subject that was being talked about. When he had no idea of what the other words meant, he treated this lack of knowledge with profound indifference, calmly supplying the missing words by apparently whatever words came first into his mind. The result was that frequently very ridiculous mistakes were made. Nevertheless, by his aid the boys were able to communicate with Mahinee and Kooloo to an extent that would have been impossible without Marbonna's slight knowledge of the language.

After an audience of about an hour, Kooloo, turning to the boys, evidently invited them to take a walk with him.

As they passed out of the house a crowd of men, women, and children gathered around them looking curiously at the two strangers. It was evident that they too had heard of the wonderful things the strangers could do, and began at once to speak eagerly to Kooloo and to Marbonna. At last, Kooloo, turning to the boys, said through Marbonna:

"They want to hear you sing with the breath music," meaning the mouth-organ.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Certainly," said Charley, as soon as Marbonna had translated it.

Taking their mouth-organs out of their pockets the two boys began to play a merry dance tune.

As soon as the people had recovered from their astonishment that such beautiful sounds could be produced by merely breathing into the curious little boxes they saw the boys hold to their mouths, they commenced to move first their hands and bodies so as to keep time with the music, and finally moving apart from one another, so as to obtain sufficient room, began dancing. It was a grotesque dance of a type that the boys had never before seen, but it was excellent in so far as they made their bodies keep almost perfect time with the successive notes.

Both the music and the dance attracted so much attention that crowds of people were soon seen running toward them, until at last probably over one hundred men, women, and children were joining in the dance; for, seeing the pleasure the music evidently gave them, the boys continued playing for nearly fifteen minutes.

At last Charley looking up was surprised to see that Mahinee had also joined the crowd and was looking at the dance with a smiling face.

Mahinee said something to Marbonna who, turning to the lads, said:

"The great chief say sing for the people."

When this was done the people were pleased with the harmonious combination produced by Charley's soprano and Harold's alto.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Although there were so many houses around Mahinee's house that this part of the valley might, perhaps, be regarded as the village, yet throughout the entire region for a mile or more other houses were situated without apparently any particular attempt to assemble them in a single village.

There were no regular roads through the valley, although along the main river-bank the footpaths had been used so much as to almost produce a road.

When the song was completed, Marbonna led the boys to his house. It was built on the same plan as Mahinee's house, although, of course, the construction was much simpler and the house much smaller. Like Mahinee's house, however, it had been erected on a pi-pi, and had the same clear space like a veranda in front of it. Inside were two smoothed and well-polished logs of cocoanut trees, with mats placed between them, just as in Mahinee's house. Entering the house and motioning to the boys to take seats on the mats, Marbonna said:

"Now me show you, Charleyo, and you, Harealdo, and you, Kooloo, to speak very much to one another."

Marbonna's plan of teaching a foreign language was simple but effective. This first lesson consisted in holding up articles, such as oranges, cocoanuts, leaves, bits of bamboo, etc., and then repeating the words used on the island for the same. Charley and Harold would then repeat them out loud after Marbonna until the old man was satisfied with the pronunciation. Of course, if Marbonna had been a good English scholar he would

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

then have repeated the English words for these articles. But the canny old man pretended it would be more interesting if the boys did this, so holding the articles up, one after another, he motioned to Charley to give the English words, and this Charley did repeatedly, having Kooloo to pronounce the words after him. In this way, after five or six articles had been named in both languages, Marbonna would hold the objects up and then, pointing either toward Kooloo or toward Charley and Harold, would listen to them repeat the proper Polynesian word or the English word.

Kooloo, who was a bright boy, learned the English words with fair readiness. He was excelled in rapidity of learning, however, by both Harold and Charley, especially by the latter.

Remembering the drawing-pads he had in his pocket, Charley took a lead pencil and pad, and then drawing a small but fairly accurate picture of the orange, wrote underneath it the Polynesian word for the same as he imagined it would be spelled. He did the same thing with the other articles the names of which he had learned. Both Kooloo and Marbonna were surprised at the ease with which Charley could make the paper speak. They did not, however, appear to understand what the writing meant, and when they were informed that it was the name of the thing in the language of the island they tried to conceal the evident fact that they did not believe the statement, especially when Charley wrote underneath the Polynesian word for orange the English word orange, and then repeat-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

ing the word orange, intimated to Kooloo that that's what the writing told him. Kooloo only shook his head, as if to say it was too much for him.

After the first lesson they took a walk along the bank of the river, where Kooloo showed the boys several kinds of fruit trees they had never seen before. At last they came to a place along the bank of the river that was not covered with trees, and where the water looked very attractive to the two English boys, who, as has already been stated in "Wrecked on a Coral Island," were excellent swimmers. Kooloo, turning to the boys, pointed to the water as if to ask them whether they would like to take a swim.

Now this was an invitation a healthy boy, who is able to swim, seldom if ever refuses, so they all began to get ready for a good swim in the river.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER VI

AN APPARENTLY NEW KIND OF TATTOOING

It was a race between the Polynesian boy and the English boys as to who would get into the water first, with all the chances in favor of the brown-skinned lad. All he had to do to get ready was to remove the girdle from around his waist and to put off the anklets and armlets of human hair. Although Charley and Harold had both their over and underclothes to remove, as well as their shoes, they were not so far behind either Kooloo or Marbonna, who had accompanied them.

Kooloo had plunged immediately into the stream on disrobing; but he had waited for the boys, swimming around in the water near the bank where they were undressing. Marbonna, who was much slower in his movements, had not much more than gotten ready for the swim when, looking in astonishment at the two boys, he said something in a loud tone to Kooloo, who instantly swam to the bank and joined him, the two beginning to talk together in excited tones.

We must now refer to a few facts mentioned in the book "Wrecked on a Coral Island." The boys, as well as their other companions on Harding Island, had

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

been greatly troubled for proper clothing. Their entire wardrobe was limited to the clothes they had on when they stepped into the open boat of the Ketrel. The condition of the sinking vessel required hurry, so that they were unable to take anything else with them in the way of apparel. Now, it must be remembered that they had spent five whole months on the derelict, and had also been for a long time on the coral island, their clothing therefore sadly needed replacing. This was especially the case with Charley and Harold who, like all young, active boys, were especially hard on their clothes.

The captain, who had given the matter of clothing careful thought, after consultation with Hiram, had adopted the expedient of employing the cotton ticking that was used for the covering of the extra mattresses that formed a portion of the cargo the brig had carried, for use in the mining towns of South Africa. It is true the clothes they thus succeeded in making for one another were far from being articles of beauty. Like most materials employed for bed-ticking the pattern employed was that of alternate stripes of blue and white. When, therefore, they put on these clothes they presented an appearance not unlike that of convicts.

But it was with their underclothing that the greatest difficulty had been experienced. Fortunately, a portion of the goods with which the brig was laden consisted of brightly colored calico prints; that is, muslins of a highly ornamental pattern, the figures or de-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

signs on which, instead of being woven into the goods, had been impressed on their surfaces by printing.

The designs consisted of combinations of bright reds, oranges, greens, yellows, and other colors, combined in a manner that set at naught all the principles of good taste. The patterns consisted of groupings of stars, half-moons, triangles, squares, circles, etc., covering nearly the entire surface of the calico. Although the colors were badly chosen for good taste, yet they were exactly of the character calculated to please the inhabitants of the mining towns for which they were intended and, perhaps, more especially suited to the tastes of the savages, who now beheld them for the first time.

These wonderful designs instead of remaining on their underclothes, to which they had been originally impressed by printing, had been transferred to the bodies of the boys in a manner not unlike that of the highly colored decalcomania pictures generally printed on paper; these can be as readily transferred to the skin as to a sheet of paper, or to any other smooth surface, by simply moistening them with water and pressing them firmly against the surface.

Now it happened on the day on which they had been carried away as captives from Harding Island, that the boys had to put on a new suit of underwear made from these calico prints. It had been a number of days since their clothing had been off, so that under the combined action of heat and perspiration they had been wonderfully transferred to the bodies of the boys,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

which they covered almost completely with combinations of colors that far excelled anything the savages had been able to produce by means of tattooings.

It was a tremendous surprise both to Marbonna and Kooloo. Besides the other wonderful things the white lads could do, it seemed they had discovered an entirely new process of tattooing. Never had they beheld either such wonderful colors, or such remarkable patterns. Instead of extending in continuous lines between different parts of the body, the little squares, triangles, circles, half-moons, stars, etc., stood out alone, each complete in itself.

It must be remembered that the Polynesians not only greatly approve of the tattooing of their bodies, but also appear to attach certain religious ideas to the process. For this reason every full-grown male in the community was tattooed from head to foot. Indeed, as has already been remarked, with a view of supplying additional human canvas for these works of art, most of the men had even kept their cheeks and parts of their heads free from hair by careful shaving.

After examining the highly colored pictures on the nude bodies of the boys, which they believed to be real tattooings, Kooloo turned to Charley and inquired through Marbonna if he would not show him how he might obtain such beautiful markings on his body. Charley only laughed, and said he would think about it. But it was Marbonna who was most surprised and at the same time pleased with what he saw. As the boys went into the water to swim, Marbonna, splashing

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

some water over their bodies, began to rub them violently with his hands to see whether the markings were waterproof. Since he was unable to produce any effect on them whatever, no matter how vigorously he carried on the scrubbings, he became satisfied that they were the result of some curious, if not magical, process of tattooing, which he was desirous of learning as quickly as possible. Marbonna then said something to a boy, one of a crowd of boys who had followed them and gone in swimming with them. On hearing what Marbonna said, the boy started on a run toward the village.

Charley and Harold were by no means pleased at the close examination of their bodies. In order to escape they plunged into the deeper water of the river, and were soon having a splendid swim. The white boys were excellent swimmers, but in this exercise Kooloo far excelled them. Nor is this surprising, for Polynesian children are taught to swim almost from the day of their birth, and although the inhabitants in the valley were to a great extent shut off from the ocean, yet the magnificent river that flowed through their valley was used freely for bathing purposes. They also frequently visited the ocean, either for the purpose of catching fish for food, or for making occasional voyages in their canoes to the neighboring islands.

Kooloo was greatly pleased to find there was something in which he could lead the boys. Some of the strokes, however, Charley and Harold had learned in

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

England or Australia, had never been seen before by Kooloo. The boys therefore began teaching these strokes to Kooloo who, in his turn, showed them how to do a number of things in swimming that were entirely new to them.

The boys enjoyed their bath so thoroughly that they had not noticed the people who began to collect on the river-bank. The boy messenger, who had been sent with the special message to Mahinee, had not failed to inform everybody he met, that the bodies of the young white lads, who were then swimming in the river, were covered with the most beautiful tattooings he had ever seen.

Abashed at the great crowds that were upon the bank watching them, the boys ran to the place where they had taken off their clothes, intending to put them on again. They were, however, prevented from doing this by a crowd of people coming toward them, forming a ring around them and beginning a careful examination of the wonderful markings. To escape from this examination, each boy seized his undershirt and tried to put it on, when some of the men, snatching these articles from them and picking up all their remaining clothes, ran with them toward the village. Looking at the crowds that surrounded them, the boys were surprised and pleased to see Mahinee. Turning to Marbonna, Charley said:

“Please ask the great chief to command the men to bring back our clothes. We don’t like to be naked before these people. We want to get our clothes on.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Charley was surprised to see that Mahinee was unwilling to do this, for he said to them through Marbonna:

“Not so, Charleyo and Harealdo. Why deprive my people, who have come so far from the village to see these beautiful markings on your bodies, of the pleasure of looking at them. If you put your clothes on they cannot do this and will be angry.”

“But we cannot go around in this way,” said Charley. “We would be ashamed to do so. In our country it is not usual for people to do this.”

Mahinee did not seem pleased when Charley said it was not the custom in their country to go around without any clothes, remarking through Marbonna that this was the custom in his country; that he saw no reason why they should do otherwise. Mahinee then approached the boys and looked at the markings with much astonishment and admiration. It was evident that he regarded them as a species of tattooings that greatly excelled anything that had ever been seen on the island. In order to satisfy himself as to this, he did as Marbonna had done. Beckoning one of the men to bring a calabash full of water, he poured it over the backs of the boys and commenced, by vigorous rubbing, to see if the marks would come off. Finding, however, that they could not thus be removed, he too became convinced that they were tattooings, although of an entirely different character from anything he had ever seen before.

Turning to Marbonna, Mahinee commanded him to

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

inquire of the boys whether these markings were really permanent, and how they had been obtained.

"They won't remain always," said Charley. "But perhaps will last for several weeks."

Mahinee again closely examined the figures, and again pouring water over the boys commanded two men to rub more vigorously and try to scrub them off. This rubbing was so severe that it almost blistered the skin of the boys, but it was of no avail. The markings were apparently as permanent as were those of the tattooings that covered portions of his own body.

Mahinee then sent a messenger for a man named Kaloro.

"Who's Kaloro?" inquired Charley, turning to Marbonna.

"Kaloro is the chief tattooer on the island," was the reply.

"But, Marbonna," said Charley, "these markings are not tattooings. Tattooings remain on one's skin for life, but these on our bodies will completely disappear in a few weeks."

"Ah, that's what you say," replied Marbonna smiling. "You don't want to tell us how to make them. The king has therefore sent for Kaloro, the great tattooer of the island."

It was evident that Kaloro lived in the neighborhood of the part of the valley where they were taking a swim in the river. In a short time, the messenger who had been sent to call him, was seen coming with a little old man, running as swiftly as they could toward

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the river. When the people around the boys saw Kaloro coming they made an opening so that he could approach them.

Kaloro was a little fat man, and was nearly out of breath from running. Although he at once began an examination of the boys, yet he was breathing so rapidly that he could scarcely speak. Even when he had gradually recovered his breath he was too much astonished at the wonderful work before him to say much. He was a great artist in his way, and claimed to know more about tattooing than any one else on the island. Indeed, so great was his skill that he was never willing to waste his time on any but the most important men in the valley. But here was a specimen of the tattooing art he would either have to learn, or else give up his position as the best tattooer of the tribe. He kept on talking, therefore, in an excited way to Marbonna, and ran continually from one boy to the other to see if he could not discover the manner of producing such beautiful work. He then turned to the king, telling him that these markings were tattooings; that he thought he could imitate them, but that it would require some time for him to be able to do this. Moreover, since the materials employed were very scarce, he would be obliged to make a long journey to another island in order to obtain them.

When Mahinee heard this he was apparently much pleased, and informed Kaloro that he would give him several weeks to begin making such markings on such small portions of his body that had not yet been

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

covered, and added that he especially wished him to begin elaborate markings on his son Kooloo.

When Charley heard this, for he had requested Marbonna to tell him what was being said, he remarked:

“Tell Kaloro that these markings are not tattooings. They will only remain on the body for several weeks.”

It was evident, however, that Charley was not believed. The men smiled in a superior manner, intimating that they understood that this was simply a desire on Charley's part to keep the secret of this kind of work to himself.

The boys now vainly endeavored to persuade Mahinee to order their clothes brought back to them. The chief, however, would not listen to this for a moment.

“Why should you cover up your beautiful bodies and thus prevent my people from seeing them?”

Noting, however, that the boys were very uncomfortable, Mahinee sent another messenger to his house who soon returned with two new breech-cloths. When the people saw that these cloths were of the royal pattern, they were greatly surprised. They knew that if the king placed them on the boys with his own hands, it would mean that he had thus adopted them into his family. In the age of chivalry, when a commander or emperor desired to confer titles of nobility on a subject for some brave act, he struck him with his sword and called him by some new name. Here, Mahinee publicly adopted the boys as his sons by investing them with the royal breech-cloths.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

They, therefore, carefully watched when Mahinee gravely beckoning the boys to him, fastened the girdle around their waists and a breech-cloth around their loins repeating the word "taboo," and then addressing each boy as "Charleyo Mahinee, Harealdo Mahinee." Then, as if desirous of explaining to the boys what this meant, addressed his son as Kooloo Mahinee.

"What does the king mean, Marbonna," inquired Charley, "by calling me Charleyo Mahinee and Harold, Harealdo Mahinee?"

"It means that you, Charleyo, are Mahinee's son; and you, Harealdo, are also another Mahinee's son."

"And what does taboo mean?" persisted Charley.

Evidently this was, in the eyes of Marbonna, a still greater honor than to be adopted into the family of the chief, for he exclaimed:

"Taboo means that now no one will dare hurt you. If people should hurt you while you are taboo the spirits would kill them."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER VII

THE GROVE OF BREADFRUIT TREES

MATTERS went pleasantly for the white boys for the next two or three weeks. They were rapidly learning the language of the savages and were able to call some common things by their right names, and even, to some extent, to ask such questions as would be apt to come up during everyday life. Their friendship with Kooloo was rapidly growing, and the three boys spent much of their time together. In addition, Charley and Harold were gradually becoming acquainted with some of the savages outside of the royal household.

As far as they could see, Mahinee put no restraint whatever on them as to the parts of the valley they were free to visit. It either never seemed to enter Mahinee's mind that the boys might wish to escape from the island, or if he did think of it, he promptly put it aside, since it would have certainly been a difficult task to escape from the valley by scaling the almost precipitous walls that hemmed it in on nearly all sides. Indeed, although nothing had been said directly to the boys about the matter, they understood that Mahinee did not wish them to attempt to visit the coast by means of the path by which they had been brought into the valley. They therefore wisely refrained from making such an effort.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The three boys were fond of taking long walks. Some of these, indeed, were so long that Marbonna, who was a tolerably old man, found that they required an amount of energy he could not well afford to expend. While it was certainly a great advantage to have Marbonna as an interpreter for explaining difficult points in their conversation, they were now able fairly to understand one another, so that when Marbonna was not with them they managed to get along.

The white boys had become fairly well acquainted with the vegetable products of the valley. Marbonna, who knew them all, appeared to take pleasure in explaining the peculiarities of those with which they were not familiar, especially warning them about a number of poisonous vines, fruits, and nuts. Then too, Kooloo knew where to find the best oranges, bananas, pineapples, cocoanuts, and other delicious fruits that grew in great abundance and perfection in different parts of the valley.

Among all these vegetable products there was none equal in importance as foods to the fruit of the wonderful breadfruit tree. This tree, which grew in great abundance and luxuriance in different parts of the valley, was especially splendid in appearance. Indeed, throughout nearly the entire year, it was not equaled in beauty and magnificence by any of the other trees.

In its general outline, the breadfruit tree resembles the chestnut, but is far more beautiful. It frequently attains a great age, when, to some extent, it resembles the sturdy elm, so characteristic of our New England



The Breadfruit Tree

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

towns, not only in the spread of its branches, but also in its strong, stout limbs. Its oblong leaves are deeply lobed or scalloped. Toward the close of the growing season they begin to decay, passing through a series of changes of color that closely resemble the colors of the maples of the north temperate climatic zones in the fall of the year. In the case of the breadfruit tree, however, these colors are far more beautiful and varied.

What makes the breadfruit tree so valuable to the people of Polynesia is the extended period during which its ripe fruit can be gathered. From early in October, the beginning of the southern summer, for eight months in succession the fruit can be almost continuously obtained from the tree in a ripened condition. The fruit is round, having both the shape and size of an ordinary citron melon. Instead, however, of presenting like the melon stripes or sectional lines extending from the stem to the blossom end, its surface is covered with little knoblike irregularities. The fruit of the well-known osage orange, so common in many parts of the temperate zones, very closely resembles it externally.

The fruit is covered with a rind about an eighth of an inch in thickness. With the exception of a core, about the size of an ordinary penknife, everything inside the rind forms excellent food. When stripped of its rind the ripe fruit presents the appearance of a beautiful globe of almost snow-white pulp.

The breadfruit tree, also called the bread tree, fur-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

nishes excellent wood. Like the cocoanut palm, strong, durable cloth can be made from its fibers.

Captain Cook in his "Three Famous Voyages Around the World," gives the following description of the breadfruit tree :

"The breadfruit grows on a tree that is about the size of a midling oak. Its leaves are frequently a foot and a half long, of an oblong shape, deeply sinuated (strongly lobed, with the margins alternately curved inward and outward), like those of the fig tree, which they resemble in consistence and color, and in the exuding of a white milky juice upon being broken. The fruit is about the shape and size of a young child's head, and the surface is reticulated, not much unlike a truffle; it is covered with a thin skin, and has a core about as big as the handle of a small knife. The eatable part lies between the skin and the core. It is as white as snow, and somewhat of the consistence of new bread."

The breadfruit is unfit to eat until it has been exposed to the action of fire. There are various ways of preparing it for food; but, perhaps, the most satisfactory method consists in roasting it, just as a potato is roasted in the embers of a hot fire. In this condition the inside of the fruit can be easily scraped out by a spoon. In the opinion of some travelers the taste of the roasted breadfruit is not unlike that of the crumb of wheaten bread when mixed with potatoes mashed with milk. While some speak of its taste as rather insipid, yet Alfred Russel Wallace, the well-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

known naturalist, gives the following account of the breadfruit that he first saw on the island of Amboyna :

“ Here I enjoyed a luxury I have never met with either before or since—the breadfruit. It is baked entire in hot embers, and the inside scraped out with a spoon. I compared it to Yorkshire pudding; others thought it was like mashed potatoes and milk. It is generally about the size of a melon, a little fibrous toward the center, but everywhere else quite smooth and puddingy, something between yeast dumplings and batter pudding. We sometimes made curry or stew of it, or fried it in slices; but it is in no way so good as simply baked. With meat and gravy it is a vegetable superior to any I know either in temperate or tropical countries. With sugar, milk, butter, or treacle, it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight and delicate but characteristic flavor, which like that of good bread and potatoes, one never gets tired of.”

According to Captain Cook, the breadfruit tree does not begin to grow unless it is planted. It is, however, by no means difficult to raise it in this way; for if a man plants ten of these trees in his lifetime, which he can readily do in the space of about an hour, “ he will as completely fulfil his duty to his own and future generation as the natives of our less temperate climate can do by plowing in the cold of winter and reaping in the summer’s heat, as often as these seasons return; even if, after he has procured bread for his present household, he should convert a surplus into money and lay it up for his children. It is true, indeed, that the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

breadfruit is not always in season, but cocoanuts, bananas, plaintains, and a great variety of other fruit, supply the deficiency."

Charley and Harold soon became skilled in roasting the breadfruit. Possibly this was because of the experience each had during his school life in England or in Australia, when they sometimes built fires when out on a picnic and roasted potatoes. Or it may have arisen by means of the still later experience they had on Harding Island in roasting yams, a tuber not unlike a big sweet potato. There was, to them, a fascination in watching the breadfruit, after its rind had been nicely browned by the fire, burst, permitting them to see through the cracks, the delicate white starchy material in the interior.

A somewhat similar method of preparing the fruit is as follows: About the end of the eighth month, when the trees are laden with ripe fruit, the harvest of breadfruit is gathered, the fruit placed in large wooden vessels after it has been stripped of its bark. Here it is subjected to a vigorous beating with a large stone pestle. The beating reduces the fruit to the consistency of dough. It is then wrapped in separate parcels in leaves, tied together with thongs of bark, and carefully stowed away in pots in the earth, where it is kept until wanted for use. Prepared in this manner, breadfruit forms what is called "tutao." In this form it can be kept for years without spoiling. Indeed, in the opinion of many, the flavor of the article greatly improves with age. This, however, is

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

not saying much, since it should be remembered that in the opinion of many civilized people, especially in America, Germany, and England, the taste or flavor of cheese is actually believed to greatly improve after it has been kept for several years.

Before tutao can be eaten it must undergo the following cooking process. A stone oven is built in the ground; that is, a number of large stones are placed in the hole and a fire kindled on them. As soon as the stones become highly heated the embers are withdrawn, and a layer of leaves placed on the stones. A package of tutao is then placed in the oven and completely covered with another layer of leaves. The oven is then closed and the tutao, when thoroughly baked, forms what is called "amar," which possesses a tart taste, and is not at all disagreeable in flavor.

We have already referred in a previous chapter of this book to a variety of food product obtained from the breadfruit tree called "poe, poe." This product is obtained by placing baked tutao in a vessel where it is mixed with water, producing as it does a liquid of a thick pudding-like consistency.¹

But the breadfruit tree by no means furnished all the vegetable food products of the valley. There were other varieties of tropical vegetation, some of which bore ripe fruit during the season that the breadfruit tree was not bearing. An exceedingly important variety of such vegetable food products was found in different species of bananas and plantains. These

¹ See Appendix, "Breadfruit Tree."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

plants are of very rapid growth. A shaft or stem rises to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, with a diameter sometimes as great as two feet. This stalk is formed of sheathlike leaf-stalks rolled over one another, terminating in light-green glossy blades ten feet or more in length, and two feet in breadth. Their tissue is so delicate that they are split by even a gentle wind. A stout foot-stalk, springing from the center of the leaf, and bending over on one side of the trunk, supports clusters of flowers, and eventually a great weight of several hundred plantains or bananas, about the size and shape of full-grown cucumbers.

All this growth is reached in less than a year; for each shaft produces its fruit but once a year, when it withers and dies. New shoots spring forth from the root, and before the year is past reach their full height and bear fruit.

It will be seen, therefore, that the banana, or plantain, like the breadfruit tree, when once planted, continues to produce food year after year, although in the case of either of them, it is not the old tree that produces fruit, but a new stalk that springs every year from the fruit of the parent stalk. Humboldt states that since a single bunch of bananas will frequently weigh as much as from sixty to seventy pounds, an area of ground large enough to produce thirty-three pounds of wheat, or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes, will produce as much as four thousand pounds of bananas.¹

¹ See Appendix, "Plantains."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

As in the lower islands of Polynesia, so on the Island of Captivity, the cocoanut palm formed an exceedingly valuable food product. Like the breadfruit tree, ripe cocoanuts could be obtained at almost any time through the entire year. The tree continues to blossom and to bear, and can almost always be counted on to produce every grade of fruit, from the dead-ripe nut to the opening blossoms.

They had not lived long on the island before they discovered the fact that the people, indisposed as they were to labor would, nevertheless, refuse to eat the nuts that might happen to fall from the trees. On the contrary, many of them were quite particular as to the proper time for plucking the fruit. Moreover, even the green and unripe fruit producing, as it does, a very agreeable liquid, was plucked or left on the tree according to the particular kind of food it was desired to obtain. It was curious to note at a feast how the principal men selected a number of the cocoanuts that had been plucked and, placing them near them, sipped the liquid they contained, just as one might see in a more civilized country connoisseurs sip samples from a number of different bottles of wine in order to determine what particular flavor was the most agreeable.

The wonderful fertility of the valley was a source of constant surprise to the white boys, especially to Harold, who had lived in the cold temperate part of the world. The fact that the people of the valley had an abundance of delicious and varied food products pro-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

duced for them without any other labor than practically that of plucking it, was a source of constant astonishment. Remembering the hard and almost continuous labor that was necessary to enable the people of the cold temperate zones to force the ground to produce their food products, Harold thought that surely so favored a climate as that of the valley of the Island of Captivity should permit its inhabitants to reach a very high degree of civilization; and yet, as he knew, it was far from being the case. The natives were generally good-natured, but were exceedingly lazy, and very unwilling to undertake hard work.

"I don't understand how it is, Charley," said Harold one day, "that the people of the island are so little civilized. One would think that since they are not compelled to labor for their food, they would go on studying the wonderful things that are happening around them, and so become more civilized than the rest of the world. Why is it, Charley?" he continued, "that the inhabitants of the parts of the world where food grows without any help, people are so lazy and worthless? Can you explain it?"

"I think I can, Harold," said Charley laughing. "I remember once asking my father the reason for this. He told me that the most favorable conditions for progress among people was that in which a necessity existed for a reasonable amount of work, but in which time was permitted for the improvement of the mind. I remember his telling me that there were two parts of the world in which it was difficult for civilization to

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

reach a very high stage. These were the tropics, where nature produced such an abundance of food, and in which the climate was so warm that the people were not obliged to expend much labor in obtaining their clothing. The other was in the polar regions, where it was so difficult to obtain food and clothing, that practically all the time of the people was required for these purposes. He said that it was in the temperate zones, where nature was always ready to reward intelligent labor expended either for obtaining materials for food or clothing, that the civilization was the most marked."

"Don't you think that's funny, Charley?" replied Harold.

"I thought it was, Harold," said Charley, "but my father explained to me that we should not look on the necessity for working as an evil; that, on the contrary, he was the more fortunate who was obliged to work, provided enough time was left to give him an opportunity to cultivate his mind."

"It is not unlike the difference between very rich, very poor people, and people in moderate circumstances," said Harold, who had been thinking over what Charley had told him.

"What do you mean, Harold?" inquired Charley.

"I mean," was the reply, "that because a boy is born of very rich parents or, as it were 'with a silver spoon in his mouth,' and knows that there has been put aside for him more than sufficient to permit him to lead his entire life in idleness, it is by no means certain

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

that he will employ all his time for the improvement of his mind and will, therefore, become better educated and more highly developed than the children of other people. On the contrary, the chances are that he will grow up a good-for-nothing, worthless fellow, who spends nearly all his life in squandering the money that has been laid up for him by his parents."

"I guess that's so," said Charley laughing. "I can remember hearing of the sons of many rich men who have gone to the bad, probably because they had been so unfortunate as to be born rich.

"And then," continued Charley, "father told me how almost impossible it was for the Eskimo and other inhabitants of the polar zones to make any advance in civilization, because they were obliged to spend nearly all their time in obtaining food. Unless they worked hard to fill their stomachs and cover their backs they would either starve or freeze to death, and when this work was done they were too tired to do anything but sleep."

"I understand now," said Harold. "It is the people in moderate circumstances, the betwixt and the between, those who are neither very rich nor very poor, who are really the most favored."

"Yes," said Charley, "that's what father told me. The most civilized people in the world are the inhabitants of the temperate zones."

There was certainly one effect produced on the people by the abundance of food of the valley of the Island of Captivity; that is, the food was so plentiful

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

and so easy to obtain that many of them were prodigious eaters.

The following is related by Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, and is interesting from the information it affords as to the character of the food the natives use and its immense quantity.

“Table they have none; but their apparatus for eating is set out with great neatness, though the articles are too simple and too few to allow anything for show; and they commonly eat alone; but when a stranger happens to visit them, he sometimes makes a second in their mess. . .

“The quantity of food is prodigious; I have seen one man devour two or three fishes as big as a perch; three breadfruits, each bigger than two fists; fourteen or fifteen plantains or bananas, each of them six or seven inches long, and four or five round; and near a quart of the pounded breadfruit, which is as substantial as the thickest unbaked custard. This is so extraordinary that I scarcely expect to be believed; and I would not have related it upon my own single testimony, but Mr. Banks, Doctor Solander, and most of the other gentleman have had ocular demonstration of its truth, and know that I mention them upon the occasion.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER VIII

EXPLORATION OF THE RIVER VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN PEAK

THE friendship between the Polynesian lad, Kooloo, and the two English lads rapidly increased, especially after Mahinee had practically adopted the former into his family; for, as Kooloo remarked, they were now half-brothers.

Boys are pretty much the same in all parts of the world and, to a certain extent, are fond of practically the same things. It is true, the white-skinned lads had ideals that were entirely different from those of the brown-skinned boy. But there was a common ground in which the lads resembled one another, and that was the necessity that existed for finding some direction in which they might, as it were, expend or blow off the excess of their physical energy. It is true that this excess is not so apt to manifest itself in the hotter parts of the world as it is in temperate lands. Nevertheless, Kooloo resembled the English lads in that, like them, he was fond of violent exercise, although to a far less extent.

One day, when taking a swim, Charley turning to Kooloo, said, through Marbonna:

“Kooloo, would you like us to show you a game

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the boys play in England and other parts of the world where the white people live? ”

“ Kooloo like much to see it,” was the reply.

“ Harold,” said Charley, “ let’s show Kooloo how to play leapfrog.”

The boys had been in swimming in the river in company with Marbonna, and the above conversation had taken place when they had come out of the river and before they had dressed. Harold readily agreed to play leapfrog with Charley, so he stood erect, with the exception of bending his head, when Charley, placing his hands on Harold’s shoulders, vaulted over his head in the manner well known to the boys of the temperate zones. As soon as Charley had made this vault he ran forward a short distance, and then, bending his head while standing erect, permitted Harold in turn to vault over his shoulders, who again repeated the act for Charley, and so on.

It did not take Kooloo long to understand the new game, and soon he was joining merrily in the exercise.

Most savages are not unlike children in that they are apt to imitate to a considerable degree what they see done. When the old man Marbonna saw the sport, he joined in it with great earnestness. Indeed, he played the game so well that he not only surprised the lads but also himself. He was an old warrior, and had been trained to athletic exercise in his youth.

As already stated, the boys were fond of taking long

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

walks. It was while on these rambles that they not only became more attached to one another, but rapidly learned each other's language.

The mountains which stood at the end of the valley, near the headwaters of the river that flowed through it, were especially attractive to both Charley and Harold. They felt shut in, and wished to climb to some commanding height, so as to get a view of the surrounding ocean, and thus gain better ideas of the geography of the district. Then too, believing their friends would be looking for them, they wished occasionally to be able to scan the ocean so as to see whether or not they were coming. They, therefore, planned to interest Kooloo in an excursion to the head of the valley, and possibly to the summit of one of the mountain peaks, that they could clearly see towering far up above the headwaters of the river that drained their valley.

It should be remembered that for some time past the boys had been scantily clad, with practically only the royal girdle and the breech-cloth that had been put on them when Mahinee adopted them into the royal family. The exposure to the hot tropical sun was beginning to raise blisters on the more delicate portions of their skin, so that Mahinee, although reluctantly, had been persuaded to permit them again to wear the clothes they had on when carried away from Harding Island.

Wishing to interest Marbonna in an expedition to the headwaters of the river, Charley asked him

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

whether he had ever seen a variety of mineral or stone that had sharp cutting edges like the knife Charley carried in his pocket. Marbonna informed him that he had heard of such minerals but had never seen them, and wished to know if they resembled the pieces of quartz they sometimes employed for the hatchets or spear-heads.

"Then," said Charley, "if you'll go with us to the mountain I will show you pieces of such stones."

"How you know?" inquired Marbonna. "You never been there. Ridiculous to tell me you find stones."

"We'll find them all right," said Charley, "if we only go there." So he then asked Marbonna whether he thought Mahinee would permit an excursion to be made. He also took the first opportunity he had of asking Kooloo whether he would like to go with them and explore the headwaters; so between them it was agreed that Mahinee should be asked to give them his permission.

Instead of objecting to the proposed excursion, Mahinee appeared much pleased at the opportunity for placing his young son in command of an exploring party, for as Marbonna had intimated to Charley, he was unwilling to permit the boys to go unaccompanied by men.

At first Marbonna, feeling that the exercise would be too much for him, had thought of remaining in the village; but when the preparations were being made, and the number of men who wished to ac-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

company the expedition proved to be so great that Mahinee was obliged to limit them, he changed his mind and determined to go along. He was all the more willing to do this because, although it was possible to make the journey in about one day, it was determined to take plenty of time. Indeed, they expected it would probably be a week or more before they returned.

When one of the purposes of the expedition was explained, namely, that Charley expected to be able to find a kind of stone with cutting edges better than those of the teeth of the shark, or of sharpened pieces of iron, Mahinee smiled incredulously at the thought of his being able to find this curious kind of mineral product on a mountain on which he certainly never had been. When, however, Mahinee was assured by some of the men who had visited distant islands that they had seen such stones, and that, moreover, they possessed the properties that Charley had claimed for them, Mahinee was all the more willing to let them go. He reasoned that it would be good experience for his son to take complete command of an expedition; that an advantage would be gained whether the stones were found or not, while if such stones were found, the honor of their discovery would of course be given principally to the leader of the expedition.

The party left early the next morning, and made its way along the bank of the river. During this journey, they had opportunity of making a closer examination of some of the fruit trees and other vegetable products of the island.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When they encamped for the night they erected a makeshift hut consisting of a rude framework of bamboo, covered with a thatched roof of cocoanut leaves. The men had brought with them a number of mats, which they spread over the surface of a low pile of stones they had found, and on which the hut had been erected.

Although the days in tropical regions are very warm, yet the nights are sometimes quite cold. A fire they had kindled for the baking of the fruit of the breadfruit tree was therefore kept up during the night. Before retiring, the men sat around it telling stories, which Marbonna would occasionally translate. They also sang songs, in which they were joined by the boys, who at their request also sang several of their songs.

A musical instrument played on by one of the men especially attracted the attention of the boys by the curious manner in which its notes were produced. This instrument consisted of a piece of hollow bamboo with holes opening through one of the sides, and which in form exactly resembled a flute. Instead, however, of being operated by air blown from the mouth, its notes were produced by means of air blown from one of the nostrils. It was held in front of the left nostril, the right one being closed by contraction, and the music produced by air blown from the open nostril. It was at best, however, but a poor apology for music.

Now it happened that both Charley and Harold

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

could play very well on the fife, and had been accustomed to do this while on Harding Island. So obtaining two pieces of bamboo, and cutting openings in the side both for the mouth and the fingers, they were soon able to make excellent fifes. When this was done and the two boys commenced playing on them, the effect produced on the natives was almost magical. The boys played well and, moreover, played stirring dance music. Before long the entire company, with the exception of the players, was enjoying a lively dance near the fire. Kooloo was especially pleased with the new musical instrument, although when he first tried to produce musical sounds on the one Charley had made for himself, he was unable to do so. On being shown, however, how to do it, he was soon able to produce varied shrill tones.

When Charley and Harold awoke next morning they found Kooloo still asleep on the mat next to theirs. He had apparently not changed his position from the time they had turned in for the night.

All the men had left the hut in order to prepare breakfast, and soon they came to tell the boys to come and eat. Kooloo started directly for the place where the food was waiting for him. To his great surprise, Charley and Harold first went down to the stream alongside of which they had built their hut and commenced washing their faces and hands. This proceeding greatly surprised the savages, who at first believed it was some kind of religious worship. When Kooloo, desirous of knowing just what it meant, looked

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

at the boys and said something which as well as they could understand meant "Why wash?" Charley replied:

"Dirty hands and mouth spoil good food," which when Kooloo and the others heard, they laughed aloud as if it was a great joke.

That first breakfast on what might be called a savage picnic or expedition was a wonderful success. To begin with, there was an abundance of roasted breadfruit. The ripe fruit had been buried in the glowing embers of the fire until the browned rind had burst, thus showing the tempting snow-white interior ready to be eaten. Then there were plenty of coconuts, bored to permit their refreshing milk-like juice to be sucked out readily. There was also a variety of fruits, bananas, plantains, juicy oranges, together with a few pineapples, and some other specimens of the fruits of the island that they had never before seen, but which they found to be quite delicious.

If the savages had failed to show good habits of washing before eating, they certainly set the white boys an example after meals; for instead of instantly starting off they quietly rested for half an hour, Marbonna explaining this act by saying:

"No hurry. Plenty time. Bad to walk after eating. Make belly ache."

After half an hour's rest they continued leisurely up the river valley, and toward evening they came to a place where three separate streams poured their waters into the main river channel.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Pointing to the three streams, Kooloo, turning to Charley, inquired which of the three he wished to ascend.

They were now far enough up the valley to be able to see all three mountain peaks. Noting that the central stream apparently came down from one side of the central peak, and that this peak terminated in an especially conelike elevation as if had once formed the crater of a volcano, Charley indicated that that was the mountain he wished to examine. Crossing the stream that discharged into the main stream from the right, they were soon walking slowly up its banks.

They were now a considerable distance above the level of the lower part of the valley. As they climbed higher they observed a marked change in the character of the vegetation. Instead of the rich vegetation through which they had passed, the trees and shrubs on the side of the mountain began to resemble those of the warm temperate regions of the earth. Among other things, they found growing in the soil a number of running vines on which excellent cantaloups were growing. These, Marbonna told them, were good for both food and drink. When evening came, and they had erected another hut for the night, the man with the nose-flute again produced his lugubrious notes, but the men appeared greatly to prefer the brisker, shriller, and livelier music of the boys' fifes; for they greatly enjoyed dancing to this music.

The boys had reason to be pleased with the fact that Mahinee had permitted them to put on the clothes

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

that had been taken from them when they had been adopted into the royal family. During the night the air was quite cold, so that Kooloo was pleased to sleep cuddled up between the two boys. Besides keeping up a good fire all night, the men slept close to one another in order to keep warm.

After breakfast and a short rest they were able to see the summit of the mountain; for, on the preceding evening, before they had built their hut, the higher slopes had been obscured by a heavy mist.

"Charley," said Harold, as they were examining the peak toward which they were climbing, "that is just the appearance of the conical peak that Uncle Arthur pointed out to Jack and myself when we were looking at some of the mountains of the Aleutian Island Chain. He said conical peaks generally show that a mountain is a volcano. I believe the mountain ahead of us is volcanic."

"I think it is," said Charley; "and, indeed, I thought so yesterday, and have assured Marbonna and Kooloo, as you probably know, that we will be able to find on the summit some of the kind of lava which, cooling rapidly, produces a stone not unlike glass."

"Yes," said Harold, "I remember. It's called obsidian or volcanic glass. Do you think we can find some on the mountain?"

"If the mountain is volcanic, and there have been any large lava flows, we are almost sure to find it. When certain kinds of lava cool quickly they almost

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

always form this material. Besides, if the lava beds have been exposed to the air and rain for some time, I think there are good chances that some of these masses have split into pieces with sharp, cutting edges. I hope so, anyhow," he added. "If we should fail to find this material the men will think less of me than they do now, and that, of course, we cannot afford."

They were now within a quarter of a mile of the base of the central cone. The slopes of the mountain were quite steep, and the walking difficult. Marbonna wished to persuade Kooloo to give orders that the expedition should go no farther. Being unable to do this, he turned to Charley and said:

"Heap work walking. Marbonna much tired. We go plenty far enough. Why you wish go higher?"

"To get the knife-stones," said Charley. "Knife-stones not much higher up. At least," he added in a low tone, turning to Harold, "I hope they're not."

Marbonna clearly intimated his belief that Charley was only fooling him.

"You never on this mountain before. How you know there are knife-stones? Marbonna no believe in knife-stones. He wait here."

Kooloo, turning to Charley, asked whether he wished to go higher.

"Oh, yes," said Charley. "Mahinee, the great chief, told us to bring knife-stones," and knowing this to be true, Kooloo, who greatly wished to be able to take something home that his father had never seen before, ordered a few of the men to remain with Mar-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

bonna. He was quite willing to show the authority he had over the expedition, and seeing that the men were somewhat discouraged by the steep slope up which they were to go, and were beginning to murmur, he commanded them in a stern voice to follow him and the boys up the mountain and say nothing more about it. This they did without any further objections, for they feared the displeasure of Mahinee should he learn they had dared to question the commands of his son.

As they climbed higher and higher on the mountain slopes they obtained more and more unquestioned signs of its volcanic nature. They could now see the ashes that formed the slopes of the ash cone and, moreover, could clearly trace places where several lava streams had undoubtedly flowed down the mountain a long time ago. The mountain was evidently an extinct volcano. There were no signs whatever of smoke or vapor escaping from its top.

"It will be in one of these lava streams, Charley," said Harold, "that we will find the volcanic glass, if we find it at all. Let us carefully examine the different parts of the lava stream."

"You're quite right, Harold," answered Charley. "Let us keep a close lookout."

They were engaged in this search for over half an hour. To the men who accompanied them it seemed very foolish. Kooloo, however, still maintained his interest, and every now and then said to Charley:

"Kooloo hope you find knife-stone. Much like to take it home and show great chief Mahinee."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Most of the lava they saw consisted of masses that had apparently cooled slowly, and were therefore devoid of anything like a glasslike structure. At last, however, when they were almost ready to give up the search, they were delighted at finding a place where the lava had not only cooled quickly, and thus formed masses of fairly clear volcanic glass, but that in places these masses had been fractured into long slender pieces provided with sharp, cutting edges. The color of these bits of glass was mostly of a dark black, but some were of a greenish, brownish, or even of a reddish color.

Kooloo and the two white boys, collecting several fragments of the volcanic glass, took it to Marbonna. He was not only greatly pleased but became excited, and asked to be taken to the place from which this material had been obtained, so that not only Marbonna and the boys, but also all the members of the expedition were soon searching eagerly for the sharp knifelike pieces of glass.

Exclamations of wonderment and delight were constantly heard as piece after piece of the valuable material was obtained, and under Marbonna's directions a considerable pile of the mineral was placed in a heap, where it was guarded by several of the men.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER IX

A NEW WAY OF STARTING A FIRE

"CHARLEY," said Harold, "I remember once that Uncle Arthur told Jack and me that in the Aleutian Islands the natives were able to kindle fires by placing a mixture of finely powdered sulphur, or brimstone, and dried moss, or feathers, on the surface of any hard stone. That when, in this condition, the stone is struck a hard blow by a piece of stone hard enough to make sparks, the sparks will set fire to the sulphur, which in its turn would ignite the moss or feathers, thus producing a flame."

"That's a jolly idea, Harold," said Charley. "Let's climb to the top of the cone and see if we can find some bits of sulphur. You know we intended to ascend the cone so as to get a view of the ocean surrounding the island, and thus gain some idea as to the position of the surrounding islands. I'm a little afraid that Kooloo, who is so excited about the discovery of the knife-stone, may wish to turn back at once, as he is so anxious to let his father and the people in the valley know of our success. Now, if I can persuade him that there is perhaps an even more wonderful discovery to be made on the top of the mountain, it will be well to do so."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

As Charley had feared, Kooloo was not very enthusiastic about climbing the cone ahead, but when Charley assured him that there was probably a still more wonderful discovery to be made on the top of the cone, he was anxious to visit it, and ordered some of his men to accompany them, while the others were commanded to increase the collection of knife-stones.

It was only after a hard climb of nearly an hour that they were able to gain the top. In some places the ashes were so loose that they occasionally slid back in a few seconds a distance that had taken them many minutes to climb. At last, however, they reached the summit, where they were more than repaid for their severe exertions by the beautiful sight that lay spread out before them. At their feet lay the valley they had left, and here and there they could see the river that wound in a crooked channel toward the ocean.

They could now see another valley immediately to the west of the valley they had left, which appeared to be covered with a vegetation quite as luxuriant as that of their own.

Turning to Kooloo, Charley inquired as well as he could whether people lived in those valleys. Kooloo replied:

“Heap bad men live there. If catch you and me, maybe cook and eat us.”

But it was the view of the ocean thus afforded them that pleased Charley and Harold the most. From the summit of the cone they saw the open ocean in nearly all directions. Moreover, a number of other islands

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

could be seen, especially to the north and northwest of them, all of which were of the same mountainous character as the Island of Captivity in which they then were. Some of these islands were, moreover, of much greater size.

It is needless to say that they scanned the horizon anxiously for any signs of a boat propelled by oars. Of course, even if such a boat had been near the island, their distance from the ocean would probably have prevented their seeing it at all.

The cone on which they were standing undoubtedly marked an extinct volcanic crater. Although its outer slopes were very steep, yet its inner opposite slopes were almost precipitous, extending abruptly down several hundred feet to the surface of a lake that partially filled the old crater.

They now began carefully to search the edge of the crater, and at last were successful in finding fairly large quantities of crystallized sulphur. Turning with a smiling face to Kooloo, Charley now informed him that they would be able to take back to the village something far more wonderful than the sharp knife-stones.

Greatly pleased, Kooloo ordered the men to bring some of the yellow stones with them, when they started down the cone and rejoined Marbonna.

Marbonna was curious to know what Charley expected to do with the yellow stones that they showed him with so much satisfaction. Charley simply answered by saying:



*"They now began carefully to search the
edge of the crater"*

Page 112

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Bring me some very dry moss or dead leaves that will burn easily, and I will show you.”

Marbonna answered:

“Not now. Maybe Marbonna bring them to-morrow morning.” That night, which they spent in the hut near the base of the mountain they had formerly used for night quarters, the boys found a large flat stone formed mainly of quartz and very hard. They next obtained a pebble so hard that, when used to strike a glancing blow against the other stone, produced bright sparks.

Next morning, after breakfast, Marbonna handed to Charley a quantity of very dry moss, which had been dead for a long while and daily exposed to the hot tropical sun. It was just the material that Charley needed:

“Now, Marbonna,” he said, “I’ll show you what we can do with the yellow stones.”

Reducing some of the sulphur to a fine powder, Charley spread a thin layer of the dried moss over the stone, and then scattered some of the sulphur-dust over it.

Kooloo, Marbonna, and all the savages crowded around to see what new piece of magic the white lad was about to show them. Taking the smaller bit of hard stone in his hand, Charley struck a strong, scraping blow, like striking a match, against the stone that was partially covered with the moss and sulphur. Sparks of fire flew out and, igniting the sulphur, set fire to the moss, so that a fire was soon burning on the stone.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The natives, who saw the fire thus kindled in a manner so much better than that in which they had been accustomed to kindle it, were almost wild with delight, and now more than ever looked on Charley as a necromancer or magician of the highest type. Nor was it surprising that this method of kindling fire so greatly excited them. Beyond any question the most severe work any of them were obliged to perform on the Island of Captivity was that required for kindling a fire. Indeed, it is very difficult for one from a civilized nation thoroughly to appreciate the great boon that has been conferred on mankind by the invention of the ordinary lucifer match. A sliver of wood, covered at one end with its highly combustible tipping, struck briskly on a rough surface bursts into flame.

It was quite otherwise with the natives of the Island of Captivity. The method of kindling a fire not only required excessive but, moreover, highly skilled labor. It consisted in briskly rubbing two pieces of wood together until the heat produced by friction was sufficiently great to ignite the fine wood-dust so obtained. The work is hard and fairly long. The following description is taken from Melville's book on "Typee," in which an excellent description is given of life among the Polynesians. According to this account, the match-box of the Polynesian house or hut consists of a straight, dry, and partially rotten log of the habiscus tree. This log is about six feet in length, and three or four inches in diameter, and together with a smaller

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

piece of a harder wood, about a foot in length and rather less than an inch in width, forms one of the most important belongings of the people of the house.

In employing the apparatus, the log is rested with one end against some firm object at an angle of about 45° . In order to obtain a fire from it, one strides the log like an urchin about to gallop off on a cane. Grasping the smaller stick in both hands, he rubs its pointed end slowly up and down the log for a few inches, until at last he makes a narrow groove in the wood with an abrupt ending at the point farthest from him, where the fine dusty particles produced by the friction collect in a little heap.

At first the person works quite leisurely, but, quoting the language of Melville, he

“Gradually quickens his pace, and waxing warm in the employment he drives the stick furiously along the smoking channel, plying his hands to and fro with amazing rapidity, the perspiration starting from every pore. As he approaches the climax of his effort he pants and gasps for breath, and his eyes almost start from their sockets with the violence of his exertions. This is the critical stage of the operation; all his previous labors are vain if he cannot sustain the rapidity of the movement until the reluctant spark is produced. Suddenly he stops, become perfectly motionless. His hands still retain their hold of the smaller stick, which is pressed convulsively against the further end of the channel among the fine powder there accumulated, as if he had just pierced through and through some little

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

viper that was wriggling and struggling to escape from his clutches. The next moment a delicate wreath of smoke curls spirally into the air, the heap of dusty particles glows with fire, and almost breathless he dismounts from his steed."

We repeat, therefore, it is not surprising that Marbonna and the other men, who saw this experiment, manifested surprise and pleasure at the wonderful device at which they were now looking.

Kooloo was delighted beyond measure. He would not only have the great pleasure of bearing in triumph the pieces of knife-stone to his father and the other chiefs, but he would have this other piece of magic to show them that was so great a labor-saver.

But with all this astonishment, there was something that Marbonna, Kooloo, and the other savages could not understand. How was it possible that the young white magician could know that these two wonderful things—the knife-stone and the yellow stone—would be found far up on the slopes of a mountain on which they were sure he had never been before? There seemed something so mysterious about it that they began to stand in awe of one who could do such magic things.

That evening after supper several of the men began chipping pieces off the obsidian, or volcanic glass, so as to form them roughly into shapes suitable for the ends of spears, and had already begun the manufacture of this weapon with the glass points in place of iron or sharks' teeth, commonly employed. Then by setting

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

smaller pieces on the side near the head these pieces, inclining downward, away from the head, they produced a weapon capable of causing a horrible wound. Such a weapon when striking the body, or when thrust into it, could make its way readily through the soft flesh, but when an attempt was made to pull it out, or if while still in the hands of the savage who had thrust it, it should be given a to-and-fro movement, would produce horrible lacerations of the flesh.

There was great excitement in the village when the expedition returned to Mahinee's house and showed him the great quantity of wonderful cutting-stones they had brought with them, and especially the new form of spears they had made. The warriors thoroughly understood the advantages these weapons would give them over their enemies. Mahinee made many inquiries as to the amount of material that could be obtained, and he and his chiefs examined the weapons with great interest. He then divided among his chiefs the material that had been brought, and again made inquiries as to whether any more of the material was to be obtained.

Nothing had yet been said to Mahinee concerning the wonderful use to which the yellow stone could be put. Marbonna, then calling attention to this material, entered into a long explanation of its wonderful and magic use by the young white lad. When they understood this, they were greatly pleased to learn how readily a fire could be started. Mahinee motioned to Charley to show him how this could be done. The

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

heavy stone they had employed at the base of the mountain was then brought into the house, and placed on the ground where it was covered with a thin layer of dried moss and powdered sulphur. Again Charley went through the process of starting a fire by striking the stone. The astonishment manifested by Mahinee and his chiefs was even more marked than had been manifested by Kooloo, Marbonna, and their party when first seen on the side of the mountain. Mahinee made careful inquiries as to the amount of this material on the mountain, and entering into a long conversation with his chiefs, the conclusion was soon reached that a second expedition should be sent out next morning in order to obtain large supplies of these very valuable materials.

Mahinee was not only pleased with the results obtained, but what especially delighted him was that these results had been reached in an expedition that had been placed in the full command of his son and, although he recognized the fact that it was to Charley and Harold that the credit of the discovery was due, yet he was pleased that his son should have played so marked a part in it.

But if Marbonna had been surprised at Charley's being able to lead them to a place on the mountain which he had never ascended, where both of these materials could be found, the more intelligent Mahinee and his chiefs were still more puzzled. This certainly was magic, and magic of a much higher order than any they had ever before seen. Again, to the great

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

advantage of the boys, the chiefs began to regard them as priests or magicians of an exalted order and, therefore, as beings with whom it would be well worth their while to remain on good terms.

The second expedition was made with twice the number of men. Mahinee assumed the command. They did not loiter so much this time, but covered the entire distance in little over one day. Indeed, had they so wished they could even have made it in a shorter time. As regards the volcanic glass, as we shall see later, they were successful in finding a deposit containing large quantities of fragments of the material of a far higher quality than those obtained by the party under the boys.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER X

KALORO MAKES TROUBLE

THE second expedition determined on by Mahinee set out early the next morning. Nearly all the people of the valley had heard of the wonders of the previous expedition. So many wished to accompany them that if all had gone it would almost have half-depopulated the valley. Mahinee wisely put an end to this by decreeing that only the two white boys and his son Kooloo, together with about fifty selected warriors, should be permitted to form the party which he himself would command.

In order properly to protect the deposits of knife-stone and the sulphur or, as they called it, the fire-stone, the priest Acharto together with a few associate priests were to accompany the expedition, in order to determine, after consultation with Mahinee, whether it would be best to place some kind of a taboo on the mountain that would prevent the common people from visiting it, or whether it might not be preferable to insure this protection in some other manner.

Kaloro, the chief tattooer, also formed one of the party. It was not, as the boys suspected and afterward found to be the case, because he cared to see the curious minerals that were to be obtained near the top of the mountain, but because he wished to be near

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the boys so as to try to persuade them to disclose the secret of the tattooing process. As already stated, Mahinee, Kaloro, and indeed all the men, were convinced that the peculiar markings on the bodies of the white lads were the result of an entirely novel method of tattooing.

"Harold," said Charley, on the morning the expedition left, "look out for Kaloro."

"Why do you say that, Charley?" asked Harold in surprise.

"Because," replied Charley, "he is in a hole. You remember when Mahinee asked him to examine what he believed to be a new kind of tattooing on our bodies, Kaloro pretended to understand how to produce it, and was commanded by Mahinee to begin this tattooing on Kooloo and himself within a certain time. Now, he believes that if we permit him to tattoo our bodies we will teach him this secret method. He is, therefore, almost crazy to begin; for the time he promised to start the work on Mahinee and Kooloo is almost up. He never meets me but he at once endeavors to persuade me to let him begin work."

"But, good gracious, Charley," exclaimed Harold, "should he once put those horrible markings on our faces we would never dare to go and live with decent people should we ever have the chance. I'm sure I would be ashamed to walk through the streets with such markings on me. I say," he continued, "don't you suppose the doctors could do something to remove them from our faces should they ever get there?"

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"I believe not, Harold," was the reply. "You know the way in which boys put what they call 'beauty spots' on their arms and hands."

"Do you mean," inquired Harold, "by tracing letters or figures on the skin with India ink, and then pricking them with a needle so as to pierce the skin, and thus let some of the ink leak in a short distance?"

"That's what I mean," replied Charley. "As you know, it produces a blue mark that will remain on the body as long as the person lives."

"I know that very well," said Harold; "I remember one day the father of one of my boy friends, in England, showed me a piece of tattooing he had placed on the back of his hand twenty years ago, when he was a lad. The tattooing consisted of a woman's face with the initials of his name, H. A. W., in letters fully half an inch in length, so that the face and letters almost completely covered the back of his hand. Ashamed of these markings when older, he consulted an eminent surgeon to see if they could be removed. I believe the surgeon informed him that although something might be done in this direction, it would be very painful and expensive, and that even then there would be left markings on the skin that would probably give it an uglier appearance than it already possessed. He said the markings were due to the presence of very small particles of carbon, a chemical substance that could not be dissolved at ordinary temperatures by any known substance, so that he would be compelled to keep them for the balance of his life."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Were the markings distinct after they had been on the man's hand for twenty years?" inquired Charley.

"Quite distinct," was the reply; "probably as much so as at the time they were first placed on his hand. He appeared to be so ashamed of them that he was in the habit of wearing a glove on this hand, and carrying the other glove in his unmarked hand."

"That's all very well," said Charley laughing, "but then we couldn't wear gloves over our faces. It would make us look even more ridiculous than the tattooing. What we must do is to endeavor never to let Kaloro put them on us."

"Suppose we get Marbonna to ask Kooloo how we can best escape being tattooed."

The first time Marbonna and Kooloo were together, Charley said to Kooloo through the interpreter:

"Kooloo, Kaloro wishes to tattoo our faces and bodies. Now we don't want it done. Tell us, please, how we can avoid it."

The answer was very discouraging, for Kooloo replied:

"Why not let Kaloro mark your faces and bodies? He good tattooer. Make you look so awful your enemies run away when they see you."

"But, Kooloo," said Charley, through Marbonna, "in my country people don't have such things placed on their faces or bodies."

On hearing this, Kooloo answered through Marbonna:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“ But you are now Charleyo Mahinee and Harealdo Mahinee. You are members of our tribe, and of the household of Mahinee. In our country they do wear these things, so why not you? ”

At first Kooloo thought that it was the fear of the pain produced by the tattooing process that made them wish to escape having it done. He therefore assured them that when he was tattooed, which was, however, only to a small extent, the pain was not great. He added, however, that Kaloro would not dare to tattoo them without their consent, nor unless permitted to do so by Mahinee.

Acharto, the priest, as well as his associate priests, did what they could to further the wishes of Kaloro. The natives associated tattooing with their religious beliefs. They declared that if a male should grow to manhood without being tattooed, he would be prevented from entering the happy hunting-grounds in which they all hoped to live after death.

But Acharto had plans of his own concerning the boys. He wished them to come and live with him in the great house where most of the idols of the tribe were kept. He therefore cultivated their acquaintance, and by the help of Marbonna held long conversations with them, asking them to come and live with him, assuring them he would give them a good time, with very little to do. He had come to the conclusion that the young white lads were great magicians, and believed that if he could get them to come and live with him and the idols, they would be of great help

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

in inducing the people to come more frequently to the house of the idols with offerings.

During the expedition Acharto went with Marbonna to Mahinee, and endeavored to get Mahinee's promise to let the boys leave his household and come and live with him.

Charley assured Mahinee that neither he nor Harold wished to leave his house; that they had been very happy there; that if Acharto's requests were granted they would not only see less of the great chief, Mahinee, whom they loved, but would also be obliged to leave Kooloo, who was now their half-brother; that they did not suppose that Mahinee would be willing to part with his sons, and that they therefore hoped that he would not give the required permission.

Mahinee listened to what was said, and promised to give his decision when they returned to the village. Charley's argument appealed very much to him, for he thoroughly understood the advantages his son was deriving from daily association with the white lads. Already Kooloo had learned much from his white friends, not only in speaking English, but he could also now do many of the things the white lads did.

When the party reached the summit of the mountain, they spent a whole day in examining more carefully the lava fields as well as the deposit of sulphur, or brimstone, on the edges of the crater.

During this time Harold made an important discovery of deposits of two oxides of iron of an unusually beautiful deep yellow and a bright red. As

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Harold's uncle had informed him, when they were in the neighborhood of the Aleutian Island Chain, the people of the islands made excellent paints or pigments by finely grinding these colors and mixing them with oil. Harold took the specimens, showing them to Mahinee, who was greatly pleased that such an important discovery had been made on the expedition which he commanded. He knew that his people would be only too glad to obtain these bright colors for paints with which to ornament their spear handles, the bamboos employed in the construction of their houses, and similar surfaces. They were accustomed to making paints or pigments by grinding different colored stones into powder and mixing them with oil. But the colors Harold showed him were far more beautiful than anything he had before seen.

As the time at their disposal was much greater than during their first visit, Charley and Harold spent more time on the mountain examining a number of additional lava streams on the opposite slopes of the mountain. During one of these examinations when they happened to be alone—Kooloo having remained with his father in order to select specimens of the knife-stones that were much better and far freer from color than any they had previously obtained—Charley and Harold came to a region in the lava field where they made a discovery of something that is very common in such fields; *i. e.*, lava caves.

When the molten lava flows down the side of the volcanic mountain it sometimes entangles in its mass

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

quantities of water, which being rapidly changed into steam blows huge bubbles. The outsides of these bubbles, hardening, form caves that often communicate with one another for considerable distances underground. In other cases the lava streams, when of considerable size, on making their way down the slopes of the mountain, harden on the outside into a crust, and continue flowing on the inside, even after the stream ceases to pour out from the volcano. There is thus left in the lava mass a more or less cylindrical cavity that extends like a huge tunnel below the surface. Such a lava cave is especially apt to form in those places where portions of the side of the mountain are broken or fissured by the great pressure of the lava stream as it slowly rises toward the top of the crater.

The caves they discovered belonged to both of these classes. One of the latter class appeared to extend for great distances from its entrance, near the place where the stream had issued from a fissure or crevice in the mountain toward the lower slope. It was a large cave and, owing to the fact that portions of its roof had partially broken in by the weathering or gradual decomposition of the lava, was well ventilated. It would, therefore, form an excellent hiding-place should the necessity for such a place ever arise. Moreover, a fairly good-sized stream of fresh water flowed through the bottom of the tunnel-like passageways.

“Harold,” remarked Charley, “I think we had better keep this discovery to ourselves.”

“Why do you say that?” inquired Harold. “Won’t

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

you tell Kooloo. I'm sure he would like to see it and it would be great fun for us to explore it."

"Don't forget, Harold," replied Charley, "that some of these days we might be very well pleased to have this place to hide in, with no one knowing of it but ourselves."

"You don't think, Charley," exclaimed Harold in surprise, "that the people of the island will ever become our enemies?"

"I hardly think they will," was the reply, "but you remember what Kooloo and Marbonna told us concerning the inhabitants of the other valley on this island. We might, some day, be taken captives by them and succeed in escaping. Besides," he added, "don't forget that our friends from Harding Island are almost sure to get here sometime or other, and that such a hiding-place might be of very great value to them."

"You certainly are a great fellow for looking ahead, Charley," said Harold. "I'll say nothing to Kooloo or any one else about this discovery."

"Then," said Charley, "let's hurry back or Kooloo will miss us."

The quantity of knife-stone and sulphur they carried with them to the village was much greater than that obtained on the previous expedition. What especially pleased Mahinee was that they had brought back with them such large quantities of the two stones, especially of the knife-stone, some of which had hardened in curious rounded masses, that readily split in lens or moon-shaped pieces.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Charley was especially anxious to learn the decision of Mahinee as regards Kaloro's desire to tattoo them, and was glad to learn from Marbonna that the decision was as follows: That the lads were still quite young; that now being members of his family, when they grew older, they would necessarily be expected to become tattooed like all grown people; that there was plenty of time for this during the next few years. As for the request made by Acharto, the priest, that the lads should leave his house and spend a part of their time in the House of the Idols, he thought it reasonable, and therefore decided that they should give two days in each week for this purpose. It was but proper that the lads, who had been gifted with such wonderful powers, should spend a part of their time with the priests. It was therefore agreed that twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, the white boys should spend the day, from early morning to near the setting of the sun, with Acharto and his priests in the House of the Idols.

Kaloro pretended to be satisfied with the decision of Mahinee. At the same time he went around among the people, gradually bringing many of them to the belief that unless the white lads were tattooed their gods would be angry, and might bring some great calamity on the entire valley. This feeling rapidly spread, so that a great pressure was brought to bear on Mahinee. One day Mahinee asked the boys whether they did not think it well if they were to have only a little tattooing done, say just the face where it could be

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

seen so well. He added, as an inducement, that since he had taken them into his family he would not object if they had the sacred triangle tattooed from the top of the head to the mouth and ears, explaining that only a part of their hair would be required to be cut off for this purpose.

But even this magnificent offer failed to have any effect on the boys, and both Charley and Harold continued to offer objections to being tattooed at all. Mahinee on again being asked by Kaloro to command the boys to let him tattoo them, said he would think the matter over and let him hear his decision in a few weeks.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XI

CHARLEY AND ACHARTO

ACHARTO, representing as he did the religious element of the valley, had considerable influence over Mahinee. Although king and chief ruler of the people, yet his rule was not absolute, the people having considerable independence. It would not be advisable therefore for Mahinee to attempt to exert his authority beyond certain limits. Then, again, like all the people of the valley, Mahinee was exceedingly superstitious. He stood in awe of the malign influences of the evil spirits over whom the priests claimed they had power, and did not hesitate to threaten him with their displeasure if he failed to grant their requests. For this reason Mahinee had agreed to send the boys two days each week to the House of the Idols, to serve there under the direction of Acharto and his fellow-priests.

Several weeks before the occurrences just related, while taking a walk with Kooloo and Marbonna, the latter pointed out to Charley and Harold the ruins of a number of ancient pi-pis. These while closely resembling those on which the houses in the valley were erected, differed from them in several respects. In the first place, they were much larger and higher, and the stones of which they were built were far heavier.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

But what surprised them the most, was that the separate stones, instead of consisting as in the case of those employed for their houses of irregularly shaped blocks just as they had taken them from the earth, were more or less carefully hewn into smooth surfaces, that fitted closely together. How this hewing was done they could not discover. Even the closest examination failed to show any traces of a chisel or other cutting-tool.

It was evident that these huge pi-pis had been built by a different race than that now inhabiting the valley. This was shown by the great size of these structures, the huge stones, and the skill with which they had been hewn. Nor were evidences wanting of the antiquity of the structures. Nature had stamped the locality as of great age by huge and venerable breadfruit and other trees she had caused to grow between the crevices of the courses of stone. These trees had surely been growing for many years.

Although the site did not seem favorable for luxuriant growth, yet the trees appeared to thrive remarkably well. This was evidenced not only by their great size, but also by the dense foliage that almost completely excluded the sunlight from the surface of the pi-pi. In addition to the trees there were various creeping vines that, climbing up the trunks and reaching from tree to tree, added their dense foliage to that of the trees, and thus still further excluded the light.

“Who built these places, Marbonna? Your people?” inquired Charley.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Not my people," was the reply. "But a great people who lived on these islands many, many lives ago."

"Were they men like you and Mahinee?" inquired Harold.

"Me not know," was the reply. "Marbonna often ask, but no one knows. Men lived very long time ago. A great people; greater than my people."

"Where did they get the big stones for building?" inquired Charley.

"Marbonna don't know," was the reply. "No such stones in the valley."

"But if they brought the stones from other islands, how could they carry them up the slopes of the precipices that face the sea and down into the valley?" inquired Charley.

"Marbonna not know," was still the reply. "Maybe stones brought from the valley you see from the top of the mountain."

"Are there no poisonous snakes in this pile of stones?" said Harold to Kooloo; "if not, I would like to walk through the paths between the trees. Do you think there are snakes here, Kooloo?" he continued.

Kooloo assured him that there were no snakes on the island that could hurt them. This statement being confirmed by Marbonna, they made an exploration of such parts of the pi-pi that were not completely covered by the trees or the climbing vines.

They then found that the pi-pi was several hundred feet in length and nearly twenty feet in width. There was a depression at the center, the sides being raised

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

several feet. As they afterward learned there are many other islands in Polynesia in which the remains of long-forgotten races are to be seen in the almost imperishable ruins of immense piles of stones collected in pi-pi-shaped masses.

“What did they use the piles of stones for, Marbonna?” inquired Charley. “Do you know?”

Marbonna entered into a long explanation, parts of which the boys were unable to understand. It was evident that he believed their use was somehow connected with religious beliefs still held by the people of the valley. But, as the boys had often noticed, when Marbonna, Mahinee, or others began to talk about religious things he spoke rapidly and used words difficult to understand. When Marbonna, talking to the boys in broken English, came to words the English equivalents of which he was ignorant, he never hesitated to use the native words.

As well as the boys could understand, it appeared that these pi-pis were believed by some to have been the places where big houses were built, in which great numbers of the people lived together.

He was not certain of this, although he had been told that on some of the islands of the great ocean, meaning, of course, the Pacific, there were even to-day houses in which many families lived together.

“Might they not have been built by some of the rulers of this great people to mark the places where they had been buried?” inquired Harold.

“Maybe,” replied Marbonna. “Some people say

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

that's why they were built; others say maybe they were built by the priests as houses of their gods, but Marbonna don't know. Nobody knows."

Acharto's house had been built on the ruins of one of the ancient pi-pis. Only a portion of the pi-pi was covered either by the houses in which the priests lived, or by the House of the Idols that had been erected near it.

As far as Acharto's house was concerned, it did not differ from the other houses on the island, the arrangement of its interior being practically the same as that of Mahinee's house. It was, moreover, next to Mahinee's house the largest on the island, thus giving to some extent an idea of the standing of the priests in the community.

The House of the Idols stood at some little distance from the priests' houses. Its general construction was the same, except that there was no place for reclining. Moreover, it was circular in outline, with the wooden idols arranged near the walls. There were eight idols of varying sizes and ugliness. No attempt had been made to represent their deities with pleasing faces. On the contrary, their features were threatening, thus showing the need of their being appeased by frequent gifts or offerings. They were poor apologies for gods, consisting, as they did, mainly of huge logs of wood rudely carved so as to represent men with their arms folded and with hideous faces. The eyes were represented by bits of shining stone, or pieces of the mother-of-pearl of the pearl oysters. In several instances, es-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

pecially in that of the principal idol, the eyes consisted of large pearls of great beauty and rarity.

"What a silly thing it is, Charley," said Harold, "to bow down to such ridiculous-looking things."

"It is, indeed," said Charley, "it makes one think of what the Prophet Isaiah said about idols."

"I don't remember it. Charley," said Harold, "can you repeat the words?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I memorized them. Isaiah, in speaking of the foolishness of the man who makes for himself an idol, says:

" 'He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest: he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. . .

" 'He burneth part thereof in the fire: with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.

" 'And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god ' " (Isa. 44 : 14-17).

The principal idol, the one that had pearls of great price for its eyes, was placed in the center of the semi-circle of idols immediately facing the entrance or door, so that those coming into the place could readily see it.

"Look at those pearls, Harold," said Charley. "Wouldn't they surprise Hiram and the captain. They

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

would bring a big price in England or any other civilized part of the world."

"Yes," said Harold, "it seems a shame to leave them for the eyes of that horrible-looking idol."

"Don't touch them, Harold," said Charley. "I wouldn't give much for your life if you attempted to take them."

The House of the Idols had been built on the western side of the pi-pi, near its summit, so that the idols faced the east. Access was had by a flight of stone steps formed by the successive courses of the pi-pi that ascended in a gradual slope from the bottom to the top. A passageway, showing the direction of the steps, had been marked out by huge pieces of limestone roughly carved into a circular shape, and pierced at the center by holes not unlike those sometimes found at the centers of Chinese coins. The stones had been placed on edge on either side of the space left for the steps, clearly marking out the entrance.

"What are those things that look like millstones with holes in them? Do you suppose they have ever been used for millstones, Charley," inquired Harold, "and that the holes were used for putting in pieces of wood on which the stones were turned?"

"I think not," was the reply, "I remember reading in one of the books in the library on Harding Island, that they are called limestone money, though how the people can use them, and what good they do I cannot say; for one could never carry around pieces of money that weigh so much."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Oh, well," replied Harold laughing, "I don't think money would be of much use in a place like this valley, where food can be obtained with no more trouble than taking it off the tree or bush on which it grows."

The boys were good observers. As far as they could see none of the priests appeared to have much belief either in the power of the idols, or of the gods or spirits they represented. When by themselves, they spoke very disrespectfully of them. It was only when the people came to bring offerings and presents that they pretended to stand in great awe of the gods, explaining at length the terrible things that would happen if the best things they owned were not presented. Then they would pretend to beseech the idols to deal kindly with the people who brought them these fine presents, and protect them from their enemies.

These sacrifices or gifts consisted of the best and choicest fruits of the valley. The priests assured the people that if they brought stale, unripe, or overripe fruits, or any damaged or injured goods, such as the cloth they manufactured in the valley, the gods would know it and would punish them severely. The gifts were left on rude tables resembling altars, placed on each side of the idols.

The service expected of the boys in the House of the Idols was far from tiresome. It was to keep the lights burning before each of the idols during those hours of the day when the people were apt to come with their gifts. The lights consisted of the kernels of a

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

nut closely resembling a horse-chestnut, that was quite common on the island. When taken out of its shell and strung at suitable intervals on a branch of the cocoanut tree, it burns, when set on fire, producing an uncertain bluish flame. It continues less than a quarter of an hour, when another nut must be ignited. It was not hard work, but it required constant attention.

Acharto and the other priests were kind to the boys. Indeed, it soon became evident that they stood in some little awe of them; for they looked on them as priests like themselves. The wonderful things that they did, especially Charley, led them to think that he possessed a far greater power over the gods than they did. Indeed, it soon became evident that one of the purposes for which they had asked to have the boys serve in the House of the Idols was that they might perhaps themselves learn how to do some of these things.

The boys had not been long with the priests when they were far from pleased to receive a visit from Kaloro, the chief tattooer. Kaloro made this visit for the purpose of endeavoring to persuade the boys to permit him to begin tattooing their faces. He had hoped to be able to induce the priests to help him to persuade the boys to let him tattoo them. At first Acharto promised that he would do what he could to help persuade the boys, so he spoke to Charley as follows:

“Why young white lad not wish to be tattooed? If not tattooed the gods will be angry and punish him.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Afraid it hurt? Not hurt much. If no tattoo on your faces or bodies, when you die the gods won't let you come into the happy lands where there is plenty of cocoanuts, breadfruits, and other good things."

Charley saw that Kaloro and Acharto were working together. Fearing Kaloro would win Acharto over to him, he determined to take positive action. When, therefore, Acharto told him that the gods would be angry if they did not at once become tattooed, Charley pretended to consult his watch, and afterward his magnetic needle, then turning to Kaloro exclaimed:

"Spirits say Charleyo taboo. Don't get tattooed yet. Maybe after a while, yes."

Kaloro was very angry when he heard what Charley had to say, and demanded that Acharto should consult the other gods so as to find out what they wished done. Now this was just what Charley hoped would happen. As he knew, the methods employed by the priests for ascertaining the wishes of their gods was to ask the idols questions, and then pretending to listen, declare that they distinctly heard their answers. This, of course, enabled them to make the pretended communication anything they wished. Now, knowing that since if the gods should demand that both boys should be tattooed, not only would the priests but also the people and even Mahinee insist that this should be done, Charley determined by the use of ventriloquism to make these answers such as he wished. He therefore said to Kaloro:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“The white lads will obey the gods and be tattooed if they command it. If they say they do not wish to have it done, will you agree to their commands and cease to ask us to be tattooed? Do you say yes to this?”

This conversation had been carried on by the aid of Marbonna as interpreter.

Kaloro, who believed that the communication from the gods would be in his favor, agreed gladly to the proposition. As for Acharto, he was delighted with it. It gave him the opportunity he had wished for showing to the boys, especially to Charley, the great influence he had with the gods, so he gladly agreed.

Acharto determined to make a grand occasion of the matter. He not only brought all the priests together, so as to have a grand pow-wow, but even sent word to Mahinee, Marbonna, and others of the chiefs of the great service that was about to be held in the House of the Idols. With a view of making an imposing appearance, Charley and Harold were commanded to light a greater number of candle-nuts than was usually employed.

A crowd of people came to the House of the Idols to see the ceremonies. The people of the valley had been told the question that was about to be put to their principal god.

The crowding of people to the House of the Idols greatly pleased Acharto and his priests. It was understood that whenever the people came to the place they should bring gifts and offerings and place them on the altars near the gods. So many came that the altars

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

were unable to hold all the gifts, especially those in front of the principal god, to whom it was understood the questions were to be addressed. Indeed, the tables on both sides of this idol were so laden with gifts that it had been found necessary to place them on the floor beneath them.

"Harold," said Charley, while they were keeping the lights burning and the people were bringing their gifts in to the idols, "this is a serious matter. Should Acharto pretend, as I fear he will, that the gods whisper to him that they wish us to be tattooed, I believe nothing can stop Kaloro from doing this."

"But that would be horrible, Charley," exclaimed Harold. "Think how terrible it would be if our faces were covered with the awful marks, not to say anything about those placed over our bodies!"

"I wouldn't mind the body marks so much," said Charley, "for we could cover them with our clothes, but a fellow couldn't put anything on his face to cover up the tattooings."

"What will you do, Charley?" inquired Harold.

"I intend trying to scare them for all I'm worth. As you know, I can easily make these people believe that the god has actually spoken, for I can do this by ventriloquism. It's a dangerous experiment. If discovered, the people would be so angry they would kill me."

"Then don't try it, Charley," said Harold anxiously. "I'm sure I would rather be tattooed all over than have you killed."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"I am going to try it all the same," replied Charley decidedly.

When the people were assembled Acharto made a long prayer to the principal god, telling briefly how the two white lads had been brought to the island, how they had been adopted into the family of their chief, Mahinee. In this prayer he asked that the god would let them know whether or not he wished the boys to be tattooed like the people of the island, or whether he wished them to wait a few years until they grew older.

"Shall they wait?" he asked.

Of course the god said nothing. It was not in Acharto's opinion advisable that the answer should come too easily, so he repeated the question, "Shall they wait?" and stood with one of his ears near the mouth of the god as if awaiting the reply.

When this question was repeated Charley was eight or ten feet from the god with his head bent over so as to conceal his mouth, while in the act of lighting a fresh candle-nut. Suddenly there came, apparently direct from the mouth of the god in a loud tone entirely unlike Charley's voice, for of course he had concealed it, speaking the language of the savages:

"Aa, Aa. Charleyo Mahinee taboo. Harealdo Mahinee taboo. Aa, Aa, taboo-taboo."

The surprise was tremendous. Never before had any of their gods spoken in so loud a tone. Here was a manifestation that had never been equalled in the recollection of the oldest man present. Moreover, the tone of the god was angry. They understood that

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the god was angry, that any one should for a moment attempt to lay hands on what the king had pronounced to be taboo. They understood too, that the words, "Taboo-taboo," they last heard were a declaration from the god himself that these two boys were an unusually great taboo, and were not on any account to be meddled with.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT TABOO. CHARLEY TURNS THE TABLES ON KALORO

THE wonderment among the people rapidly increased. Never before had they actually heard any of their gods speak. It was only to the priests they spoke. But now the god was so angry that he thundered out his message, declaring that the white lads were not only taboo by their chief, but they were taboo by their god, and therefore should be left alone. Evidently the white lads, especially Charley, were great priests, since for the first time the god had broken his long silence.

Acharto and his fellow-priests, who well knew that the gods never before had spoken, were, indeed, not only surprised, but greatly frightened. They firmly believed that spoken words had actually come from the mouth of the god, who was evidently angry they should have attempted to do to the white lads what they did not wish to have done. These lads, therefore, were greatly to be feared.

But while greatly frightened, the priests were nevertheless pleased. Miracles and magic like that which had been witnessed by the people would beyond doubt cause the people to hold the gods in greater reverence. They would visit the House of the Idols more fre-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

quently, and there would be a great increase in the value and the amount of the offerings they would bring with them.

Acharto and his fellow-priests never for a moment suspected that Charley had played a trick on them, just as they had been in the habit of playing tricks on the people. They were convinced that it was by reason of the presence of these boys in the House of the Idols that this wonderful thing had occurred.

The people lingered as if hoping for another miracle, but none coming, they left, and were on their way back to the houses, talking eagerly and excitedly over the wonderful things that had happened. There were yet several hours before the boys would be through with their work and, therefore, could return to Mahinee's house. Charley and Harold were then the only ones left, since Acharto and his priests had left as soon as the people had gone. Acharto told the boys to remain and keep the lights burning; that he would return shortly. They were standing in front of the god who had spoken to the people, where they were attending to the burning lights.

Being alone the boys were at liberty to talk to each other, which they did in low tones.

"That was great, Charley," said Harold. "You surprised and frightened the priests and the people all right."

"It did seem to surprise them, Harold," said Charley; "did it not?"

"Surprise them, Charley," repeated Harold. "I

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

don't suppose that Acharto was ever more surprised in his life than when the words came in so angry a tone from the mouth of the idol. Of course, he knows well enough that their gods had never before actually spoken to them. Charley," he continued, "I could hardly keep from laughing right out when you made the words seem to come straight from the idol's mouth. What do you intend to do should such questions be again asked?"

"I have not determined yet just what I'll say. It must, however, be something decided, so that no further attempt shall be made by Kaloro to cover us with his horrible tattooings, or by others to persuade us to permit this to be done."

"Take care they don't catch you, Charley."

"I'll be careful, Harold," said Charley gravely. "Not only my own life depends on my success, but yours as well. I have no doubt that should I be discovered talking we would both be killed."

While they were talking, Acharto came into the room accompanied with some of his priests. He was in extremely good humor. The wonderful happenings of the day had caused great numbers of gifts to be given to the idols by the people. Seeing how the tables had overflowed, he ordered his priests to take the gifts from the altars and put them where they would not spoil, for it was understood that such of the gifts as were not immediately required by the idols were intended for the use of the priests.

Turning to Charley, Acharto said:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Has the god spoken any more since I was here?”

Charley shook his head in order to indicate No, no.

“I hope he will speak again,” said Acharto, “the people like to hear the god speak, and will come here again and bring gifts and presents. Do you think he will speak again, Charleyo?” he inquired anxiously.

“I think it very likely,” was the reply.

“No one trouble you now,” said Acharto to Charley and Harold. “You great taboo. But tell me, Charleyo,” he continued, “will you say to Kaloro, after time of waiting is past: Kaloro, now you can cover us with your beautiful tattooings?”

Charley gave a most decided answer to this question. He said that Kaloro had agreed that if the gods decided the question in his favor nothing more was to be said about it; that moreover, he, Acharto, had made a similar promise; that the gods had given their answer, and evidently did not wish to be bothered about it again. He then turned to Acharto and said in a mysterious manner:

“We not only taboo by Mahinee, but also taboo by the gods. If any one dares to trouble us about tattooing I will call on the spirits of the gods to punish them.” Then, wishing to settle this matter finally, he said: “Acharto, ask the god again whether the white lad has not spoken the truth when he said the gods do not wish them to be tattooed.”

When Charley asked these questions he was standing fully fifteen feet from the god, with Acharto next to him. No answer to the question came.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Go nearer to the god,” said Charley, “and hold your ear near his mouth.”

Acharto did this willingly. As he brought his ear near the mouth of the god, Charley, in a loud note which appeared to come directly from the lips of the god, shouted out the answer:

“Aa, Aa, Charleyo, taboo-taboo. Harealdo, taboo-taboo.”

It was splendidly done. Never before had Charley performed so skilful a piece of ventriloquism. Harold, who was carefully watching his lips could not, as he afterward told him, see the slightest motion.

Acharto was now thoroughly scared. He had not the slightest doubt but that the words came from the angry god's mouth. They were not only loud, but they were clearly angry as if the god resented being again asked the same question.

“Are you satisfied, Acharto, that I am right in saying that the gods forbid any one tattooing the white lads?”

“Aa, Aa,” replied Acharto, now greatly frightened. “No one dare touch you now. You are great taboo, great taboo.”

“All right then,” said Charley; “don't forget it.”

There evidently was something of great importance in Acharto's mind. He was thinking of the splendid gifts the people would be sure to bring with them if he only could induce the boys to propose a similar question being put to the gods on the morrow in the presence of a still greater number of the people. He

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

knew that if this was done nearly all the people in the valley would come to the House of the Idols to see the miracle.

"Charleyo Mahinee," he said, "should we not have another test so that all the people may know the gods will be angry with any one who does not believe you are the great taboo? Don't you think it best?" he inquired anxiously.

Wishing to have the question settled once for all, Charley said:

"Very well, Acharto, let's have a great meeting of the people, and ask the gods whether Harealdo and I are not great taboo. If this is done, do you promise never again to speak about this matter?"

Acharto, who was greatly pleased with this concession, gladly agreed for himself and his priests that if the gods still declared that they wished them not to be tattooed that they themselves would see that it was not done.

The boys had now been in the House of the Idols for the time agreed on, so that they bade Acharto good-day and were soon in the house of Mahinee. Here they found Mahinee and Kooloo anxiously awaiting them. As soon as they entered the room, Mahinee inquired whether the gods had said anything more. When Charley told him what the gods had spoken Mahinee became greatly excited, exclaiming:

"Charleyo Mahinee taboo. Harealdo Mahinee taboo. Both taboo by the gods. Now, no one shall touch you unless you are willing. I, Mahinee, say so."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Kooloo was also greatly excited, and said:

“Any one touch you now must also touch Kooloo.”

Charley then told the king of his promise to Acharto to have another public test made, and asked Mahinee if he was willing to permit it to be made.

“Yes,” replied Mahinee, “if you wish; but if not, there must be no test; and yet,” he continued, “if you are willing the people would like another test very much, so Mahinee hopes you say Yes. But if you don’t wish and say No, all right.”

Turning to Marbonna, Charley requested him to say to Mahinee:

“Say to the great chief that Charleyo Mahinee and Harealdo Mahinee are his friends, and are willing that this question shall be again asked of the gods, but the test must not be made again; that the god has whispered in his ear that when he once says No, he don’t wish to say No again, that would be too ridiculous. Ask Mahinee if it is understood that this question is not to be asked again.”

“Yes,” was the reply, “this time only. Then never again until Charleyo say ‘again.’”

The day for the additional questioning of the gods at last came. There was great excitement throughout the valley. Nearly the entire population had assembled in front of the open door, as well as on the steps leading to the House of the Idols and on the ground in front of the pi-pi.

Of course, the priests were careful to see that the people laid their gifts in the House of the Idols before

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the questions were asked. At last this was done and everything was ready for the questions.

The priests were all standing before the gods. A still greater number of lighted candle-nuts were burning, these being attended to not only by Charley and Harold, but also by Kooloo, as well as by another boy, the son of one of Mahinee's chiefs.

Acharto began a long prayer in which he besought the gods not to be angry at being asked this question again. He then turned to the people and told them the story of the wonderful things that had taken place not only when the people were present, but also after they had left. He explained to them that since Charleyo Mahinee and Harealdo Mahinee were then taboo both by the great chief Mahinee, himself, as well as by their god, that unless they had been willing to have this question asked again it would not have been asked. He then turned to the principal god and said:

"Do you wish the white lads to be left alone? Do you forbid any one from troubling them?"

Instantly there came again in a very angry tone the same message as before:

"Aa, Aa. Charleyo Mahinee taboo-taboo. Harealdo Mahinee taboo-taboo. Taboo-taboo."

"Is that enough, Acharto?" inquired Charley. "Are you satisfied?"

Acharto replied that he was quite satisfied. That the boys were great taboo and were to be left alone.

"If you have any doubt," said Charley, "ask each of the other gods separately." And on this being

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

done, there came from the other gods, in different tones, the similar statement that the gods decreed that the boys were great taboos, and were to be left alone.

Acharto then addressed the people, and said that they had now heard the decision of all their gods, and that any one who would dare to touch the boys or attempt to make them do anything that they did not wish to do, would surely meet with their anger. He then sternly forbid Kaloro ever again to mention the word tattoo, especially to endeavor to tattoo the white lads, and turning to Mahinee, he inquired whether the great chief had anything to say to his people.

Mahinee then spoke to the people and informed them that the commands of the gods must be obeyed; that it was evident the white lads were great friends of the gods; that they were taboo, and of a taboo much higher than usual; that he hoped the white lads would continue to serve in the House of the Idols as they had already done for two days in the week, and that during these days he would command his son Kooloo to keep them company.

The fact that Charley and Harold were now great taboo not only by the proclamation of Mahinee, but also by the voices of all their idols, made all the people hold them in great respect. Indeed, this was carried to such an extent, that the boys soon found that their position was far less pleasant and comfortable than it had been. Now, when they walked through the valley the people instead of greeting them pleasantly, and even walking with them a part of the way, held

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

aloof, crying out in consternation "taboo, taboo." To their great surprise even Marbonna, to a certain extent, stood aloof from them.

"Marbonna," said Charley one day, "why do you and the people treat Harealdo and myself so differently from what they formerly did?"

"Because you now great taboo," was the reply. "They fear Mahinee and the gods that called you taboo will be angry if they touch you. Also because when man great taboo anything he touches belongs to him."

"But," objected Charley, "we don't like this. It makes our life in the valley very uncomfortable. Can nothing be done to stop it?"

"Maybe," was the reply. "Come ask Mahinee. Ask Acharto. Maybe they fix it."

On being questioned, Mahinee replied that so far as his taboo went he could make it less troublesome, but that they would have to arrange with Acharto about the taboo given to them by the gods.

On visiting Acharto he seemed much pleased at the question. The crafty fellow at once saw the possibility of his having another great pow-wow at the House of the Idols, with the consequent inflow of gifts. He therefore arranged that another public meeting should be held, and the gods each and separately be requested to remove only so much of the taboo as prevented the common people from approaching the lads, but that so far as their lives or liberty were concerned, the taboo was still to be regarded as holding.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Such a meeting was held. Perfectly satisfactory answers were received from the gods, so that the boys, while protected by a most powerful taboo, had removed from it all those objectionable features that tended to isolate them from the rest of the people.

As they afterward discovered, the custom of the taboo, or the process of laying it on things or people, was by no means limited to a few islands of the Pacific Ocean. On the contrary, it existed in practically all the islands of this ocean, and, indeed, in many other parts of the world.

It is evident, from what has been said, that the taboo, as an institution, is political as well as religious in its character. It is imposed for various reasons. For example, if a danger existed threatening the destruction of fish in a river by fishing during certain seasons of the year, it was only necessary to declare the river to be taboo during those seasons. It was the same with the killing of game. In such cases the taboo simply had the effect of a stringent law or rule, the breaking of which was followed by the death penalty; in this case the punishment being meted out to the people by the power of the chief.

A religious taboo, however, was a law or prohibition declared by the priests threatening the anger of the gods on any who broke it.

In either of these cases the power of the taboo would depend on the authority or power of the person or persons pronouncing it. A taboo pronounced by a great chief would be obeyed by the people because they

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

feared his anger. It might, however, be set at naught by a still more powerful chief, who did not fear what the chief who had imposed the taboo could do.

The religious taboo pronounced by the priests would of course have the superstitions of the people to back it. Such a taboo was generally respected, since in most parts of Polynesia, few if any of the people dared to disobey the commands of their priests. Then the great fear of the gods would prevent them. Stories were told of cases where taboos had been disregarded that resulted in the death of the disobedient, but whether this death was caused by fright, or whether the priests took it on themselves to see that these people died anyhow, they never discovered, although they believed that the latter was probably the true cause.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XIII

EVERYDAY LIFE ON THE ISLAND OF CAPTIVITY. THE BURNING-GLASS

FOR several weeks after the supposed spoken decision of the gods, matters grew more and more pleasant for the boys. Kaloro no longer dared to urge them to be tattooed. Acharto was much pleased with the decision of Mahinee to permit them to give two days a week in the House of the Idols, even though he had added to this statement that he would leave the decision entirely to the boys, who were themselves evidently priests of a very high order; that if they did not wish to give two days each week to the service, they were at liberty to refuse. Mahinee added, however, that he hoped they would do so. When they heard this, the boys very sensibly determined to give the time that was asked for.

The friendship between the white boys and Kooloo was now so great that on the days they were in the House of the Idols, Kooloo passed much of his time with them.

Kooloo was very much in earnest in trying to learn, as far as possible, about the white boys of England and Australia. He seemed never to grow tired of hearing about them and what they did in their great schools. The description of these schools, both in the neighbor-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

hood of London, England, and of Melbourne, Australia, greatly puzzled the brown-skinned boy. It seemed to him very odd that there should be great buildings where boys studied, ate, slept, and lived together, often without seeing their parents for months and months. He was much pleased to hear the tricks the boys played on their masters, especially on those who had trouble in keeping them in order. These tricks greatly amused him, and many a hearty laugh he had with Charley and Harold who, like all boys, were fond of talking about the pranks they had played at their schools.

As is well known, the white boys of civilized countries are fond of going in crowds or gangs. To a certain extent this was true of the boys of the valley. There were always a number of native boys who hung around the white boys and Kooloo, although a certain respectful distance was kept between them and Kooloo, the son of their great chief, and the white boys, whom they looked on with marked respect as being protected by the great taboo. Whenever they went in swimming, which was generally several times a day, they had the company of the crowd of brown-skinned youngsters.

Leapfrog was a favorite with the boys, especially during swimming time. Every now and then they would leave the water and, without dressing, would form a line of some fifteen or twenty, so that starting at the end of the line one would get no little exercise in vaulting over all the others. In the hot tropical air of

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the valley this was generally found so tiring that, when each had vaulted two or three times over the entire line, he cooled off by diving into the water. A suitable place was therefore selected on the bank of the river where the water was deep. The boy at the head of the line would stand on the edge of the bank; when he was vaulted over, the one vaulting was expected to make a good clean dive into the water. If this was not done, he was obliged to take his place at the end of the line nearest the river and wait until all the others had vaulted over him. While this exercise was severe owing to the heat, yet it did not make so much difference, since the plunge in the cool water of the river soon made them comfortable.

As will be remembered, mention has been already made of the fifes constructed by Charley and Harold out of pieces of hollow bamboo, and the merry dance music they played on them. One day Charley suggested to Kooloo, who had learned to play on the fife, that it would be a good scheme to make a number of extra fifes, and teach some of the other boys of the valley to play on them. At the same time he planned to have constructed a number of drums, not the heavy drum used on the island, that was so large that it required to be rested on the ground, and was beaten with a single large stick only, but the lighter drum of England and other civilized countries, known as the snare drum, that is beaten with a pair of drumsticks, and is sufficiently small to be readily carried by means of a cord slung over the neck and shoulders.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

It required no little patience to teach the savage boys to play on the fife, especially to play a tune, but at last by the help of Kooloo, after weeding out the poorer boys, a sufficient number were taught how to play a lively tune fairly well.

It was agreed, as far as possible, that no one in the valley should know of the plan for organizing a fife-and-drum corps. At Charley's advice, however, Kooloo informed his father what the white boys had planned, and asked if he was willing they should go on with it. So far from objecting, Mahinee seemed to be pleased, and not only gave them the desired permission, but even instructed some of the men who knew how to make the large drums employed on the island, to do whatever the white lads, or priests, as they were now frequently called, might ask them to do.

Charley's ability to draw was of considerable help to him in this new work. He prepared a sketch of what he wanted the men to make; this was the well-known snare drum. This drum is made by tightly stretching over both ends of a hollow wooden cylinder thin pieces of dried skin of very young sharks. In order to stretch these tightly, the drumheads were tightened in the usual manner by means of a long fibrous thread attached alternately to wooden hoops connected with the opposite drumheads. When this thread is tightly stretched, the hoops are drawn down firmly against the ends of the drums, thus tightly stretching the heads.

As is well known, the snare drum is only beaten on

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

one of the heads, that is, on the upper or batter-head. The lower, or snare head, as it is called, is never beaten, but is provided with one or more threads of dried gut or rawhide, stretched tightly across and in contact with it. When the upper head is beaten by drumsticks, there is thus produced the rattling sound that is so characteristic of this kind of drum.

Had it not been for the fact that Charley had on several occasions made fifes for himself in Australia, he would probably have had difficulty in tuning so many fifes, so as to produce notes in the same scale. As is well known, fifes are made in three different keys; namely, in the keys of B, A, and C. The B fifes are the longest, and therefore produce the lowest tones, while those tuned to the C scale are the shortest, and produce the shrillest tones. There are openings or finger-holes provided for producing the different notes, by opening or closing them with the fingers, and a blow-hole where the wind from the mouth is blown.

There were fifteen fifes and six drums, a combination capable of making considerable noise of a character most apt to appeal to the savage taste.

When Kooloo learned that it was common in England and Australia for a fife-and-drum corps to have a gorgeously dressed commander, called the drum-major, who would by means of a long rod or baton that he carried indicate the music to be played, as well as the direction in which the corps should march, he

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

inquired if Charley and Harold wished to be drum-major; that if they did not he would like that office. This was agreed on and a wonderful headdress was provided, much to the delight of Kooloo and of the fife-and-drum corps generally. Harold and Charley, who had received training in the English schools in marching, spent no little time in drilling the corps to perform a number of maneuvers.

There was a great curiosity on the part of the people of the island as to just what the boys were doing in a part of the valley that Charley had persuaded Mahinee and Acharto to declare to be taboo, so that none of them dared to come near it. When, therefore, the boys were ready to play for the first time in public, they sent word to Mahinee who invited all the chiefs and the people generally to meet him in the shade of a grove of cocoanut palms where there was plenty of room.

Mahinee with his chiefs and warriors had assembled, together with a great number of the people of the island who were quietly seated at a respectful distance. The shrill but inspiring notes of the fifes were heard, together with the rattle of the snare drums slowly approaching from a distance. It was a sight that strongly appealed to the onlookers, especially to Mahinee and his chiefs. They at once recognized the effect such music would have in encouraging his warriors when on the warpath. The wonderful marching of the fife-and-drum corps which, preceded by Kooloo, magnificently dressed as a drum-major, went through

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

many evolutions, drew loud exclamations of praise from both the warriors and the people.

Mahinee was so pleased by the corps that he ordered a large house to be built where the boys could not only safely store their drums and fifes, but at which they could meet for practice; and in order that they should not be disturbed by the visits of the people, he declared this house to be taboo.

On the last expedition to the headwaters of the river and the mountain slopes, they had, as already mentioned, discovered a large deposit of volcanic glass that, unlike the black or dark-green glass they had obtained on the first expedition, was almost as clear as ordinary window-glass.

Several remarkable pieces of this clear glass obtained by Harold had broken into curious new-moon-shaped fragments; that is, in pieces in which the opposite surfaces or faces, were rounded, and were bulged outward and inward.

Harold, like most boys, had often played with a burning-glass by so holding it in the sunlight as to bring the image of the sun on something placed on the other side of the glass. Such a point is called a focus. In the case of the burning-glass the focus is not only where the light of the sun is crowded into a small space, but is also where the heat collects so powerfully as to be able to set on fire a piece of wood or other combustible matter placed there. Harold found on trial that there was no difficulty in almost instantly starting a fire in this manner even with a heavy piece of wood.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

He was careful, however, not to let any of the natives see what he was doing. He took this piece of glass to Charley and said:

“Charley, do you want some great magic?”

“Great white priest always wants new, big magic,” replied Charley laughing. “Why do you ask?”

“Because I have a piece of volcanic glass shaped like a burning-glass that can almost instantly light a fire by the sun’s rays.”

“That is splendid, Harold,” said Charley excitedly. “If we can do this we will get a still stronger hold on the people. Let’s take a walk to some place where no one can see us and try to start a fire.”

The lens-shaped piece of glass was fairly large, some four inches in diameter, so that considerable heat was collected or crowded together in a small space. By the use of this lens the very hot sun of the tropical regions, when shining very nearly overhead, had its rays so concentrated as almost instantly to set on fire a large piece of dry wood.

“This is bully, Harold,” cried Charley. “You must show it to the people.”

“Not so, Charley,” replied Harold. “The people look on you as the great white priest or magician. You had better show it. It will make the people still more afraid of you. Besides, you may wish to use your ventriloquism with it. So you had better get this magic off.”

“Well,” said Charley, after some little consideration, “perhaps you are right.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Shall we show this thing first to Mahinee or to Acharto?" inquired Harold.

"I think, Harold," said Charley, "that Acharto would be the more likely to make the most of this new form of magic fire-starter."

"You are right," replied Harold smiling. "We'll show it to Acharto first."

It was now nearly midday with no clouds in the sky. The sun was shining almost directly overhead. The boys knew that at this time they were quite sure to find Acharto resting in the cool of the priests' house. In a short time they entered his house and found him seated on mats with most of his priests around him.

"Acharto," said Charley, "how would you like to have a great piece of magic to show the people?"

"Acharto like it very much," was the reply. "Charleyo Mahinee great priest. People like to see more magic. What will you show the people?"

Without answering this question directly, Charley turned to the priest and said:

"Acharto, do you think any one could make the sun come down from the sky and light a fire for him?"

"No one can do that," replied Acharto in a positive tone. "Sun too far off."

"Come out in the sunlight," said Charley, "and I'll show you that it can be done."

Acharto, followed by the other priests, eagerly followed Charley out of the house into the full sunlight.

"Tell your priests to bring the log of wood and the piece of small wood you once used for starting a fire

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

by rubbing the smaller piece of wood rapidly over it."

Ever since Charley had showed the people the method of lighting a fire by means of the wonderful yellow stone discovered on the mountain, the old method of obtaining a fire by friction was hardly ever used. As the men gathered around watching what he would do, Charley again spoke to Acharto, and said:

"So you don't believe that any one can make the sun send a little piece of himself down to the earth to kindle a fire?"

"Why you ask so foolish questions, Charleyo Mahinee?" said Acharto. "No one can do such things."

"But might it not be done here so near the House of the Idols?"

"Yes, that might be," answered the priest, as if eager to bring some of the idols into the magic.

"Would you mind bringing one of the idols out here?" inquired Charley.

"Me no mind. Glad to show how great our idols are." So he commanded some of his assistants carefully to lift the principal idol, the one that had gained such notoriety by seeming to speak to the people.

"Now, Acharto," he said, "ask the idol if he will not grant to the piece of magic knife-stone I have in my hand," showing him the lens-shaped piece of obsidian, "the power of commanding the sun to send down a small piece of himself to set fire to this wood almost instantly."

The question was asked by the priest, when Charley, by ventriloquism, made it appear to say:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Aa, Aa. Charleyo Mahinee taboo. Harealdo Mahinee taboo. Aa, Aa.”

The priests, especially Acharto, were again both greatly surprised and frightened. They saw Charley, placing the log of wood in front of the idol, hold the piece of glass so that the sun's rays were collected on its face, and when a bright spot, looking like a small piece of the sun, seemed to fall immediately on the surface of the log which almost instantly burst into a strong flame, they were greatly delighted. If this great piece of magic were done before the people, it would bring crowds to the House of the Idols, and thus cause many gifts to be laid on their tables.

Now turning again to Acharto, Charley said:

“Ask the god whether he will not grant that the magic power of the fire-stone shall always bring a piece of the sun down to kindle a fire.”

Again, by means of ventriloquism, Charley made the god appear to say:

“Aa, Aa.” (Yes, yes.)

The priests now entered into an excited and prolonged conversation. They were greatly pleased that they had another piece of magic to show to the people.

“Let us go and tell Mahinee what the young white priest has done,” said Acharto.

When Mahinee heard about what had happened in the House of the Idols, he expressed a wish to see this wonderful thing, and asked Charley whether they could not have a public exhibition the next day so that the people of the valley could see it for themselves.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Charley agreed to this, and Mahinee appointed the next day, at noon, when it was understood that he and his chiefs and warriors, together with all the people of the valley who chose to come, should assemble before the House of the Idols to see the wonderful manner in which the young white priest could bring a piece of the sun down from the sky to light a fire for the people of the valley.

There was a great meeting the next day. The space in front of the House of the Idols was crowded with people from all parts of the valley. Acharto and the priests were there, and also Mahinee with his chiefs and warriors, besides many hundreds of the common people.

Acharto made a speech to the people relating what happened when Charleyo the white priest had requested him to ask their principal god if he would not command a part of the sun to come down from the heavens and kindle a fire. He told how the answer came promising to do this, and how, moreover, when Charleyo held the magic glass of fire-stone over the log the wood had burst into a flame. He also told them the young white priest would now bring down fire from the sun. When Charley did this and the pile of kindling-wood, that had been placed on the ground, burst almost instantly into a flame when a bright spot of light fell on it, there were loud murmurs of surprise and admiration from every one.

Mahinee was much brighter than any of his people. He appreciated the great advantage that would be

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

gained if moon-shaped pieces of the fire-stone could be obtained for their use. He therefore eagerly inquired of Charley through Marbonna whether he thought other pieces of moon-shaped fire-stone could be found on the mountain. When Charley replied that he believed if they spent a long enough time searching they could find many other pieces, Mahinee determined to send another expedition to the volcanic cone for this purpose.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XIV

TAKEN CAPTIVES BY THE NATIVES OF THE WESTERN VALLEY

THE expedition to the volcanic mountain left early the day following the exhibition of the magic burning-glass at the House of the Idols. Mahinee had given strict orders to make careful search for the moon-shaped fire-stone, and to bring back as many pieces as possible.

Mahinee, who did not think it necessary to take personal charge of this expedition, gave the command to Kooloo. In order to obtain as many of the magic fire-glasses as possible, he sent a number of men skilled in cutting the hard stones they had formerly employed for the heads of spears, for hatchets, knives, etc., to accompany the expedition. He knew that in the chipping a waste is apt to occur from the stones splitting in undesired shapes. He, therefore, adopted this plan so that the stones could be shaped on the slopes of the mountains near the places where the material was obtained.

The party consisted of only ten warriors who, with the stone-cutters and other attendants, numbered twenty in all. This number Mahinee thought sufficient for the work. He did not believe there was any danger

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

of an attack, although a bitter enmity existed between his people and those of the neighboring valley, that was called the Western Valley in order to distinguish it from his, or the Eastern Valley. It is true there had been several severe battles, but in all cases the victory had always been in favor of Mahinee's people. Their neighbors, therefore, stood in fear of him, and would not be apt, he thought, to attack the expedition.

At first everything was successful. They not only obtained large quantities of the clear knife-stone that had caused such a surprise to the people of the island, but new and better deposits were discovered. In order to give plenty of time to the work, it was understood that if necessary they might be gone for three weeks or more.

They had now nearly completed their work, having been out on the mountain for about three weeks, and had made arrangements to return early the next morning. The packing up of the moon-shaped pieces of obsidian, and other things they intended to take back with them, had been nearly completed.

It was yet far from noon, and there were still many hours before sunset, so that Charley, Harold, Kooloo, Marbonna, with two of the warriors had gone to examine another lava stream.

An excellent view of the Western Valley could be had from this part of the mountain, but they were so intent on what they were doing that they looked only straight ahead of them. Not so, however, the people of the Western Valley. They had been watching Koo-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

loo's small expedition of twenty ever since it had first reached the mountain, and had determined to attack it that afternoon. A large body of warriors, sent out to do this, had almost reached the head of the valley. Seeing that six of Kooloo's little company had separated themselves from the others, and were making their way around a side of the cone where they could not be seen by the remainder of their company, they determined to begin the attack. Dividing themselves, therefore, into two bands, they sent the smaller band after Charley and his companions, while the other band hurried toward the hut at the base of the cone.

Before Charley and those with him had reached the portion of the mountain they intended to visit, Harold stopped to make a careful examination of one of the lava streams. Charley and Kooloo wished to wait for him, but Harold assured them that it was not necessary, since he did not expect to be longer than ten or fifteen minutes and would then join them. That should he not reach them, he would meet them at the hut near the base of the cone, where the stone-chippers were still working.

After examining the lava flow for some fifteen minutes, Harold proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction taken by Charley and the others with the hope of overtaking them. They had moved more rapidly than he had expected, for he did not even see them until they were almost ready to descend. At this moment, however, he saw the strange warriors just as they were attacking Charley, Kooloo, and his party.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

To his horror, Harold saw that the attacking party outnumbered Charley's party three to one. He did not hesitate, however, but ran in the direction of Kooloo and Charley for the purpose of aiding them in the fight; but before he had gone very far, the short but severe fight was over. One of Kooloo's warriors was killed, the other severely wounded, and Charley, Kooloo, and Marbonna were taken prisoners. Their hands were quickly tied behind them, and they were being hurried toward the Western Valley. Before starting, however, Harold was horrified to see that they at once killed the wounded man and, instead of leaving the bodies of the two dead men on the mountain, were carrying them toward the valley on the left.

Seeing that he could do nothing, Harold now determined to make his way to the hut, so as to let his people know what had happened.

It appears, however, that some time before the attack on Kooloo's party, some of his warriors who had been on the slopes of the cone near the hut had seen the approach of the invaders, but had not seen the party attacking Kooloo and his companions. Rushing to the camp they had given the alarm. There were immediate inquiries made for Kooloo, their chief. No one knew where he was. He had been seen to start out with Charley and Marbonna shortly after noon. Some declared they had seen them going down the river valley with two warriors; others that they had seen them going in the direction of the opposite side of the cone. The greater number appeared to believe that they had

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

gone down the river valley. Thinking this was so, the warrior who came next in rank to Kooloo, and would therefore command the expedition in his absence, gave orders to the men to take what they could with them, proceed down the valley, and thus avoid being cut off from their homes. This they did with the invaders in hot pursuit. The invaders were unable to catch up with them and, apparently fearing to go any further into the territory of so greatly feared an enemy as Mahinee, turned back, and running rapidly toward their valley, soon disappeared in the direction taken by the party that had carried away Charley, Kooloo, and Marbonna as captives.

Before reaching the hut Harold saw the remainder of Kooloo's men running down the valley with the invaders after them. Two of the men, however, who had stayed at the hut with the intention of bringing some of the material that had been left in the hurried departure of the others, and had thus been cut off from them, were hiding back of some blocks of lava waiting for a chance to join their people in the valley.

Informing them of the capture of their friends, Harold urged them as soon as they could do so to take word to their people of what he had witnessed. Waiting until the enemy had ceased to pursue Kooloo's men and had disappeared in the path taken by the captors of the two boys and Marbonna, they ran down the valley and overtook the retreating party and told them the sad news. They were brave fellows, those warriors of Mahinee. At first they were dis-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

posed to follow the invaders and, by offering battle, endeavor to rescue the captives. Better advice, however, prevailed, so they determined to continue their way rapidly to their village where Mahinee would get together all his warriors and make a descent on the Western Valley.

They were very anxious to reach Mahinee as soon as possible. Harold, who understood enough of their language to enable him to get some idea of what they were saying, heard to his horror that they were especially anxious to bring the tidings quickly to Mahinee, since the invaders were great cannibals and would probably kill and eat their captives.

But let us now see what was happening to Kooloo and his small party. They had left Harold and, little dreaming the danger that was so near them, were talking about the success of the expedition and the things they intended to do on their return to the village. Charley had brought with him an unusually fine specimen of the moon-shaped fire-stone, so large and clear that it would almost instantly kindle a fire when the sun's rays were focused on the fuel.

They had not gone far before one of the warriors, who had lingered a short distance behind, came running to them and said in an excited tone to Kooloo:

“Warriors from other valley coming this way.”

Kooloo at once inquired:

“How many warriors coming?”

“Very many. Three times more than all our men.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When Kooloo heard this, turning to Charley, he said:

"We first look for Harealdo, and then try join our party."

"Yes, Kooloo," said Charley, "we first find him."

But the invaders had spied them, and running rapidly were soon engaged in a fierce battle. It was quickly over, however, with the results Harold had witnessed.

When Kooloo saw that their captors had brutally killed the wounded man, and were carrying his body and the body of the man first killed with them, he turned to Charley and said:

"Bad men. Cannibals. Take bodies to their valley, cook and eat them."

"What do you think they will do with us, Kooloo?" inquired Charley.

"Bad people. Maybe they cook and eat us too."

Charley then turned to Marbonna and asked whether this was probable. The answer was far from reassuring, for that person briefly said:

"Yes, kill and eat us too, maybe."

Marbonna, however, kept his wits about him, and the first opportunity he had of coming near the leader, cried out, pointing to Charley:

"Taboo-taboo."

The captors seemed greatly frightened. Their leader, a brutal-looking man, with the most awful tattooings on his face of a pattern that made him look, if possible, even more cruel and ferocious than he was by

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

nature, inquired of Marbonna how it was that Charley had become so great a taboo. Marbonna at once entered into a long explanation of the fact that both Charley and Kooloo had been declared taboo by the great Chief Mahinee; that besides this the white lad had been declared taboo by all their gods. He then told them of the day when each of their gods had cried aloud in the hearing of the people that the white lad was a great taboo.

Now Mahinee was held in great fear by the people of the Western Valley. They knew him as a warrior who would punish any one who disregarded his taboo. But they were all the more frightened when they learned that Charley had been declared taboo-taboo in a miraculous manner by the actual voices of the gods speaking so that all the people could hear.

The leader was so alarmed at what he heard about Charley that he ordered some of his men to unloose his hands, but at the same time telling him, through Marbonna, that should he attempt to escape he would be promptly killed. He also told him that he would be taken before their king and priests, who would then determine what was to be done with him and his companions.

As soon as Charley's hands were untied the party marched rapidly with their prisoners, and hurriedly descended into their own valley.

As Charley had been able to see from the top of the volcanic cone on the day he and Harold had climbed it, this Western Valley closely resembled the valley in

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

which they had passed so pleasant a time with Mahinee and his people. Though somewhat smaller and much shorter, yet it was hemmed in by high precipices, and was covered with a vegetation quite equal in luxuriance to that of their valley.

Since Kooloo could now understand English fairly well, he and Charley conversed together without any danger of the savages knowing what they said. In this manner they were able to talk freely. Moreover, they could, in the same manner, talk safely with Marbonna.

"We are in a bad fix, Kooloo," said Charley. "What would you advise?"

"Pretend not be afraid," replied the lad. "Maybe they kill us. Hear what king says. Maybe he no kill you because you great taboo. But king great enemy of Mahinee. Like to kill all and make Mahinee sorry. Suppose you ask Marbonna. He old man. Big head. He'll tell you better than Kooloo can."

Acting under this advice, Charley turned to Marbonna and asked:

"What had we better do, Marbonna?"

"After a while," Marbonna replied, "Charleyo show them some great magic. Then place your hands on Kooloo and me and say in loud voice, 'taboo, taboo.' Then maybe men will be frightened because you are great magician. When you say we are taboo, tell them in a loud voice that if they do not untie our hands you will ask the gods to punish them."

It was three o'clock before an opportunity was ob-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tained for Charley to show them some magic. At this time they reached a grove of breadfruit trees, and entering a house took from it the log of wood and the small piece of wood employed for producing a fire by rubbing the small piece of wood rapidly to and fro in a groove. When Marbonna saw what they were doing, he said:

“Ask the white lad, the great taboo, to bring down a piece of sun to light your fire.”

The leader laughed at what Marbonna said in scorn.

“He can’t do that. No man can do that. Not even our priests could do that. Sun too far off.”

“Try,” said Marbonna. “Young white lad big magician; has great power from the gods.”

Wishing to see whether this was true or not, the leader motioned to Charley that he would like to see him do this great thing, intimating, however, that he did not believe for a moment that he could do it. Charley, however, pretending to make strange motions to the sun, and to speak to it in words that the natives could not understand, nor, indeed, could he, for he made up the words just as they came into his head, then held the moon-shaped piece of volcanic glass over the wood laid for the fire. A bright light just like a piece of the sun seemed to come down and rest on the wood. Almost instantly it burst into a bright flame, when Charley, pretending to be not at all surprised, turned away as if he did not think much of a little miracle like that. The natives were greatly astonished. The awe in which they already held the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

lad from what they had heard, was now greatly increased by what they had seen.

Probably with a view of making the fire burn more briskly and thus hasten the roasting of the breadfruit, for which they had built it, the men had collected a number of candle-nuts, the same as they had employed in the House of the Idols in their valley for candles, and placed them in the pile with the wood.

Picking up one of these nuts, and motioning to the savages to look at him, Charley held it so they could all distinctly see it and then, employing a trick he had learned in sleight of hand, called "palming," he caused it magically to disappear. The savages now regarded him with positive fear. Nor was this lessened when he pretended to take the nut out of the left ear of the leader, holding it up so that all the people could see it. Then, as if he feared this might not be enough, he again motioned to the men that he would make the nut disappear in the man's ear and would afterward take it out from the end of one of his feet. As the savages watched this, to them, most miraculous feat, but to one well versed in sleight of hand, a very ordinary performance, they drew back from the lad in actual terror. Had they not all seen the nut disappear in the ear of their leader? Had they not with equal distinctness actually seen it taken out of his right foot? Must not the white lad be a most wonderful magician? He could command the sun to come down from the sky and light their fires. He could make a candle-nut disappear and reappear, and pass in so wonderful a manner into

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the ear of their leader and thence through his body and out at the foot. Was not this greater magic than anything they had ever heard of?

Indeed, even Kooloo and Marbonna were greatly astonished at what Charley had done with the candle-nut. He was careful in not permitting his magic to become too common, and never before had they seen what seemed to them so wonderful.

Seeing he had produced the desired impression on the savages, Charley now, placing his hands on the heads of Kooloo and Marbonna, cried out in a loud, angry voice:

"Taboo, taboo," and then pointing to the cords that bound their hands motioned to the leader with an angry look to remove them. Although greatly frightened at what he saw, the leader said to Marbonna:

"Must go tell great chief and priests first. See what they say."

After they had roasted and eaten the breadfruit, they again passed at a rapid gait down the valley.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XV

WHAT WAS DONE ON HARDING ISLAND

BUT let us now go back to the time when Charley and Harold were carried off toward the northeast in the war canoe. Rompey had delivered Charley's message, and Captain Harding and Jack, seizing their rifles and revolvers, and Hiram a cutlass as well as a revolver, had boarded No. 23, the largest and best of their boats, and rowed it rapidly toward the southeastern end of the island. They reached this part of the island in shorter time than they had ever before done, and crossing to the southern side of Harding Channel, a channel that had been formed by an earthquake while they were on the island, moored the boat and ran rapidly along the beach to the southeastern corner of the island. But they were too late. The war canoe had left so long ago with the boys that it was now far off toward the northeast, where it could only be seen indistinctly with the naked eye.

Hiram, who like most sailors, possessed excellent sight, pointing to the indistinct boat, said:

"Cap'n, I reckon that be them."

The captain who had with him a pair of glasses, formerly the property of his friend, Doctor Parsons, at once pointed them to the distant object. These glasses were unusually powerful, so that the captain

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

was not only able to see the boat distinctly and recognize the boys, but could even see that instead of looking frightened and sorrowful, they had been able to conceal their true feelings with the hope of gaining the good-will of their captors. They were certainly plucky and brave boys to be able to show a smiling face at a time when they were being carried off, they knew not where, from the island on which they had spent so many happy days with their friends.

As the captain stood watching the rapidly disappearing boat, Jack, becoming restless, turned to him and said :

“ Shall we not get in our boat and follow them in the direction we see they are going, and try to catch up with them? ”

“ Jack,” said the captain, handing the glasses to the lad, “ take a look at the boys through this glass. You can then see that there are six men with paddles who are urging the canoe rapidly through the water. In addition to the rowers, there are six other men ready to take their places when tired. They can, therefore, keep on moving the boat day and night without stopping. Their canoe is going at a rate far more rapid than we could give to our boat even if all three of us rowed, one of us taking two oars and each of the other two an oar. You see, therefore, there would be no use in our attempting to follow them now. They would soon be completely out of sight.”

Jack saw that what the captain said was true. Then, turning to him, he remarked sorrowfully :

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Then at least let us climb to the top of Jackson Cliffs and watch the boys as long as we can. In this manner we will be able to see if the war canoe makes any change in its direction.”

“That’s a good suggestion, Jack,” said the captain. “Don’t you think it is, Hiram?” he asked of the other man.

“Mr. Jack’s idee is all right,” was the reply. “Let’s hurry up afore we lose sight of the canoe.”

They had landed their boat on the southern side of the channel. The cliffs referred to by Jack were situated on its northern side. Running rapidly to the boat they got in and pulled it to that side. Then, climbing quickly to the top of the cliffs, they again examined the distant boat.

As the captain pointed his glasses to the distant canoe, turning to Hiram, he said in an excited tone:

“There are four other canoes ahead. The canoe containing our boys is being urged rapidly toward them. Look and tell me, Hiram,” he added, handing him the glass, “if you do not think the other canoes belong to the same party as the canoe that is carrying away the boys.”

Hiram took the glass and, after examining the distant canoes, replied:

“I reckon they be friends, not only bekase the other boats be going toward them as if they wished to git closer, but also bekase, as fur as I kin see, the men in all the canoes are dressed alike. At least,” he added, “if one kin call the little that they wear, a dress. They

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

hev the same kind of spears too; and agin, all the canoes be of the same build."

"Jack, take a look through the glasses and tell me what you think."

Jack looked through the glasses for some time, and then said:

"The canoe containing Charley and Harold has reached the other canoes that seem to have waited for it. They are doing something I don't understand. All the other canoes have stopped and have collected around the canoe containing the boys. See, captain," he cried in a still more excited tone, handing the captain the glasses, "I think Charley and Harold have left the canoe in which they were carried away and have gone into the largest of the canoes. Am I not right?"

The captain eagerly scanned the distant canoes. He could distinctly see that two figures he was almost certain were the boys, since they were much smaller than the others, had stepped from one of the smaller to the largest of the canoes, and as soon as this was done the canoes all continued their journey toward the northeast.

"I think you are right, Jack," replied the captain, and then handing the glasses to Hiram, he said: "Look again, Hiram, and let me know whether you still think they are friends."

Hiram again looked long and earnestly through the glasses, and then said:

"They be friends, that's sartin. I reckon that sense

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the boys went to the bigger canoe thet they hev gone to the chief of the party. Now listen to what Hiram Higgenbotham says. As fur as I kin see, and I only wish I could see better, they are all sitting quiet and comfortable like. Them lads hez made friends with the savages. Ef not, why should they change boats? But, cap'n," he said, "there be no difficulty in counting the number in them boats. There be four small canoes and one large canoe. There be twelve men in each of the small canoes and twenty-four in the big one. Now, if my reckoning is correct, that makes seventy-two fighting men. Cap'n," he added, "I reckon you'll agree with me thet there would be no sense in trying to reach them boats to once. Supposing we could come up to them, they would either kill us offhand or take us captives, and then thar would be no one to try to free the boys. Now, cap'n, the best Hiram Higgenbotham kin tell ye, is thet it would be tarnation foolish to attempt to catch up to them now. What do ye think? Is thet not so?"

"It would be a piece of great folly, Hiram," replied the captain, "to attempt to catch up to the canoes or to give them any idea that we were following them. Should they once believe that an attempt is being made to rescue the boys, they would feel less kindly disposed to them. We will, therefore, wait at least a day or two."

"But, captain," said Jack anxiously, "we will then certainly follow the boys, will we not, and try to rescue them from the savages?"

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Most certainly, Jack," was the reply. "There is no need for you to worry about that. We will never rest until we have brought our dear boys back again to Harding Island; provided, of course," he added, "they have not been killed by the savages." And then seeing that his remark had greatly affected Jack, he added: "You are almost a man now, Jack. I think it better that you look this matter straight in the face and recognize that the boys may be killed by the savages at any time. However," he added, "as I have already said, if the boys have gained the good-will of the savages, as I think they have done, then they are probably as safe with them as they would be with us. What do you think of that, Hiram?" he added, turning to that person.

"Wall, cap'n," he replied, with a glad smile, "you and I know that our lads be uncommonly strong in winning a fellow's affections. Both on them, but especially Mr. Charley."

During all this time the dog Rompey was in great distress. He would look toward the distant canoes, in which he seemed to know his young masters were being carried away, and would every now and then look up into the faces of Jack and the two men, giving a mournful howl as if beseeching them to go after the canoes and bring the boys back.

"All right, Rompey," said the captain good-naturedly, "we will do all we can to bring them back. Do you want us to try to see Charley and Harold again?"

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

At the mention of his young masters' names the poor dog began barking and shaking his tail, as much as if to say that that was exactly what he wished them to do.

They stood at the edge of the cliffs taking turns looking through the glasses at the canoes that were now rapidly disappearing in the distance. At last even the strong glasses were unable to show them anything. The canoes had completely disappeared below the horizon.

"Come," said the captain, "we can do no more here. Let us hurry back to Jackson House and give this matter our most careful consideration. It will be a long voyage. We must get the boat ready; take on plenty of food and water, and determine the character of the other things of which we will stand in need."

As they were returning to the boat, poor Rompey thought they were now certainly going to take it in the direction in which they had all seen the canoe containing his young masters disappear. He therefore ran ahead of them with joyous barkings, as if he felt certain he would soon be again with his young masters. When, however, instead of heading the boat toward the northeast they took it through Harding Channel, the poor animal began moaning and looked earnestly into the captain's face as if beseeching him to change the direction in which they were going.

"Poor doggie," said the captain, greatly affected by his actions. "We will get the boat ready to go for Charley and Harold."

Doubtless many of my readers will be surprised that

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

a man of intelligence like the captain would talk in this way to the dog, as if he expected he would be understood. But, as we have frequently remarked, it was by no means certain that the dog had not some general idea as to what was said to him. For our part, we believe he had.

It was, indeed, a sorrowful party that returned that night to Jackson House. None of them felt like eating supper. They were too sorrowful. Even Rompey refused to eat anything, and stood looking up into the face of the captain as if he said:

“Why do you lose so much time waiting here? Why don't you take the boat and go look for the boys?”

“This will never do,” said the captain to Jack and Hiram. “We must force ourselves to eat. There is much to be done. In the first place we must agree on the best kinds of food to load in boat No. 23, and the amount of fresh water we can take. Then, what is even still more important, we must determine what other things we are apt to stand in great need of while on the ocean. Then again I must make a careful study of the chart that we have of this part of the Pacific Ocean so as to find out, as far as possible, what large islands are probably to be found beyond the northeast horizon. In this manner we ought to be able to make a fair guess as to where the savages are probably taking the canoes. We must, therefore, force ourselves to eat something. Come, Hiram,” he added, “we'll all help you get something ready. We must keep up our strength.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

It was hard work, but they all made the effort and began helping Hiram to prepare supper. But when it was ready, although each did his best to pretend to eat, they were unable to do so. Their heavy hearts had not only completely banished any semblance of appetite, but it even seemed to them that they would certainly choke if they made any efforts to swallow. Seeing this, the captain said:

"I suppose we might as well give it up; to-morrow we may be able to do better."

So helping Hiram clear away the supper and washing things up, the captain turning to Hiram and Jack, said:

"Come and help me look over the charts I have of this part of the Pacific. We ought to be able to form some idea of the part of the ocean toward which the savages have gone."

"Do you think, captain," inquired Jack, "that any of these charts are sufficiently accurate so that you can rely on them?"

"Of course, Jack," replied the captain, "while I acknowledge that none of the charts can be absolutely relied on, yet, with the exception of very small islands, I believe it improbable that the charts will not show all the large islands that exist in this neighborhood."

"Now," he continued, "as far as I can make it out, Harding Island is situated here," he said, pointing generally to the islands of the Paumotu Archipelago. "I think our island is one of the northeasternmost of these islands."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"About here, captain?" said Jack, pointing to a particular island.

"Yes, about there," he replied. "As you can see," he continued, "no large islands are represented on this chart until we come to the Marquesas. These islands, however, lie in the path taken by the canoes toward the northeast. It would seem, therefore, as if the canoes must pass over a distance of between five hundred or six hundred miles before they reach any of these islands. Now for us to take a small boat like boat No. 23 so far will be a very difficult matter. If, however, a storm does not overtake us, I think we ought to be able, with care, to cover this distance in safety. We will be obliged, however, to husband our food and water carefully so that the supply shall last until we reach the distant island, wherever it may be situated."

"Wall, cap'n," said Hiram, "it's fortunate that this be the season of the year when big storms are scarce like. Ain't that so?" he continued.

"Yes, Hiram, you're right," was the reply. "I think the chances are excellent for continued fair weather for many weeks. However, even if it were not so, I am sure neither you nor Jack would hesitate to go after our boys no matter what the weather may be."

"I sartinly would not hesitate, cap'n," said Hiram.

"I needn't tell you I would not!" cried Jack.

"I did not suppose for a moment that either of you would hesitate," said the captain. "I was only stating what is undoubtedly true. As there are only three of us, and we cannot keep rowing continuously, it will

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

take a long time to reach any of the Marquesas. We must, therefore, carefully determine the amount of food and water we can carry, after other necessities have been placed on the boat."

"But, captain," said Jack in a sorrowful tone, "even supposing we reach the Marquesas, how can we find out to which of these islands the boys have been taken? There are a great many islands in this part of the world, are there not?"

"It is unfortunately true, Jack, that there are a great many islands to the northeast of Harding Island," was the reply. "To tell the truth, I do not know how we can find out to which island the boys have been taken. Indeed, there may be no way now but to examine the different islands, one after another, until we find our boys."

"And during this search," replied Jack, "we will have good chances of being taken prisoners ourselves."

"There is no doubt about that," was the reply. "But we will willingly take our chances."

"Cap'n," suggested Hiram, "you know how wery bright those boys be, especially Mr. Charley. Ef we keep our eyes wide open we will find that one or the other of them will have left something to pint out not only whar they hev landed, but also the direction in which they had been took. Ef course, I know," he added, "the chances are sartinly agin us landing on the identical island, and especially on the wery spot whar they landed. But let that be as it may, I be wery glad to hear ye say that we will examine one island arter

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

another until we find the identical place whar they be. This is what Hiram Higgenbotham says."

"And so say I," remarked Jack.

"And now," said the captain, "we had better turn in. But let us read the Bible lesson as has been our custom when the boys were with us."

The captain then read selections from the Forty-sixth and the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalms. The beautiful words from the Forty-sixth Psalm were very comforting. When he read: "'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled.'"

And then when he read in the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm:

"'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.'

"'My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber'"; it seemed as though the promises had been made directly to them. So bidding each other good night, they all turned in.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XVI

PREPARATIONS FOR THE RESCUE OF CHARLEY AND HAROLD

It was late when they retired for the night. The sad occurrences of the day had been so exciting that it was long after midnight before any of them fell asleep, and even then their rest was so disturbed by alarming dreams of savage cannibals, and of Charley and Harold in constant danger, that it was not until toward early morning that they fell into a deep sleep from which they were awakened by the rays of the rising sun.

As far as our feelings are concerned, there is a great difference between the darkness of the night and the bright light of the morning. Somehow or other, just why perhaps no one can tell, troubles do not seem so serious in daylight as at night. The bright sunlight probably acts as a stimulant that strengthens our courage, so enabling us the better to face difficulties. When Hiram came to call them for breakfast, for he had gotten up long before the others, they were able to eat a fairly hearty meal.

After breakfast they thoroughly overhauled boat No. 23, making a careful examination of its joints, its water-tight compartments, paying special atten-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tion to the condition of the oar-locks and oars; for should any serious accident happen to any of these, at a distance from land, they would indeed be in great danger.

"I reckon it'll be safer, cap'n," said Hiram, "ef we took a couple of extra oar-locks out of boat No. 13, and two of the oars. What d'ye think?"

"I agree with you, Hiram," was the reply. "Jack," he inquired, "do you know where the boys left this boat?"

"I think I know where it is, sir," was the reply. "The boys discovered a small grotto on the western side of Harding Channel, and generally hid the boat in this grotto when they intended to spend some time in the cabin of the wreck. I am almost certain I can find it for you."

"Then," said the captain, "let us take boat No. 23 and look for boat No. 13. We will take both boats to the Maddox Clearing and load them with vegetables, cocoanuts, and other edibles for use on our long voyage. We will then return to Jackson House and get everything ready. I believe we shall be able to start early to-morrow morning."

When they entered boat No. 23, Rompey again became almost wild with joy. At last, thought the poor animal, they intend to look for my young masters. When, however, instead of passing through Harding Channel to the ocean, so as to take the boat toward the northeast, they stopped at the northern side of the channel at the mouth of the grotto, Rompey became

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

restless. He could not understand what seemed to him to be such vacillating conduct. Suddenly, however, remembering that this was the place where he and the boys had left the boat, he apparently began to think that perhaps his young masters had returned to the island in the night and that he would see them in the boat. He therefore began to bark joyously.

"Have you any idea, Jack," inquired the captain, noticing the action of the dog, "why Rompey seems so pleased?"

"I think I understand it, sir," was the reply. "He probably remembers this as the place where the boys left their boat. Possibly he can detect their scent."

"Then, Hiram," said the captain, "we'll take our boat into the grotto and look for boat No. 13."

They found the boat where the boys had hid it, near the entrance. Rompey became greatly excited as they approached it, but when he found his young masters were not there, he commenced to howl mournfully, and when they attached the boat to the stern of boat No. 23, towing it after them to Maddox House, he again looked at them in a wondering manner as if he could not understand why they did not at once row the boat toward the northeast.

At Maddox House they found the boys had left everything in good order. As they passed through the room in which they had last slept, a feeling of sadness came over them. Would they ever see the boys again?

Jack especially was deeply affected.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"What are you thinking of, Jack?" asked the captain.

"I was wondering," was the reply, "whether we would ever see this place again, and especially if the boys will ever see it again."

"We'll hope so anyhow, Jack," was the reply.

Placing in boat No. 23 such things as they thought would be needed on their long voyage, they shut up the house so as to keep out the rain, etc. Going to the clearing, they took back with them quantities of beets, onions, sugar-cane, and such other things that might be useful.

As soon as they reached Jackson House they began packing different things in boat No. 23. Since the space in the boat was limited, great care was necessary in order to avoid either overloading, or loading injudiciously, for the introduction of too much of any one article would necessitate the leaving out of some other article.

"Now," said the captain to his companions, "suppose you each tell me what should be taken. You begin, Hiram."

"Wall," said Hiram, "I think we had better take a few things wot will be likely to please the savages we will meet when we wisit the islands to look for the boys."

"Name some of these things, Hiram," said the captain.

"I reckon that ye couldn't give them savages a better present than spikes or nails," was the reply. "They

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

are sure to be pleased to git bits of iron, especially soft iron, since they kin make 'em into fishhooks or pints for their spears. Then, if we kin spare' em, take along some of the hatchets from the hardware we took off the brig."

"What have you to suggest, Jack?" said the captain.

"I think we had better take a few of the highly colored blankets, captain," replied Jack, "and some of the calico prints we made our underclothes of. The savages would probably greatly admire their bright colors."

"We'll certainly take some of these things, Jack," replied the captain.

"While we are at it, cap'n," said Hiram, "I reckon I'd better put in as many of the canned goods as we kin spare room fur. Such things contain a lot of food in a wery small space."

"One of the most important things yet has not been mentioned, captain," said Jack.

"What is that?" inquired the captain.

"The medicine chest," was the reply, "and the surgical instruments we found in it."

"Yes, we must certainly take them," replied the captain. "There is something," continued the captain, "that has not yet been mentioned—the box of pearls we took from the cabin of the coral-encrusted wreck of the brigantine. Do you think we should take it or leave it here, Hiram?"

"It sartinly wouldn't take much room," said Hiram,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"but I reckon we had better leave it hid somewhere at Jackson House. It would bother us to look arter it on the boat. We'll come back here some day, and we'll continue fur to live on the island until we git rescued."

"I believe you are right, Hiram," said the captain. "What do you think, Jack?"

"By all means leave the pearls," was the reply. "We will hardly want to use them while away from the island and, as Hiram says, if we come back, as we shall try to do, we can then get them. Captain," continued Jack, "of course we will take fishing-lines and nets?"

"Yes," was the reply, "we'll need them to add fish to our food supplies."

Rompey seemed to have come to the conclusion, when he saw all the different things being packed in the boat, that at last they were all going to look for his young masters. He kept a close watch on the boat as if he feared it might go off without him.

Considering the number of things they wished to take with them, the captain was somewhat doubtful whether it would not be preferable to load up boat No. 13 and tow it after them. There were certainly many advantages to be gained by doing this, but then on the other hand the disadvantages were also many.

"Do you think it better to load up boat No. 13 and take it with us, or not, Hiram?" asked the captain.

After thinking for a long time before answering, Hiram said: "Thar is much thet can be said on both sides of sech a question."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Then let us hear both sides," said the captain.

"Wall," was the reply, "in the fust place, ef we take boat No. 13, we kin carry a sight more of both wittals and drink, and then too, we kin carry a lot of stuff that would tickle the savages. But what is more important, we could more than double our load of fresh water. Now it would sartinly be of great adwantage to carry these extry things."

"Now," said the captain, "let us hear your reasons for not taking boat No. 13."

"Sence boat No. 13 can't take itself," said Hiram, speaking slowly as if considering every word, "one of us would hev to row it, or we would hev to tow it arter us, so we would go much slower. Now this would be unfortunate ez the voyage will be a long one anyhow, and ef it takes too long, we'll eat all our wittals and drink all our water afore we reach the islands."

"Why couldn't one of us row the smaller boat and two of us the larger boat?" inquired Jack.

"Kase," was the reply, "there be but three of us. No fellow could keep on rowing continuous like. We hev to sleep sometimes. Ef we take No. 13, we'd spin out our voyage so long ez to make it dangerous."

"I'm afraid you're right," said the captain, "we can't take No. 13, although I would like to do so."

When the captain came finally to this decision, Hiram said:

"I'm glad ye intend to leave boat No. 13 behind, cap'n, fur I think that the reasons agin taking it are strongest."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Boat No. 23 was thoroughly packed and ready to start long before sunset. During this time numerous arguments were advanced and suggestions made as to the advisability of changing the amount or character of the materials that should be taken with them. They thought of taking several additional articles, but when it was found that this would require the leaving of some other article, they decided to make no changes.

While there was one thing the captain would have liked to take, yet he did not think it advisable to do so. This was the manuscript of Doctor Parsons' great work on "The Physical Geography of the Sea." When Jack asked him about it, he said:

"I fear it would be too risky to take it; it could so easily get lost or ruined. No, I will leave it in Jackson House. Should the opportunity ever come, I intend sending this manuscript to America to the doctor's heirs, and shall endeavor to have it published for them."

"Don't ye think we had better put the bronze cannon in the boat wot we got from the pirate wessel in the Sargasso Sea, cap'n?" inquired Hiram. "I know it's heavy, but I hev been thinkin' that sence we may have to fight with the savages, it might come awful handy."

"You're right, Hiram," was the reply. "We'll take the cannon as well as powder and balls; for I think you told me that you had cast some balls for loading it."

Next morning, after an early breakfast, putting Jackson House in order they carefully closed it and,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

silently bidding good-bye to the place in which they had spent so many happy days, they got into boat No. 23 and rapidly rowed through the lagoon toward Harding Channel. Rompey, who was of course with them, was now almost wild with delight. He was sure that they were at last going to look for his young masters.

“Rompey,” said Jack to the dog, “we’re going now to find Charley and Harold. Will you help us?”

Rompey certainly did his best by a wonderful combination of joyous barkings and tail shakings, to let them know that he certainly would, and that they could count upon him.

They had no idea of taking Satan, since they knew the bird could easily look after itself on the island. Satan, however, had evidently intended to go, and had the intelligence to wait until the boat was some little distance from the island before joining them. As she alighted on the boat, the captain said:

“We’ll have to let her stay now. We can’t take the time to go back with her.”

The captain and Hiram took the first turn at the oars, and under their vigorous, but not too rapid strokes, the boat was soon moving swiftly through Harding Channel out into the ocean toward the northeast, until it finally reached so distant a point that Harding Island disappeared below the southwestern horizon.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XVII

A LONG VOYAGE IN AN OPEN BOAT

HAD Captain Harding and Hiram been less experienced, they would probably have made the mistake of putting forth too great an effort at the start. They both well knew that their limited supply of food and water made it necessary that the long voyage should be completed in the shortest time possible. But they were also aware of that curious physiological condition known as getting one's second wind. By their own experience, and what they had witnessed in others, they knew that when obliged to make prolonged physical exertion, if the effort at the beginning is not too pronounced, a time will soon come when a relation will be established between the beating of the heart and the rate of breathing, such as will enable the exertion to be continued and even increased without marked physical distress. If, however, the beginning calls for too rapid an expenditure of energy, the physical distress due to excessive heart action and breathing soon becomes so great that all efforts must be stopped until conditions become more nearly normal.

"There is a big stretch of water to pass over, Hiram," said the captain. "We'll take it easy at the start. We must expend our energy intelligently. As you know, if we work in this way we will be able to con-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tinue the long row we have ahead of us at a fairly good rate."

"I allow ye be right, cap'n," replied Hiram. "Ef we go slow at fust we'll acterally git over thet ere bit of water much more sartinly then ef we started on a rush. Does that queer you, Mr. Jack?" he said, addressing the lad.

"No, Hiram," was the reply; "I remember the athletes at Eton always made the best records in long runs by starting slowly and then increasing their pace. In that way a fellow gets his second wind. That's what you mean, Hiram, isn't it?" he continued.

"Thet's just what I do mean, Mr. Jack," was the reply.

"But, Hiram," said Jack, "you and the captain must not forget that I expect to do my full share of work. If you do not row too rapidly I can keep at the oars for many hours before being used up."

"Each of us will do his part of the work," said the captain. "But neither Hiram nor I expect a boy to do a man's work. Whatever you can do, Jack, I am sure you will do willingly."

There were four oar-locks in the boat, so that it was possible to keep either two men at the oars, or to have all hands at work at the same time by one of the men rowing with two oars and the other man and Jack sitting by each other pulling each one oar. This latter method, however, they did not consider, since if all three worked at the same time they would be unable to relieve one another, and in a long row like that they

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

had ahead of them frequent rests were necessary. They therefore arranged matters so that for twelve hours of daylight, say from six A. M., to six-thirty P. M., one of them would always be at the oars. After considerable thought, the captain determined on the following division of the day. Jack was to take charge of the little cooking that they could do. In addition to this he was to relieve each of the men during the daylight work at such intervals as would give him six hours of rowing. In this way each man would have three hours of rest, or nine hours of rowing each day during the daytime, and Jack six.

During the night, it was agreed that but one of them should keep at the oars, and then only for periods of three hours each, the night being divided into three watches, during which time it was understood that the boat should be kept moving at a much slower rate than during the daytime.

This division of time called for breakfast at five-thirty A. M., thus permitting the morning rowing to begin promptly at six. This would bring the first six hours of the morning's work to midday, or twelve o'clock. Then another half-hour was given for dinner. Then an additional six hours, from twelve-thirty to six-thirty P. M., would complete the full twelve hours of day work, and bring on the first four hours of night work for one of the party.

As can readily be seen the amount of work required for each was considerable; Jack by no means had a small amount of work apportioned to him. In addition

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

to his turn at the oars, there was the work necessary for the preparation of the meals, and had not this necessarily been of a very simple character, his share of the work would probably have proved too onerous. Their being in a small open boat, however, prevented much cooking from being done. Nevertheless, by placing in the stern of the boat a disk of sheet-iron that had been found with the stores of hardware on the brig, and intended for placing under ranges or stoves, and spreading a thin layer of sand over this, they were able to kindle a fire in a small stove, and so heat canned vegetables, soups, and meat; to boil water for the making of tea, coffee, or chocolate, as well as to cook any fish they might be so fortunate as to catch. Since from lack of room, the amount of fuel they could carry was necessarily limited, the captain had counted on being able to keep up the fire by the fats or oils that came from some of the fishes. It may be said here that the amount of work thus laid out by the captain was so great that when any of them was relieved, whether during the day or the night, he generally turned in, in order thus to increase his amount of rest.

Everything went well during the first day. The surface of the ocean was in splendid condition for rowing. Although the Southeast Trades blew almost at right angles to the general direction in which they were rowing the boat, yet the wind was not strong and, being dry, brought with it a refreshing coolness that made their labor at the oars far less severe than it would have been had no wind been blowing.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Rompey behaved himself in a most exemplary manner during the entire voyage. He appeared to be perfectly satisfied now that the boat was moving in the direction in which he had seen his young masters disappear. He had great faith in the ability of the people in the boat to take it to the place where they would find the boys. He spent a great part of the time in looking intently toward the northeast, as if he believed that it was in this direction they would find the two lads of whom he seemed to be constantly thinking.

They long afterward remembered that first night on the ocean in their little open boat. There had been almost no clouds in the sky during the greater part of the day, but toward sunset light bands of the cirrus clouds began to collect overhead, while not far above the horizon the cumulus clouds, that during the day had been moving across the heavens as snow-white heaps, began to collect near the northwest horizon under the action of the Southeast Trade Winds. As the sun sank slightly below the western horizon, his colored rays began to paint the western clouds with the sunset tints of gold and crimson, while overhead the yellow and orange tints spread out on the huge canvas of the heavens, produced a combination of colors that none of them had ever before seen equaled. Nor was this all. The clouds flinging off their colored lights began to paint the ocean with the same beautiful though less brilliant hues. And there they were in their tiny boat, below that marvelously colored dome; a mere speck in the center of a scarcely less brilliantly colored expanse.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Their boat seemed so tiny when compared with the overhanging dome, and the vast waste of surrounding waters, that they keenly felt their insignificance. Their thoughts were insensibly led to the great Being who has made this wonderful world,

“Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span.”

The glorious heavens above them seemed stretched out as a vast covering, extending downward on all sides, until it reached the horizon, or the line where the sky seems to touch the earth.

This idea had evidently so impressed itself on the captain, that when he read, as usual, that evening to his companions a short passage from the Bible, he selected the beautiful and poetic description given by Isaiah, in the fortieth chapter, about the God who “Stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.”

The sight was so glorious that none of them cared to speak, so they sat silently watching it. At last the captain broke the silence:

“Is it not a wonderful sight, Jack?” he inquired. “Such a magnificent grouping of color, both on the sky and on the ocean!”

“It is indeed grand,” said Jack. “If an artist were able to put such colors on canvas most people would probably declare he had drawn too much on his imagination; that such a glorious picture was never seen in nature.”

They sat watching the heavens and the waters until,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

as the sun sank farther below the horizon, the colors gradually disappeared, and the stars came out one after another. The clouds disappeared from the higher portions of the sky, and gradually from the entire sky, giving them a splendid view of the starry wonders of the southern heavens. Shortly afterward the moon rose, sending a beam of bright silvery rays that stretched like a path across a portion of the great ocean.

Both the captain and Hiram, who had now completed their first twelve hours of almost continuous rowing, were thoroughly tired. Seeing this, and it having been arranged that Jack should take the first four hours of the night, Jack said:

“Come, captain, you and Hiram had better turn in. I’ll keep the boat going slowly for the next four hours.”

“Very well, Jack,” said the captain. “Hiram and I will do as you say. Call me if anything happens. If not, call me after your watch is over. Be sure to keep the boat pointing toward the northeast. Here is my pocket compass. I have taught you how to use it, so that you should have no trouble in keeping the boat on its true course.”

Everything went well during Jack’s watch and turn at the oars. After four hours he called the captain, and turned in himself and slept soundly; nor did he awake until Hiram, who had been called by the captain at the end of his spell, took the oars for four hours. Jack was called at five-thirty the next morning to prepare their simple breakfast.

The next day passed in an uneventful manner with

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

plenty of hard work. The wisdom of their working in the systematic manner above described, that is, of going at the work slowly at first, somewhat more energetically afterward, and taking as frequent rests as possible was soon evident; for on the second day they were much less fatigued than they had expected to be. They were rapidly gaining the ability to work harder and more continuously. The captain was therefore encouraged. He was convinced that if no unforeseen accident occurred they would have plenty of food and drink to last until they reached the Marquesas Islands. Once there, he knew there should be no difficulty in being able to replenish their supplies of fresh water and food. This would give them an almost indefinite time to continue among the islands in their search for the boys.

On the night of the second day dense banks of cumulus clouds collected in the western horizon, preventing a repetition of the glorious sunset effects of the preceding night. At the same time all the heavens were overcast with clouds, the wind began to rise, ruffling the surface of the water and covering it with diminutive whitecaps.

Toward midnight, when the captain was at the oars, he saw such wonderful phosphorescent effects in the water that he thought he was justified in awakening his companions. The entire waters appeared ablaze with a pale, fitful light that was bright enough faintly to illumine the heavens. As he dipped his oars in the water, there seemed to fall from them not water

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

but drops of liquid fire that would sink into the momentary depressions made by the oars, and then would disappear as if the fire had been extinguished.

Although quite tired, both Jack and Hiram thanked the captain for calling them. They had often seen phosphorescence, but never on so grand a scale.

"Hiram," said Jack, "there are plenty of ghosts and spirits around to-night, ain't there?"

He did this to jolly Hiram, who was very superstitious and had declared that any lights seen in the water, especially in the case of corposants, or lights due to electric discharges, were properly regarded by sailors as being due to the spirits or ghosts of drowned people.

"Now, Mr. Jack," said Hiram, "quit pokin' fun at me. It is the corposants sailors say are brung by ghosts. The lights ye see air of another kind, and wery few of my mates believe they come from dead people. Howsumever, I must acknowledge thet some say they be so caused. Cap'n," he said, turning to Captain Harding, "I think ye told me once thet these lights are brung by little bits of animals in the water. Kin ye tell me, sir," he added, "why the light only shows where the water is shaken by the winds or stirred by the oars when ye dip them below the surface?"

"Yes, Hiram," said the captain. "I'm glad to see that you are gradually giving up the superstitious ideas you used to hold concerning some of the many natural things that occur on the ocean. The light we see is due to a gradual burning of a chemical substance pro-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

duced by the little animals when they come in contact with the air. The light only shines, therefore, in those parts of the water that are touched by the air, as when the wind blows against the water, or the oar splashes the water against the air."

"Thank you, cap'n," replied Hiram. "This be very simple when a fellow once understands it. I fer-git, cap'n," he added, "didn't ye tell me the name given to thet kind of light?"

"I think I did, Hiram," said the captain. "It is known as phosphorescent light."

"Captain," inquired Jack, "is the exact chemical composition of the substance producing phosphorescent light known?"

"Why do you ask, Jack?" inquired the captain.

"Because I remember to have heard it is the same kind of light that is produced by the firefly and the glowworm, and that if a fellow could get a bottle full of it he would be able to carry a sort of lantern with him that would be very convenient."

"That's so, Jack," replied the captain laughing; "but suppose you had a bottle of such stuff. How would you bring it in contact with the air so as to make it shine? Would you blow the air against it, or would you blow it against the air?"

"I hardly know which you would call it," said Jack laughing. "But I thought that if I had a small fan that, when folded up, could be dipped into the stuff and, when drawn out and opened, it would produce a light when waved through the air."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Not a bad idea, Jack,” said the captain laughing. “Many people have endeavored to produce an artificial light like that of the firefly or the glowworm. Such a light would be very economical, since unlike ordinary light it is accompanied by very little heat, while the light of oil lamps or candles contains far more heat than light.”

Jack, who had been looking over the stern of the boat, suddenly called out in an excited tone to the captain and Hiram:

“Look into the water beneath our boat. There’s a big shoal of fish swimming there that look as if they were on fire.”

True enough, in the direction pointed out by Jack they saw thousands of fish about the size of ordinary mackerel, swimming through the water in great haste, as if they were endeavoring to escape from their enemies. As their bodies moved against the water they glowed with so intense a phosphorescence that they appeared to be on fire.

“What makes them shine, captain?” inquired Jack.

“The same phosphorescent light you see in the wake of the boat and where the wind blows against the waters.”

“But how can any air get against the sides of the fish while they are under the water?” inquired Jack.

“I am not certain,” said the captain, “but I think it comes from a film of air that covers the fish. So strong an attraction exists between certain substances and the air, that a film of air is actually condensed on their sur-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

faces in a liquid condition. If a film of liquid air covers their bodies, then as they move through the water the air is brought in a very condensed form in contact with the phosphorescent substances and thus produces the strong light you see."

"I wonder what the fish are running from?" continued Jack. "They certainly appear to be endeavoring to escape from something of which they appear to be greatly afraid."

"Look at them now, Jack," said the captain, "and you will see."

As the captain spoke, a number of large and voracious-looking fish were seen pursuing the fleeing fish, and devouring them one after the other.

"I wouldn't like to be in their place," said Jack.

"Neither would I," said the captain. "But I would like to have a few of them with us, that is, in the boat."

"I reckon ye're right there, cap'n," said Hiram grinning. "They be wery nice eatin' ef Jack would fry them fer to-morrow's breakfast."

"Then we'll try to catch some of them," said the captain.

By the use of scoop-nets they had no difficulty in taking several dozen good-sized fish. All agreed when Jack served them the next morning for breakfast that they were delicious. The captain was especially pleased, since he had hoped to make his food supplies last longer by catching fish.

At noon on the next day they passed through another shoal of fish of the same character as those they had

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

caught in the night. In this way they increased their food supplies and, moreover, insured a pleasant change in their diet. Indeed, the number of fish thus caught in a short time, was so great that they were unable to eat all of them. But by putting aside some of the fattest as fuel for the stove, and keeping others in a bucket of sea water, they were able to have fresh fish for the table whenever they so desired.

Jack had included in the fishing-lines they had brought a number of skid-hooks and lines, so that by letting one of these trail back of the boat they were able on several occasions to catch some fairly large fish.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE PICKED UP AT SEA

It was now their fifth day out from Harding Island. So far nothing unusual had occurred. Indeed, they had been making such satisfactory progress that Jack began to wonder whether they should not soon see faint traces of some of the Marquesas Islands.

"Did you not tell us at Jackson House, captain," he inquired, "that the Marquesas Islands were probably situated between five and six hundred miles northeast of Harding Island?"

"Yes, Jack, why do you ask?" replied the captain.

"Because, it seems to me, we should not be very far from these islands. As well as I have been able to calculate roughly, we have already gone something in the neighborhood of four hundred miles. Am I much out in this estimate?"

"No," said the captain, "I think we have gone at least that distance."

"Then you think we are only about two hundred miles or so from the Marquesas?"

"I didn't say so, Jack, did I?" replied the captain.

"No, but that would be a fair inference, would it not?" inquired Jack.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When the above conversation took place, the captain and Hiram had been rowing with good, strong strokes. Before answering Jack's last question the captain, turning to his companion, said:

"Hiram stop rowing a few moments. I wish to show Jack something."

"I reckon I know what it be," said Hiram grinning.

It took some time for the boat to stop moving toward the northeast, but when at last it did so the captain pointing to a small piece of kindling-wood, said:

"Throw that overboard, Jack, and watch what happens."

Jack was greatly surprised at what the captain asked him to do. But picking up the piece of wood, he threw it into the water and watched it float. Instead of remaining alongside of the boat, it was carried by an ocean current toward the west, or in the opposite direction from that in which they had been rowing.

"I see now, captain, why you wanted me to do that. We are in an ocean current that is moving toward the west."

"Yes," said the captain, "we are in the South Equatorial Current of the Pacific."

"And that, if I remember right," said Jack, "is a constant ocean current."

"And, therefore," said the captain, "it is carrying both ship and the boat away from the Marquesas Islands."

"I see what you mean," exclaimed Jack. "We haven't gone so far to the east as I supposed. While

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

we would have gone a distance of four hundred miles had there been no current carrying us in the opposite direction, we have made in reality a much shorter distance, so that we are probably more than two hundred miles from the Marquesas."

"I regret to say, Jack, I believe you are right. However, we have no reason to complain. We are making a fair progress toward these islands, and I think we are almost certain to reach them before long."

"But you cannot tell me how long, can you, captain?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "I suppose in four or five days more. You remember I had no way of determining the latitude of Harding Island, and have, therefore, been obliged to guess at its position. Nor do I know to what extent the current is keeping us back."

"I know we have plenty of food," said Jack; "but our water supply is getting rather short, is it not?"

"It is," said the captain, "and this is giving me no little anxiety."

Whether it was because they had changed their direction during the night, or because the strength of the South Equatorial Current of the Pacific was greater than they had estimated, yet on their twelfth day out from Harding Island they could see so far, no traces of land toward the northeast. Again and again the captain anxiously scanned the northeastern horizon without being able to see those slight dark specks that mark the approach to distant islands. The

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

islands they hoped to reach were still too far off to be seen.

The captain's anxiety was increasing; for while they had been able to husband their food supply by the fish they had been fortunate in catching, their store of drinking-water was growing dangerously small. Already they had agreed to put themselves on an allowance as far as water was concerned.

Toward noon of this day, Rompey, who as usual had been anxiously scanning the northeastern horizon, suddenly began to show great excitement and to bark in a glad tone, as if he had seen something that greatly pleased him.

"What is it, Rompey?" inquired the captain. "Do you see anything?"

Rompey certainly acted as if he understood just what the captain had asked him, and he tried, poor animal, in the best way he knew how—by joyous barkings and waggings of his tail—to say he had seen something, and that, moreover, it greatly pleased him; and then looking at the captain until he caught his eye, he pointed with his face in a certain direction, as much as to say:

"It's over there."

Pointing his glasses in the direction indicated by Rompey, the captain suddenly exclaimed in an excited manner:

"Hiram, if I'm not mistaken, I see what looks like the head of a man in the ocean on our left. He appears to be holding on to something that looks like a canoe. Take the glass, Hiram, and tell me what you can see."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

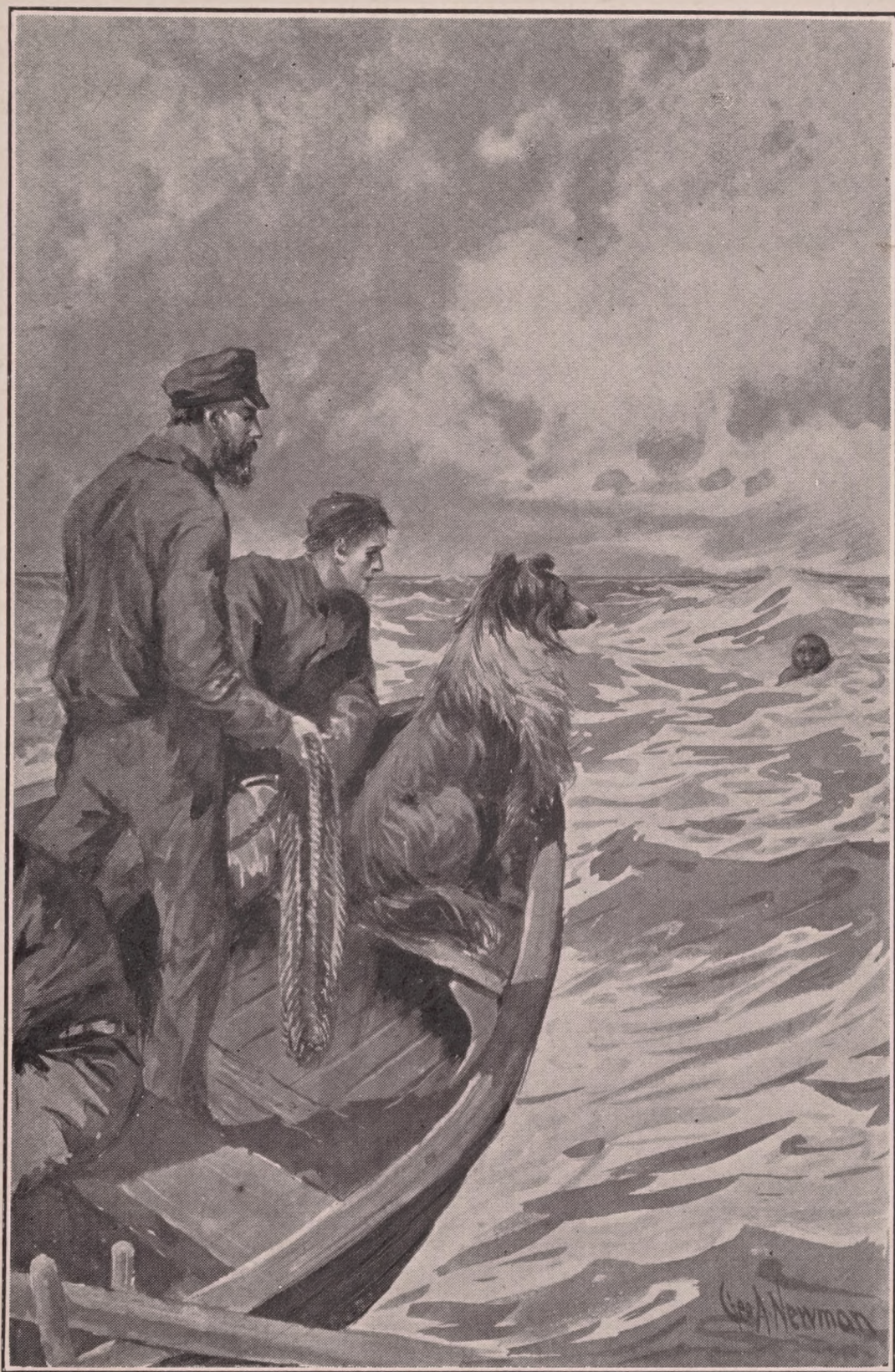
Taking the glass, Hiram exclaimed:

“It be a man, cap’n, who is sartinly holding on to a canoe. I reckon thet canoe must be badly injured; for ef that fellow is a brown-skinned man, a native of one of the islands in this here part of the ocean, he wouldn’t think anything of righting the canoe and getting in it again. Them fellows kin swim for miles. They air so much in the water that even ef they lose their canoe they kin easily keep up for hours afore they be drowned. Howsumever, he looks pretty near played out, so I reckon we’d better pick him up. Shall we not, cap’n?”

“Most certainly, Hiram, it would be sheer brutality to leave the poor fellow.”

“Then let’s pull as hard as we kin,” replied Hiram.

Rowing vigorously, they soon decreased the distance between their boat and the canoe, and could now see both the man and the canoe to which he was holding. The man saw them coming and rejoiced at the certainty of rescue. When they drew nearer to him he said something in a weak voice, but the distance was still too great to permit them to hear what it was. He made it evident, however, by the waving of his hands, that he was very glad they had come, beckoning to them as well as he could to come quickly. They were now near enough to see that the man was greatly exhausted and would be unable to keep up much longer. As they came nearer, to their great surprise, the man, evidently a Polynesian, which they could see by his brownish-colored skin, said to them in broken English:



*"He would be unable to keep up
much longer"*

Page 220

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Heap glad you come. If you come later me drown sure. Me talk plenty English. You talk English?”

As they lifted the man into their boat they saw that he was too weak to give them any help whatever. The captain said:

“Yes, we speak English. What is your name? Where do you live?”

“Me Waheatoua. Canoe wrecked. Waheatoua long in water; very thirsty. Very hungry. Please give me something to eat and drink.”

“Jack,” said the captain, “give the man some water and food.”

The man drank the water eagerly and devoured the food ravenously.

“Don’t let him eat too much at a time,” said the captain. “It might kill him.”

“What your name?” said Waheatoua, turning to Jack. “Me like you. How you called in English?”

“My name is Jack,” was the reply.

“Jackee, Jackeo,” said the man, trying to pronounce Jack’s name.

“No,” replied the lad, “my name is Jack.”

The man made several unsuccessful trials. The nearest he could get to it was Jackeo.

“Jack,” said the captain smiling, “I guess you’d better let him call you Jackeo.”

Jack had given the man only a small quantity of food, because he feared, as the captain had told him, that overeating would probably result in his death. Waheatoua therefore turned to Jack, and said:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Waheatoua wants more. Very hungry. No eat; no drink for whole day.”

“Give him a small piece of sweet chocolate,” said the captain, “and another drink of water.”

Waheatoua looked with some surprise at the black-looking stuff, the chocolate, that Jack had given him as if in doubt what he was to do with it. But taking a piece of chocolate himself, Jack began to eat it, and smacking his lips as if to say in pantomime that it was all right, the brown-skinned man followed suit, and was evidently delighted with the taste of this new kind of stuff.

“Allee right food,” he exclaimed. “Grow on tree?”

Jack nodded his head so to indicate yes, and added:

“It grows on tree far from here.”

“Where do you live, Waheatoua?” inquired the captain.

“One day and one day more from here. Over there,” said Waheatoua, pointing toward the north-western horizon.

“If we are right in our direction,” said the captain, “that would be some distance to the west of the Marquesas Islands.”

The captain then pointing toward the northeast, said:

“Any islands in that direction, Waheatoua?”

“Many islands,” was the reply, “but very far. Waheatoua’s island nearer. One day and one day more.” And he added, to their surprise: “Waheatoua know Marquesas Islands.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Wishing to test the accuracy of his knowledge, the captain inquired:

“In what direction are they from here?”

To the captain's delight Waheatoua pointed toward the northeast, and replied:

“Over there.”

“Are the Marquesas Islands far from here, Waheatoua?”

“Very far,” was the reply. “One day, and one day, and one day, and one day, and more,” was the reply.

“What does he mean, captain?” inquired Jack.

“He means more than four days,” said the captain. “He does not know our numerals one, two, three, and four, so he counts up by saying one and one day until the necessary number is reached. He says more than four because he is uncertain. I think he means that if one goes three or four days there are still more days before the islands are reached. Is there any good water and food on your island, Waheatoua?”

“Plenty water there,” was the reply. “Lots to eat. My family live there.”

“Is it a large island?” asked the captain.

“Not very large island. But plenty good water. Good breadfruit trees, oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, all kind good things. You come to Waheatoua's island, he take good care of you, give you plenty eat and drink. My people be good friends to you, because you save Waheatoua's life.”

“I guess, Hiram,” said the captain, “we had better take Waheatoua back to his island. If he is right about

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the distance to the Marquesas I think it will be too great a risk with our small water supply to go there direct, especially since we now have an additional passenger to keep supplied with food and drink. Let us, therefore, go to his island, take on plenty of fruit and fill our water-barrels."

"Ye kain't do better than thet, cap'n," replied Hiram.

Turning to Waheatoua, the captain said:

"Waheatoua, we will take you to your island. We wish to get water and food. You will find both of them for us, will you not?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Waheatoua is friend of white men because they pick him out of water. But where you come from?" he inquired. "Been on the water long?"

"Yes, very long," was the reply. "We have been on the water for one, and one, and one, and one," continuing up to twelve days.

The length of the journey greatly surprised Waheatoua, who said:

"White men great sailors. No have great ship? Waheatoua see ship one time. You have no ship?"

"No," was the reply; "only a boat."

Curiously enough, Rompey, instead of growling at the brown-skinned man, looked kindly into his face and barked joyously. Just why, it is difficult to say; for the dog might very naturally have looked with anger and disgust on men with dark-brown or black skin, because it was by such men that his young masters had

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

been carried off, and by such men that his life had been threatened by the hurling of a spear. But for reasons of his own, Rompey was pleased to see the dark-skinned man. Possibly because he hoped through him to see his young masters again.

Waheatoua was greatly pleased with the manner in which the dog had received him, and commenced patting him on the head. It was evident that Rompey did not like this, but he did not show his displeasure. He evidently wished to gain the good graces of the man.

"Great dog," said Waheatoua. "How you call him?"

"Rompey," was the reply.

The man got this name very closely, although it is true that he insisted on calling him Rompeyo.

"Rompeyo," said the man, "good dog."

Satan, who appeared to be jealous because so much attention was being given to Rompey, now got off one of her favorite sentences, crying in a shrill tone:

"I'm hungry. I'm hungry. Give me something to eat. I'm starving."

At this, the man gave as hearty a laugh as his feeble condition would permit.

"Great bird. Bird says, 'I'm hungry.' Waheatoua also hungry. He says give me something to eat."

"All right, Jack," said the captain laughing, "give the poor fellow a little more food, but not too much."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XIX

BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE REACHES WAHEATOUA'S ISLAND

APART from the question of humanity, the decision to change the direction of their boat and go with Waheatoua to his island was wise. In addition to the meagerness of their supplies, there was the uncertainty of the distance of the Marquesas. The information the rescued man gave them as to the island being located at a distance of one, and one, and one, and one, and more days was provokingly indefinite. How many days there were besides the four, remained unknown.

But more than this. By taking Waheatoua back to his island, they would not only be able to replenish their supplies of food and water, but would also obtain a stronger hold on his friendship. The captain especially recognized the advantages that would result from obtaining some slight knowledge of the people of this part of the ocean, and especially being able to visit an island where they were reasonably certain of a kind reception. They had undoubtedly saved the man's life, so that his people and neighbors would almost certainly look kindly on them. While, therefore, the turning out of their course might at first thought seem to keep them from their search, yet taking everything

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

into consideration, it would most probably aid them in the end.

The man's canoe was too much broken up to make it worth their while to endeavor to take it with them. Indeed, when they asked Waheatoua whether he would like them to do this, he replied:

"Canoe no good. Too much smash up. Waheatoua build a new one. Plenty trees on his island."

"Do you understand that, captain?" inquired Jack. "There were certainly not plenty of trees on Harding Island."

"That's true, Jack," was the reply; "but from the books I have been reading in our library, I find the Marquesas are a different type island from Harding Island. There is very little coral formation around them. They consist of the remains of elevated mountain ranges that descend abruptly into the water. There is little or no low beach land. Their habitable portions are limited to deep valleys formed by the erosion of the many rivers that descend the mountain slopes.

"Then the rainfall on these islands is heavier than on Harding Island, captain. Is that right?"

"Yes, Jack. The rainfall is especially great near the summits of the mountains. The moist winds are chilled not only with the cold mountain slopes, but also by their sudden expansion on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere."

The boat was soon making its way in the direction toward which Waheatoua had pointed. At first Waheatoua wished to take his place at the oars. The

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

captain, however, was unwilling to consent to this since the man had been without food and drink for some time, and his long continuance in the water had greatly weakened him. He had a magnificent physical development, however, and owing to the care the captain had taken to see that he should not over-eat, had recovered sufficiently, six hours after they had started toward his island, to permit him to take a short spell at the oars.

"I don't suppose," said the captain to Hiram, "that Waheatoua knows enough about rowing to be able to give us much help. I think I'll ask him first. Can you row, Waheatoua?" he inquired.

"Waheatoua know heap about rowing. Rowed on big ship where he learned to speak English. Row all right."

They were agreeably surprised, therefore, when he took his turn at the oars, to find that he could row a well-timed, vigorous stroke.

The boat continued moving steadily for the whole day in the direction of Waheatoua's island. During the next day they came in sight of a strange appearance on the ocean that surprised both the captain and Hiram. They could see far away, over the bow, dim streaks that apparently consisted of distant land.

"Is that your island, Waheatoua?" inquired the captain.

"No," replied the Polynesian contemptuously. "Not much land. Plenty water."

"I don't understand that," replied Jack. "That's

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

pretty true of any island in this big ocean. There's much more water than land."

But the captain, who had been carefully examining the distant point with his glass, said:

"I think I understand what Waheatoua means, but we're too far off to be certain. Take a look through the glasses, Jack," he said, handing him the glasses, for at this time, Waheatoua and Hiram were at the oars.

"I can't make it out," said Jack, "but it looks to me as if the land was not continuous."

"I noticed that too," replied the captain, "and don't understand it. However, we'll get a better idea as soon as the boat gets nearer."

After a few hours' rowing they reached the island, and found the land to consist of a great number of small islands or islets, arranged in a more or less circular form, that were connected together below the water by a submerged reef or wall of coral rock.

"That's still another kind of coral island, is it not, captain?" inquired Jack.

"It certainly looks like it, Jack," replied the captain; "but take a good look at the island and I think you will be able to answer that question yourself. Imagine what would happen if that submerged reef or wall should be raised a few feet. It would make a coral island like Harding Island, would it not, except that none of the land would be very high, but there would then be an oval or circular coral reef surrounding a lagoon. Can you answer your question yourself now, Jack?"

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Yes," was the reply; "I think I understand it. Sometime ago this has been an ordinary coral island, but the sinking has gone on more rapidly than the waves were able to build a continuous reef, so we have the sunken island that we see before us. Is this right?"

"It is," was the reply. "That is the way I understand the formation."

"Bad place for canoes," said Waheatoua, pointing to the sunken reef. "Reef like this cut big hole in my canoe. Look out, maybe hurt bottom of boat."

"That's good advice, Hiram," said the captain. "There are many places here where the boat could easily be wrecked by striking against the sunken reef in the shallow water."

"Are there many other islands like this, Waheatoua, in this neighborhood?" inquired Jack, turning to the Polynesian.

"Heap islands," was the reply. "Some big, some little. Bad water over reef. Not deep. Smash canoe. But very deep there and there," he said, pointing successively to the former site of the lagoon and the ocean outside the reef.

"I guess that's right, captain," said Jack; "is it not? If the sinking has been going on for a long time the water both of the lagoon and of the ocean outside the reef should be very deep."

"It should," was the reply. "Waheatoua's description is quite correct. I remember in the books I have been reading about this type of island, that navigators

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

have been unable to find the bottom either in the lagoon or in the ocean outside the reef."

"Plenty good fish in there," said Waheatoua, pointing to the lagoon, "and big turtles good to eat."

They continued to row the boat in the same direction for fully two days after the rescue of Waheatoua. Toward noon on the third day they could see dim specks of land over their bow. Waheatoua, pointing to these streaks, said in an excited tone:

"See, Waheatoua's island. Now you soon get plenty fresh water and good things to eat."

As the boat came nearer to the island, the captain, who had been looking at it through his glasses, said to his companions:

"It's a mountainous island, and therefore of the general character of the Marquesas. I imagine it is one of the outlying islands of that group. If this is so, we will find very deep water off the island, and little or no coral formations."

The boat at last drew so near to the island that they could see it with fair distinctness without the use of the glasses. It was a small island, probably only two or three miles across, and was of an entirely different formation from Harding Island. It consisted of a single fairly high mountain, that rose with almost precipitous sides from the ocean, with a very little coral near the coasts.

The mountain slopes, covered with a dense growth of trees, were here and there deeply cut or gullied by several rivers. Some of these discharged into the ocean

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

in cascades over the precipitous slopes. The largest, however, emptied into the ocean through a comparatively level valley that it had gradually cut or eroded during the many thousands of years it had been draining the sides of the mountain. This valley, for a length of about three-quarters of a mile, was comparatively level or flat, and in some places was a quarter of a mile in width. It extended, however, farther toward the top of the mountain, but with a fairly steep inclination.

The valley the three white men now saw for the first time, was covered with a wonderfully rich vegetation. They had all seen tropical vegetation before, especially the captain and Hiram, but never in such marvelous luxuriance. Here nature seemed to have made an effort to excel herself, and had succeeded to such an extent that, had they not seen for themselves, they would not have believed such luxuriance possible. It was a repetition, though on a smaller scale, of Mahinee's beautiful valley on the Island of Captivity; and, as was natural, the sight awakened in their minds feelings similar to those already described in the case of Harold and Charley when they stood on the top of the precipitous cliffs that bounded Mahinee's valley. To Waheatoua, however, the sight was familiar. He was returning, after a narrow escape from death, to his friends and family and, although the beautiful and luxuriant vegetation of the valley necessarily appealed to him, yet, being an everyday affair, it had lost its novelty.

Waheatoua was greatly pleased by the marked ef-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

fects produced on his three white companions by their first sight of the valley.

“ Did I not say,” he exclaimed, “ Waheatoua’s island great place? Plenty of fresh water. Plenty good fruits. Big river of water,” he added, pointing toward the river, “ and big trees everywhere.”

Turning to Waheatoua, the captain inquired:

“ Where shall we land? Is the water at the mouth of the river deep enough? ”

“ Plenty deep,” was the reply. “ Deep enough to take boat far up the river. Waheatoua show you.”

Under his guidance the boat was soon safely landed on the left-hand bank of the river, at a distance of about a hundred feet from its mouth. Here they were met by a party of savages, who began speaking eagerly to Waheatoua as if to ask him where his boat was; who the white people were; whether they were friends or enemies. When Waheatoua told them of his rescue by the white men, of the loss of his boat, and of their coming so far to bring him to the island, they were received by the savages by signs of great friendliness. Waheatoua then said something, when some of them leaving the party soon returned bringing baskets filled with all kinds of luscious fruits.

Among these were a number of ripe cocoanuts, but somehow or other the white people passed these by, and selecting in their place oranges, pineapples, and bananas, began eating them eagerly. They had been living for so many months on Harding Island that the cocoanuts, although extremely luscious and pleasant to

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

eat, had become such an everyday matter, that they naturally chose fruits they had not tasted now for over a year.

"Mr. Jack," said Hiram, "ye don't seem to care so much for cocoanuts as ye did when I fust showed ye on Harding Island how to suck out the juice. Air ye goin' back on cocoanuts, my lad?"

"No more than you are, Hiram," said Jack laughing, "or the captain either for that matter. Both of you have passed by the cocoanuts and taken to the oranges, pineapples, and bananas."

"I allow ye air right, Mr. Jack," said Hiram grinning. "I reckon we've all got summat tired of cocoanuts, and feel sorter drawn toward the other fruits."

"That's my case, Hiram," said the captain. "I don't think I ever ate anything so luscious as these oranges and this pineapple," he said, pointing to a huge, thoroughly ripened pine that he was cutting into pieces with his knife.

The baskets of fruit brought to them contained, among other things, a half-dozen or more large breadfruits.

"What are these, Hiram? Do you know? Are they good to eat?" inquired Jack, pointing to the breadfruit.

"They're what be called breadfruit. Ye don't eat them raw. Ye hev to bake or roast them ez ye would a potato or yam."

There were several houses erected on the bank of the river in full view of their boat, to which the natives invited their visitors.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"I think," said the captain in a low tone to Hiram, "that one of us better remain to watch our boat. Although the savages may feel quite friendly to us, their ideas of property are often very loose."

"Ye mean," said Hiram laughing, "that they might hook anything what they see in the boat."

"That's just what I mean," was the reply.

"Then I'll stay here and tidy things up."

"I think perhaps you had better," said the captain. "I will walk ahead with Jack and Waheatoua to the nearest of these houses. It is so near, indeed, that we can see one another and the boat from it."

Waheatoua, who understood what Jack had asked about the breadfruit, now said:

"Waheatoua show you how to bake breadfruit. Heap good baked."

And so too thought our three friends when some time afterward he brought each of them, hot from the embers of the fire, a well-baked breadfruit.

The rind, browned by the heat, had burst here and there, and through the cracks they could see the almost snow-white material of the breadfruit. It looked not unlike an unusually mealy potato.

"How much of it is good to eat, Waheatoua?" inquired Jack.

"Alle good except this," he said, pulling out the core.

"It tastes something like a mixture of bread and potatoes, don't it, Hiram?" inquired Jack.

"I reckon ye're right," was the reply. "Anyhow

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

it's fust-rate eatin', and as ye'll find, Mr. Jack, there be warios methods of preparing this food," continued Hiram.

Jack afterward discovered that the breadfruit grows on a large tree from which ripe fruit can be gathered for about eight months out of the twelve. He also learned the peculiarities of the tree, its fruit, and the different ways in which it is prepared for food that have already been described.

The house to which the savages had taken them was built after the general plan of Mahinee's house. It was so close to the ocean that the river water near it was brackish. Splendid fresh water, however, was obtained from a strong tributary stream that flowed in from the side of the valley.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XX

A FEW DAYS ON WAHEATOUA'S ISLAND

To the people of the island the white men were great curiosities. The news of their arrival and of Waheatoua's return brought nearly the entire valley to the house near the river's mouth where they were staying. They did not annoy their visitors, but merely sat looking at them, and whenever anything was done different from their method of doing it, entered into long, excited conversations with one another.

One of these visitors was evidently a messenger, for as soon as he entered the room he went to Waheatoua and, after a short conversation, that individual informed the captain with much pride that Otoa, king of the island, would soon be with them. On hearing this the captain went to the boat with Jack, and getting a small piece of printed calico, a hatchet, and a few nails and spikes, returned with them to the house. In a short time Otoa came into the room and, approaching Waheatoua, began to speak with him, pointing to the captain and nodding to him in a friendly way. As soon as this conversation was completed Waheatoua, turning to the captain, said:

“Otoa says that the white strangers are welcome to his valley. He has heard of their kindness to Waheatoua, and is therefore their friend. He give you

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

much fresh water and fruit. Fill your boat. Hopes you will stay with his people a long time. When you go he will be sad."

"Say to Otoa," replied the captain, "that the white men thank him for this welcome. That they will be glad to stay a few days in his valley. Say too," added the captain, "that Otoa's valley is the most beautiful place they have ever seen. They don't believe there are many other places in the world to equal it in its beauty and fertility."

It is somewhat doubtful whether Waheatoua was able to understand exactly what the captain had said. He knew, however, its general import, and so turning to Otoa, said:

"White men heap pleased. Never see so beautiful a valley. Don't think any other valley can be more beautiful."

This praise of his valley evidently pleased Otoa, who simply said he was glad they liked it so well.

Otoa then said something to one of his followers, when he disappeared and shortly afterward returned, followed by a number of men, bringing baskets of fruit.

The captain, knowing that it was the custom of the Polynesians to give presents before receiving them from others, thanking Otoa for the gifts, requested Waheatoua to ask the chief to accept a few little things from the white men. He then handed him the pieces of printed calico, a hatchet, and a number of spikes and nails. Otoa appeared much pleased with the gifts, but

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

was evidently especially delighted with the spikes and nails. Then turning to Waheatoua, he invited the captain and Jack through him to call the other white man at the boat and ask him to come to the house.

"Say to Otoa," replied the captain, "that we would be pleased to visit the king together with the man who is at the boat, but we do not like to leave our boat, fearing the people might be hurt by some of the magic things we have there."

Otoa smiled when he heard this, and beckoning to the captain and Jack to follow him, went immediately to the boat, and sticking his spear in the ground near it, said in a loud voice:

"Taboo, taboo." Then attaching a piece of white cloth to it turned toward his house, evidently thinking that no explanation was necessary.

"Now," said Waheatoua, "can leave boat by itself. No one dare come near it. Boat's taboo."

"I guess it's all right, Hiram," said the captain. "Come with us to the chief's house."

Following Otoa they soon reached his house which, like that of Mahinee, on the Island of Captivity, was erected on an elevated pi-pi, consisting of huge layers of stone. As in the case of Mahinee's house, it was larger than any of the other houses of the valley.

The captain and his companions spent a few days very pleasantly in the valley, where they were kindly treated by Otoa and his people. Since the daily life of the people was the same as that of the people of Mahinee's valley, it is unnecessary to describe it. The

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

captain, however, was a scholarly man, a great reader, and, moreover, a close observer; he, therefore, necessarily saw more of the peculiarities of the life of the people of this part of Polynesia than had Charley or Harold. Consequently, he was able to obtain a variety of valuable information, some of which will be given here, since it will undoubtedly interest the readers of this book.

In the first place, the captain observed that not only were all the houses of the valley built on pi-pis, or platforms of elevated stones, but that the pi-pis appeared to be of very ancient origin. There were more pi-pis in the valley than there were houses. When the people wished to erect a new house they picked out a vacant pi-pi nearest the place where they wished to build. Moreover, the remains of large pi-pis, consisting of great stone terraces, the successive layers of which sloped gradually from the top to the bottom, in steps, were to be found in different parts of the valley. As the captain learned from Waheatoua, these larger pi-pis were the taboo pi-pis, or the holy places.

“Did your people build these pi-pis, Waheatoua?” inquired the captain.

“No, not my people. Another people. Many, many lives ago.”

“Were there houses built on these large pi-pis?” inquired the captain, pointing to a pi-pi much larger than those on which the houses were built.

“Waheatoua not certain. People say not made for houses, but for *maraes*.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

As well as the captain could understand Waheatoua, the word marae meant a sacred enclosure or kind of temple or house for their idols. (See Appendix.)

Although the captain looked closely for traces of houses or buildings on the deserted pi-pis, yet he was not able to find any. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that the pi-pis were not erected by any of the immediate ancestors of the people of the valley, but were the remains of a long-forgotten race.

During their stay on the island, Jack had many instructive conversations with the captain, who himself learned considerable from Waheatoua; for Waheatoua spent most of his time with the white men who had saved his life.

One day, when the captain and Jack had been taking a walk through the valley, and were sitting in the shade of a large breadfruit tree that they had been examining, Jack turned to the captain and said:

“Have you any idea why it is that Otoa seemed more pleased with the gift of the spikes and nails than with either the hatchet or the printed calico? What do they do with the nails and spikes?”

“I think,” was the reply, “that depends on the character of the person receiving the gift. If warlike, he would probably use them for the heads of spears. If a fisherman, he would use them for the manufacture of fish-hooks; but for whatever purpose spikes or nails are employed by the people, I understand from my reading, that they are among the articles most highly prized by the savages.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"If these people put so high an estimate on fish-hooks," said Jack, "would it not be well for vessels visiting the island to bring the more highly finished European or American fish-hooks?"

"One would think so, Jack," replied the captain, "but I understand that, as a rule, the natives prefer hooks of their own make to those of European manufacture. The European fish-hooks are better tempered and have sharper points, but except for the taking of certain kinds of fish, the natives prefer the hooks they make for themselves. They work patiently with a wrought-iron nail by bending and hammering, sharpening and polishing, and by rubbing it against stones, until the desired shape and finish have been obtained."

"What do they do for fish-hooks when they cannot get any nails?" inquired Jack.

"They make excellent hooks either out of properly fashioned pieces of shells, or mother-of-pearl, or more frequently out of the little roots of the breadfruit tree. These are slender and variously curved, so that by properly selecting, cutting, or shaping them, they are able to make excellent hooks. Jack," continued the captain, "I remember reading a story about fish-hooks that I am sure will interest you."

"Let me hear it please, captain," said Jack.

"It is about a number of savages who, for the first time in their lives, had received presents of spikes and nails, some of which had been used and were therefore bent. Since both in color and shape the nails somewhat resembled the rootlets of the breadfruit tree,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

they believed they were the roots of an improved species of tree. After consultation, therefore, they determined to divide the spikes and nails into two parts, one of which they presented as a gift to their idols, and the other they carefully buried in the ground and watered, with the hope of being able to produce a new species of breadfruit tree whose roots were especially suitable for the manufacture of fish-hooks."

The story pleased Jack so much that he said to the captain:

"Now tell me, please, how they can make hooks out of shells."

"I'll tell you that with pleasure, Jack," he replied. "But, Jack, he continued smiling, "it is a more matter-of-fact story than the planting of the nails. The Polynesians employ two kinds of fish-hooks; towing-hooks, corresponding to our squid-hooks, and hooks like those we use on fishing-poles. The squid-hooks are made as follows: The shank is formed of a piece of mother-of-pearl, the pieces of shell selected for this purpose being those that are the glossiest and shine most brightly in the light. Hooks are attached to these pieces of shell, and back of them tufts of hair in such a manner as to cause them to resemble the tail of a fish. These hooks are tied to long lines that are thrown over the stern of their boats, just as you and Harold did when you were squidding in the waters of the North Pacific off the Aleutian Island Chain."

"Do they have any difficulty in catching fish in this way?" inquired Jack.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"I believe they are generally successful," replied the captain. "But let's ask Waheatoua. He's a great fisherman."

"Yes, Waheatoua catch many fish with *wittee-wittee* (the Polynesian word for a towing fish-line), but first watch birds. When birds see big lot fish and commence catching them, then Waheatoua takes his canoe and uses wittee-wittee, and catch heap fish."

"You understand, Jack," said the captain, "that when the birds see a shoal of fish they follow it. When the squid-lines are drawn through the water the pieces of shining mother-of-pearl shell on the shank of the hook resemble the silvery scales of the fish, so that the larger fish, which are in pursuit, bite at the hooks and are thus caught."

"I should think the birds would sometimes be hooked," said Jack.

Waheatoua, who heard the remark, smiled and said:

"Yes, catch birds sometimes. Not often. One day, Waheatoua caught big bird this way. Good to eat. Use feathers for headdress."

Living as they did in the valley, they had the opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the natives as regards the color of their skin, shape of the head, the hair, etc.

The Polynesians who inhabited Otoa's island were so nearly covered with tattooings that at first the captain and his companions, like Charley and Harold, believed them to be black men. Charley had, therefore, written in the note, sent by Rompey, that they had been

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

taken away by black men in a war canoe. A closer examination of the people, however, especially of the women and children, who were not so much tattooed, showed that the color of the skin was naturally a brown or yellowish-brown. One day, at Jack's special request, the captain commenced talking about some of the peculiarities of the race of men who inhabited Polynesia.

"To what race of men do the Polynesians belong?" inquired Jack of the captain.

"Do you know how many races of men there are, Jack?" inquired the captain.

"I remember studying at Eton, sir," was the reply, "that there are three principal races; namely, the white, or Caucasian; the black, or Negro race; and the yellow, or Mongolian. I was also taught that these races are believed to be the descendants of the three sons of Noah—Ham, Shem, and Japhet; that the Caucasians are the descendants of Shem; the Mongolians are the descendants of Japhet; and the Africans the descendants of Ham; that from these have arisen three secondary races. The Australian race, a modification of the African race; the Malay, or brown race; and the American Indian, or red race."

"That is right, Jack," said the captain. "When I went to school we were taught that there were five races of men namely, the Caucasian, or white; the Ethiopian, or black; the Mongolian, or yellow; the Malay, or brown; and the American Indian, or red race. The division of the human race into primary and secondary

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

racés as you were taught at Eton is, I believe, now more generally employed."

"Captain, do all the people of Polynesia belong to the Malay race?"

"I am not sure that I can answer your question, Jack," replied the captain. "When Captain Cook visited Polynesia, in 1769, during the first of his three famous voyages around the world, he came to the conclusion that there were two distinct races inhabiting this part of the world; namely, people resembling the Malays by their light brown or copper-colored skin, their bright glossy hair and countenances, and a people of a herculean frame, with black skin, woolly or crisp hair, descendants probably of the Negroes.

"Generally speaking, the Negroes and the Malays do not live together. Most of the Malay races inhabit the eastern part of Polynesia, and the Negro races the western part. The people of eastern Polynesia speak a language that, although comprising a number of distinct dialects, has evidently descended from a single race. It appears that the language of this part of Polynesia is of a much higher order than might have been expected of people so low in the grade of civilization. All this, however, Jack," added the captain, "would seem to show that the people of eastern Polynesia descended from a more powerful and highly cultivated race than its present inhabitants, as, indeed, the ruins of this valley would seem to prove."

As in the Island of Captivity, the liberality of nature in supplying the food products appeared to discourage

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

any marked habits of industry among the people. With the exception of a variety of vegetable cloth, known as tapa, and the building of war canoes, there were comparatively few industries.

There are three kinds of native cloth made in Polynesia. All these are made from the bark of different kinds of trees, the paper mulberry, the breadfruit tree, and the bark of a tree resembling the wild fig tree of the West Indies. The paper mulberry produces the finest cloth and, moreover, a cloth that is the most highly esteemed because it takes the dyestuffs with which the natives color it. The cloth made from the breadfruit tree comes next in point of excellence, being inferior in whiteness and softness. The cloth produced by the other tree is coarse and harsh, and of the color of dark brown paper. It possesses an advantage over the other cloths, however, in that instead of being pervious to moisture it is waterproof. For this reason the cloth produced either from the bark of the mulberry or the breadfruit tree is more suitable for clothing, since, by permitting the evaporation of moisture from the skin, it is much cooler than the impervious cloth.

In the Marquesas the paper mulberry is almost exclusively used in the manufacture of cloth, this tree receiving the name of *auti*, or cloth tree.

The process of manufacture is the same with all three trees. In the Marquesas Islands, the process is substantially as follows: The outer layers are separated from the young branches of the trees, wrapped in

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

leaves, and placed for a few days in running water. When, in this manner, the fibers have been sufficiently softened, the fine fibers of the inner coating of the branches are separated from the others and placed side by side, on a smooth board in fairly considerable lengths, until the bundles are a foot in breadth and two or three layers in thickness, care being taken that the pile is of equal thickness throughout. It is permitted to remain on the board for the next day, when most of the water it contains is either drained off or turned into vapor. The separate fibers are now found to adhere to one another, so that the entire piece of cloth can be raised from the board.

The strips are then removed and placed on the side of a long piece of wood and beaten by the women with a piece of hard wood. The four sides, or faces, of this wooden mallet are covered lengthwise with parallel grooves or furrows of gradually increasing fineness. The coarsest are wide and deep enough to receive a small piece of packthread, and the last about equal to the thickness of a piece of sewing silk. The coarsest sides of the mallet are employed first. The beating is performed by a number of women on the same piece of cloth, all of whom keep time with the strokes of the mallet. Under this beating the cloth spreads, mainly in breadth; the grooves giving to it the appearance of thread. It is only after it has been successively beaten by all four sides, ending with the side containing the finest groovings, that it is fit for use.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When made from the paper mulberry the cloth is white, but is increased in whiteness by being bleached in the air. Some of the tapa thus made is dyed various colors, yellow and red being those most frequently employed.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXI

BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE BLOWN AWAY MAROONED ON A SMALL ISLAND

THE taboo placed by Otoa on the boat had kept everything in it safe. The superstition of the people was so great that none dared even to come into its neighborhood. The captain had filled his water-barrels with fresh water, had taken on supplies of the fruits of the island, especially oranges, pineapples, bananas, and also a limited supply of fresh cocoanuts, since they still had plenty left of those they had brought from Harding Island.

They had now been on the island for nearly two full days. It may surprise some of my readers that the captain could have been willing to take up so much of his time in the search for the boys as the two days he had spent on the island; for, not knowing the character of many of the savages, he had reason to fear that they might have been killed and eaten. But as he had explained to Hiram and Jack, there were many advantages to be gained by spending a few days with Otoa's people. In the first place the people of the Marquesas, and the islands in their neighborhood, all speak practically the same language. It would be, therefore, of much advantage if, during their stay on the island,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

they could learn a few of the more important words of these people; moreover, a still greater advantage would be obtained by getting some idea of their customs and peculiarities; but, above all, he thought it would be advisable to remain for a short time on the island so that he might obtain before leaving as much information as possible concerning the relative positions of the different islands.

He had talked this matter over with Hiram and Jack before accepting Otoa's invitation to remain with him as long as they felt disposed. When he put the question to Hiram as to whether they had better go on the next day or remain a few days, Hiram replied:

"Wall, cap'n, I allow I'm wery anxious to git off so as to look fer the boys, yet I say stay here fer a few days. Ye see, there be so many islands in the Marquesas, and sence we don't know whar to look fer our boys, we hed better pick up what little information we kin before leaving. We sartinly don't know on which island these fellows landed. We don't even know whether they hev not gone on to some island still further off; fer they kin git over a sight of water in sech canoes as we saw from Harding Island. Even their small canoes hed six men paddling and six others to take their places, so as to keep the boat moving both night and day. Therefore, the more we larn about the islands in this here part of the world the better will ye be able to search fer them."

"And what do you think, Jack?" inquired the captain.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“While I am anxious to get off as soon as possible to continue looking for Harold and Charley,” replied Jack, “yet I think from what you and Hiram have said, that it is best to remain here a short time.”

Rompey greatly surprised them on reaching the island by immediately running from house to house, as if searching for his young masters. He finally disappeared completely, nor did they see him until the end of the second day, when he returned showing signs of great exhaustion. He had evidently been all over the valley in the hope of finding the missing boys, and had only returned when convinced they were not there. Probably the dog's absence had no little to do with their willingness to remain, since they were not only greatly attached to the animal, but were convinced that he would be of great aid in finding the boys. Moreover, they knew how greatly Charley and Harold were attached to Rompey, and were therefore loath to leave until he returned.

But besides the above there was still another reason for waiting. The short time Waheatoua had been with them showed the captain the great advantages that would be derived if they could persuade him to accompany them in their search for the boys. They had learned that Waheatoua spent most of his time in his canoe, made frequent visits to the different islands, and had acquaintances on nearly all of them. He hoped, therefore, that some opportunity might present itself which would help him to persuade Waheatoua to accompany them. This opportunity occurred

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

in the afternoon of the second day, when the captain and his two companions, who had been taking a walk in the valley with Waheatoua, were resting in the shade of a breadfruit tree asking and answering questions. Waheatoua suddenly changing the subject of conversation, turned to the captain and said:

“Why you come so many days in small boat to place where you took Waheatoua out of water? Lost your ship?”

“No, Waheatoua,” replied the captain. “We came to try to find two white boys who were carried away in a war canoe from an island on which we had been living.”

“Must like boys heap to come so far in boat for them.”

“Yes, Waheatoua,” was the reply, “we like those boys very much.”

“How long you keep looking for boys; suppose you don’t find them soon?” inquired Waheatoua.

The captain was careful to explain at length that they were so attached to the boys that they would continue looking for them even if it took many years.

“Don’t you think I can find them?” anxiously inquired the captain.

The encouragement received from the Polynesian was indeed very small.

“Heap islands over there,” replied Waheatoua, pointing in the direction of the Marquesas. “How you find where boys are? Can’t go over all islands. Take heap time.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"I know how hard it will be," said the captain, "especially as I have never been in this part of the world, nor can I speak with the people of the islands. But I shall keep on looking for the boys until I find them. I ought to find them if I look long enough. Ought I not?" he again inquired.

"Heap trouble to find them. You don't know different islands, or best way to find them."

"That's true," said the captain. "But I will do the best I can."

"Suppose Waheatoua go with you and help find boys. You like that? Waheatoua has lost his boat. Can no more go on the ocean. If Waheatoua go with you, maybe you will let him keep some of the fish and things he gets from the water to give them to his family."

"We would very much like to have you go with us, Waheatoua," replied the captain. "If you go we will help you provide for your people. You may keep all the fish you catch, and we will make you presents of spikes and nails from our boat which you can give to your people to help to keep them while you are away."

"Then Waheatoua will go with the white men and help them find boys. White men good friends of Waheatoua. But must first ask Otoa can I go with white men. If Otoa say Yes, Waheatoua will go. If he say No, Waheatoua cannot go. Must do what Otoa says."

"Then," said the captain, "let us go now and try to get Otoa to say Yes. If our dog comes back, we will start to-morrow. If he does not come back, we will

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

start the day after to-morrow. Are you ready to go with us?"

"Waheatoua go any time Otoa says Yes."

Waheatoua explained to Otoa that he had come at the request of the white men to ask permission to go help them look for two white boys who had been taken in a war canoe from an island very many days' journey toward the southwest; that since the white men had never been in this part of the ocean before, they wished Waheatoua to go with them so as to find the different islands and talk to the people for them.

In reply, Otoa entered into a long conversation with Waheatoua, during which it appeared to the captain that he did not at first wish to have him leave the island; that the latter was earnestly endeavoring to persuade him to give his consent. At last Waheatoua, turning to the captain said:

"Otoa sorry to have white men go away so soon. But better go soon, since sometimes people in these islands get hungry and eat prisoners. He says white men can't find islands, but Waheatoua know them all, and goes there two or three times between each summer and winter."

"Then," replied the captain, much pleased at what he had heard, "Otoa says you can go, does he?"

"Yes," replied the wily Polynesian, "if he sure Waheatoua get enough to keep his family while he gone."

"We will attend to that," replied the captain. "Say

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

to Otoa that white men are glad you can go, that they are great friends of Otoa, and ask what can they do for him when they visit some of these islands?"

When this was explained to the king he thanked them, and said that he had intended sending Waheatoua to carry some messages to certain of the islands; that he employed him for this purpose, but since the destruction of the boat he was looking for another messenger. He hoped, therefore, the white men would permit Waheatoua to carry these messages.

The captain thanked Otoa and asked him to come to their boat. He told him they had a few small presents for him, and wished also to give Waheatoua something for his family.

On reaching the boat the captain gave Waheatoua a number of presents, such as he thought would be of greatest value for exchange. To Otoa, himself, he gave, besides a number of spikes and nails, a splendid hatchet.

Otoa was so much pleased with these things that taking a dagger he always carried with him, the handle of which was beautifully carved, he presented it to the captain as an especial mark of his good feeling, saying through Waheatoua:

"Take Otoa's war dagger. Otoa has many friends among chiefs of the islands you will visit. Perhaps some day some of them will see this dagger and say: 'How you get that?' then you say, 'Otoa, my great friend, he give it me,' and then you and he will be friends."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Rompey had returned that afternoon and had gone and lain down in the boat, as if he had no more use for the island, and would remain in the boat until they went elsewhere. Somehow or other, he appeared to have reached the conclusion that they would soon leave, and intended to wait for them.

They left early the next morning accompanied by Waheatoua. As the boat was pushed off from the shore of the river Rompey began barking with delight, as if he knew that they were now going elsewhere to look for his young masters. Many of the people of the island, who had assembled to see them off, brought with them presents of fresh food.

Otoa accompanied them for several miles in his war canoe. Then bidding them farewell, he said:

“Maybe you see Otoa again some day in the islands that Waheatoua will show you.” He then turned back to the island, while boat No. 23 continued on its search for the boys.

The advantages of having a man like Waheatoua go with them were great. He had spent so much of his life in these parts of the ocean, that he was not only intimately acquainted with the best routes from island to island, but also knew the best places for using their squid-lines, and when it was best to throw them overboard and troll them after the boat. He knew too, the different sea-birds that they could frequently see flying in large flocks over their heads. While not knowing the difference between these birds, as a scientific man would have known, yet Waheatoua had the practical

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

knowledge that enabled him to divide them into two great classes; namely, in one class that he declared were: "Heap good to eat," and another class that were: "No good to eat."

"That bird," he said one day, pointing directly overhead, "heap good to eat. That one," pointing to another, "no good. Bad taste. Make Waheatoua sick," pointing to his stomach. "Suppose you kill good bird with make-thunder"—for the captain of course had his gun with him, an article that Waheatoua had often seen before—"then we cook bird and have plenty to eat."

Like many of those of the Polynesians who spend the greater part of their lives on the ocean, Waheatoua was deeply skilled in the signs of sky and water, by means of which he could predict coming changes in the weather. He was especially able, from an examination of the sky, to predict the quarter or direction from which the wind would probably next blow.

Waheatoua knew the direction in which to steer the boat by means of the sun by day, and the stars by night. He knew the principal stars by name and, moreover, the portions of the heavens in which they could be seen during different months of the year. And then too, from the position of the sun by day, or of the stars by night, he could manage to come fairly close to the hour of the day or night.

There was, however, one belief of Waheatoua that greatly amused the captain. He declared that the direction from which the wind would blow the next day

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

could be told from the peculiar changes he claimed he could detect in the curvature of The Milky Way. On several occasions his predictions came true, although, perhaps, in the majority of cases they failed. Wahea-toua, however, like many other weather prophets, was not at all disconcerted by failures; he was always ready with extended explanations of why it was in this case that his predictions had not been fulfilled.

“There surely can be nothing in this method of telling the weather, captain, can there?” inquired Jack.

“Of course not, Jack,” answered the captain laughing. “The Milky Way, as you know, is the name given to a peculiar appearance in the heavens, due to the almost innumerable stars or constellations that are scattered through certain portions of the realms of space. They are so far off that instead of appearing as separate stars, they give to the skies a hazy appearance that makes it look as if some one had been spilling milk over the blue vault of heaven.”

“Do you mean,” inquired Jack, “that the appearance of The Milky Way is caused in the same manner as that of *nebulæ*?”

“That’s exactly what I mean,” was the reply. “In The Milky Way, as in many of the *nebulæ*, though not in all of them, the whitish appearance is due to the stars being so far off that they cannot be seen separately by the unassisted eye, although, as is now generally believed, many of them are even larger than our sun.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Then," said Jack, "they must be very far off, and there must be very many of them."

"Very many of them, indeed," was the answer. "Jack," continued the captain, "take my glasses and look through them at different portions of The Milky Way."

Jack did this and, although the glasses were not intended to be employed as telescopes, yet owing to the size of the lenses, he was greatly surprised at the increase in the number of the stars that now became visible to him.

"I always knew, sir," he replied, "that there were many stars in the skies. I see now that their number is greater than I had supposed."

"Had you a large telescope to look through, Jack, you would find their number still more greatly increased," replied the captain. "There is no doubt," he continued, "that the stars that are too far off to be seen at all, greatly exceed in numbers those that are visible even through large telescopes."

"And I suppose," replied Jack, "that the number of these stars in the direction of The Milky Way is far greater than in other directions."

"Far greater," was the reply. "Sir William Herschel, the well-known English astronomer, made an estimate that in one portion of The Milky Way no less than one hundred and sixteen thousand stars passed through the field of his telescope in a quarter of an hour; for, of course, Jack, you know that the motion of the earth on its axis makes the stars as well as the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

sun to appear to rise in the east and set in the west. In another part of The Milky Way, the same astronomer estimated that two hundred and fifty-eight thousand stars passed across the field of his telescope in forty-one minutes. You can see, then, how very great must be the total number of stars in this part of the heavens."

"And I also see," replied Jack laughing, "that the direction of the wind could not possibly affect the position of the stars in The Milky Way."

"No," said the captain; "and yet it is just possible, though perhaps improbable, that currents produced in large masses of the air might cause the apparent position of the stars to somewhat change."

Hiram, who had been listening to the conversation while he was examining The Milky Way through the captain's glasses, now turned to the captain and said:

"I hev been a listening, sir, to what ye hev been yarning to Jack. Thar sartinly be many stars in this part of the sky. I would not hev believed it unless I seed it as I do now."

On the afternoon of the second day after leaving Otoa's island, Waheatoua, pointing to a peculiar appearance in the clouds in the southwest, said to the captain:

"Bad weather coming, no many hours off. Maybe be big storm. Guess we better take boat to small island near here. If big storm come boat may sink."

Hiram, who heard what Waheatoua said, turning to the captain remarked:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"I reckon he's right, cap'n. I hev been watching them clouds fur some time, fearing that wery bad weather was back of them. Better take the boat to the island."

The captain had the same opinion, so they changed the direction of the boat, and in a few hours they came to a small island. Unlike the larger islands of this part of the ocean, it was of the regular atoll shape, with a miniature lagoon in which a fairly high though rocky island could be seen. There was a good entrance through the reef to the lagoon, so that when Wahea-toua said that he knew this island well, and that there was a big cave on it, they took the boat through the passage into the lagoon and landed on the shore of the island. In order the better to protect the boat, they drew it some distance up the beach where they secured the anchor firmly in a crevice of a big rock.

Hiram was much pleased with what he thought to be the undoubted security of the boat.

"Thet'll hold, cap'n," he replied. "I reckon the rope will hev to break afore thet boat kin be moved."

They then started for the cave which was situated near the highest land of the island. It was a cave that had been formed in the limestone of the island, and was of the same general character as the limestone caves they had examined on Harding Island.

It was indeed fortunate that they were so near shelter and that they had reached the island, for shortly after entering the cave one of the most furious storms that Hiram had ever experienced began. It

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

was of the whirling or cyclonic type; the wind rapidly increased in velocity and soon formed huge waves in the ocean that swept completely over the lowest parts of the reef. Indeed, some of the waves entering the lagoon dashed against the coast with sufficient force to shake the island severely.

The storm was so severe that the captain attempted to go and examine the boat to see if it was safe, but the force of the wind was so great that they could only keep their feet while crawling. They therefore gave up the attempt, and again sought the shelter of the cave. The storm continued for two whole days. They were anxious days, for despite the manner in which they had secured the anchor, the wind was so furious that they feared the boat might be blown bodily from the island into the ocean.

At last the storm was over. Anxiously reaching the place where they had secured the boat they found their forebodings correct. The boat had disappeared. The anchor still remained wedged in between the rocks, but the wind had been so strong as to snap off the strong rope where it had been secured to the anchor.

It was a terrible misfortune. Here they were marooned on a small island without any means for leaving it. All their supplies had been carried away with the boat. It required a great effort to bear up under this misfortune. Although they searched the island over and over, examining every part of the coast during the next two weeks, yet they were unable to find any traces of the missing boat. It had completely disappeared.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXII

A CHANCE VISITOR TO THE ISLAND GREATLY SURPRISES THE CAPTAIN

THEY were now not only marooned on an island, but on the isolated island in the lagoon. Their boat had gone, and they had no means for reaching the coral reef of the island, which was at a distance of nearly the fifth of a mile.

The heavy winds had blown down and broken several screw-pines, and stripped them of their branches. Selecting a few of the trunks, after considerable work, they succeeded in rolling them down to the shore of the island when, under the direction of Waheatoua and Hiram, who was as skilful as Waheatoua at this work, they finally fastened them together with a number of trailing vines, and thus formed a raft by means of which they were able to reach the coral reef, employing for this purpose long bamboos as pushing poles.

It was a clumsy contrivance, especially since, when they reached the deeper water of the lagoon, they were unable to employ their bamboo poles. But when Waheatoua and Hiram, by their combined ingenuity, roughly split the logs of one of the screw-pines into boards and fashioned them into paddles, by the aid of the captain and Jack's pocket-knives, they managed to pass between the reef and the island.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

What made their position all the worse was the fact that there was too little wood on the island with which to build a boat, even if they had tools for the purpose. Nor did they get much encouragement from Waheatoua, who informed them laconically:

“Heap bad. Must stay here. Maybe, if canoe pass, and we make signs, it come take us off. If not, we stay here a long time. Maybe always.”

“We’ll make the best of it,” said the captain. “So let us carefully examine the island so as to see what food and water we can get here.”

Fortunately, they were able to find a fair abundance of fresh water which, however, had been made slightly brackish by the high tides. A small stream, however, on the slopes of the high island in the lagoon gave them sufficient water until the brackishness of the lower springs disappeared. The vegetable products of the island were limited to a few cocoanuts and screw-pines, such as they had already seen on Harding Island.

Had it not been for the food they were able to obtain from the waters of the ocean, especially from those of the lagoon, they would have fared poorly.

The aid Waheatoua could give them now became more and more apparent. In their present condition the difference between the white and the brown people, or between the civilized and uncivilized races, became smaller and smaller. Indeed, Waheatoua was better able to obtain food for the party than were any of the others. He made fishing-lines from the fibers of the cocoanut palms, and fashioning rude but effective fish-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

ing-hooks from the roots of trees, they were able to keep themselves supplied with fish. He also ingeniously fashioned spears from some of the bamboo canes growing on the island in the lagoon, and tipping them with sharp fragments of shells or stones, was able to spear some of the larger fish of the lagoon when they came near the shore, as he induced them to do by throwing into the water the entrails of the fish they had caught.

There were two sources of food that proved of great value. One of these was the great robber crabs—the land crabs they had met with on Harding Island. When Waheatoua first discovered one of these animals he was greatly pleased.

“Plenty to eat,” he said grinning. And kindling a fire he soon had the huge animal roasting in the embers. The meat was delicious, and the blue fat of the huge tail possessed a taste not unlike that of butter. As Waheatoua informed them, the oil obtained by melting this fat was an excellent remedy for rheumatism.

But it was the great turtles that came to the beach of the lagoon island to lay their eggs that furnished the best food. Not only did they obtain great numbers of the eggs the animals deposited in shallow holes in the sand, but they had no difficulty in capturing the huge animals themselves. It was only necessary to turn them on their backs to prevent them from escaping. Their meat as well as their eggs formed highly nutritious food. Since it was then the breeding season, this latter variety of food was large.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Though very unhappy at being thus obliged to leave their dear boys with their savage captors, they sensibly determined to follow the captain's advice and make the best of their surroundings. They began, therefore, to fix up their cave so as to make it more habitable. This was a work that especially appealed to Hiram. The ingenious contrivances he was able to devise for their comfort in the cave were greatly admired by Waheatoua, so that during the many months they were on the island they greatly increased the comfort of their abode. Their cave extended a far greater distance underground than Waheatoua had supposed. Their experience in the limestone grottoes of Harding Island had led the captain and Jack to make an extended exploration that had resulted not only in the discovery of a much larger and better situated cave, but one, moreover, that possessed the advantage of a stream of excellent drinking-water only at a short distance from the part they had selected for their sleeping and living-room.

Probably Rompey was far less satisfied than the captain or any of his companions. The poor animal continued his search for the boat long after his human friends had abandoned it. He never appeared to give up hope, however, and spent much of his time in watching the ocean.

One day, while all four were fishing in the waters of the ocean off the reef, with Rompey as usual closely scanning the ocean, they were surprised by the dog suddenly beginning to bark. Waheatoua quicker than the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

others, looked in the direction indicated by Rompey, and exclaimed excitedly:

“Canoe coming. Light fire, make canoe see us.”

They had collected a pile of cocoanut husks, pieces of broken screw-pine, and chips of wood, with the idea of firing should they be so fortunate as to see a passing canoe or ship. Quickly setting it on fire, as soon as it began to blaze they raised a column of smoke by throwing small quantities of water on it. In this way they succeeded in attracting the attention of the canoe. The captain, who was looking at it with his glasses, was able at last to give his companions the following information:

“It is a canoe paddled by one man, and is coming this way.”

“Waheatoua,” he continued, “it is shaped like your canoe. Take the glasses and look.”

“Waheatoua thinks he knows canoe. Soon be sure.” And continuing to watch the approaching boat, he at last handed the glasses to the captain and said: “Me know man. Named Kapiau. Lives on Otoa’s island. Great friend of Waheatoua.”

The approach of the canoe so greatly excited the white people that they began shaking one another’s hand, and this being insufficient to satisfy Hiram, he gave vent to his enthusiasm by executing a hornpipe or dance on the shore. Waheatoua simply grinned and said:

“White men heap glad canoe come. Waheatoua heap glad too.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

By this time the canoe had landed, and Kapiiau, leaving his boat, approached Waheatoua and expressing his joy at seeing him, commenced rubbing his nose against that of his friend. The two men then entered into a long conversation which was translated by Waheatoua as follows:

“Kapiiau says he saw you leave Otoa’s island many moons ago. But Kapiiau knows why you here. You lose boat.”

“Ask him how he knows that, Waheatoua?” exclaimed the captain.

After considerable talking, Waheatoua turned to the captain and said:

“Kapiiau say he see boat one day from here over there,” pointing to the northwest. “Boat alle right, floating in water of sunken island.”

“But why didn’t he take the boat?” exclaimed the captain.

“Otoa make boat taboo. Kapiiau afraid to touch it.” Waheatoua then again turned to his friend, and after a long and earnest conversation at last succeeded apparently in obtaining a reluctant consent to something he wished Kapiiau to do. At last, Waheatoua, turning to the captain, said:

“Waheatoua and Kapiiau afraid to touch boat, cause boat taboo. Maybe taboo not hurt us to touch it now, you think?” he asked of the captain.

“No,” replied the captain, “it’s all right now. See,” he said, displaying the dagger with the carved handle which Otoa had given him, “Otoa white man’s

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

friend," and then holding the dagger before the men: "Otoa say get boat. Taboo no hurt. I will go with you."

"No room in canoe for three. Waheatoua go with Kapiiau."

Saying this, Waheatoua accompanied by his friend ran toward Kapiiau's canoe, put it in the water, and were already at some distance from the island before the captain and his companions had a clear notion of what they were doing.

As if to assure the captain, Waheatoua called out while the canoe was speeding away from the island:

"Waheatoua still white man's friend. He come back soon with boat."

This behavior greatly incensed Hiram.

"The varmint hez gone back on us, captain, I think. Ye can't trust these fellows. I reckon thet even ef he calc'lates now to come back he may change his mind afore long."

"I think not, Hiram," was the reply. "I hope not, anyhow."

Fortunately the captain was correct. After being absent a day and a half, Waheatoua and his companion were seen approaching the island with boat No. 23 towing back of their canoe.

They found the boat in good condition, except that all their fruit and other perishable products had rotted. Their guns, pistols, and Hiram's saber were considerably rusted, but the canned goods, the presents they had brought for distribution among the savages,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

and their supply of powder were but little injured. The water supply too was in good condition, but this did not trouble them, since they had now an abundance of fresh water in the limestone cave.

It is needless to say that on their return the two men were warmly greeted by the captain and his friends. As soon as a thorough examination had been made of the boat, Waheatoua said excitedly to the captain:

“Kapiau say he been to Marquesas Islands. He hear people talk about two white boys taken there by a great chief, Mahinee, in war canoe. How old boys you looking for?” continued Waheatoua.

This question greatly excited them. The captain at once questioned Waheatoua as follows:

“Say to Kapiau, white man asks why you ask the age of the white boys.”

“Kapiau says,” exclaimed Waheatoua to the captain, “that two white boys he hear about not so old or tall as this one,” pointing to Jack.

“What has he told you about these boys, Waheatoua?” anxiously inquired the captain.

“Kapiau says he hear much talk about white boys. White boys great magicians. Big white priests.”

“They must be Charley and Harold, captain,” said Jack anxiously. “Don’t you think so?”

“I do,” was the reply; “but let me question Waheatoua further. Ask Kapiau if he heard the names of the white boys,” inquired the captain.

Waheatoua put this question to his friend and receiving the reply, said:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Kapiau say white boys called Charleyo Mahinee and Harealdo Mahinee."

"Hurrah!" cried Jack. "They're our boys. They must be our boys. I imagine that Charleyo and Harealdo were the nearest the savages could come to pronouncing our boys' names."

"But," inquired Hiram, "how did they come to tack Mahinee onto them names?"

"Don't you remember, Hiram," exclaimed Jack in astonishment, "that Mahinee was the name of the chief who brought the boys captives to the island. Captain," he continued anxiously, "please ask Waheatoua if he heard the direction of the island from which Mahinee obtained these boys."

"I will, Jack," said the captain, "and I will also endeavor to ascertain the number of canoes Mahinee took with him." On asking this question and receiving the answer from Kapiau, Waheatoua pointed in the direction of Harding Island and said:

"Me hear Mahinee went with one, and one, and one, and one war canoes, and a big war canoe, and brought the boys from an island many days in that direction," pointing toward the southwest.

"Did you hear, Waheatoua," inquired the captain excitedly, "how many warriors were in Mahinee's canoes?"

"Kapiau tell me," said Waheatoua, "that Mahinee, great chief, take heap warriors with him." He then continued to tell them in his imperfect English the number of men in each of the smaller canoes and in the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

large canoe. As far as they could understand it was exactly the number they had counted through the glasses from the edge of Parker Cliffs, on Harding Island, when all the canoes had come together. There were twelve men in each of the small canoes, and twenty-four in the large canoe.

If Waheatoua and his friend had occasion for surprise at the conduct of the white men, and particularly of Hiram, when they returned to the island with boat No. 23, they had still greater reason for being astonished at what happened when it became practically certain they had at last located their dear boys. Now, not only Hiram began to dance madly on the beach, but Jack, and even the captain, joined in, and not satisfied with repeatedly shaking one another's hand, they gave cheer after cheer.

Waheatoua and his friend again grinned, Waheatoua remarking:

"White men big heap glad. Dance war dance. Glad you find white boys. Waheatoua and Kapiiau heap glad too."

"It's all plain now," said the captain to his companions. "Everything agrees with what we already knew. You remember how the appearance of Charley's and Harold's faces, as we saw them in the canoe when near Harding Island, led us to the conclusion that the lads had succeeded in gaining the good-will of their captors, as their note by Rompey said they intended trying to do. And this not only with the chief of the party in the canoe that captured them, but also with the chief

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

of the expedition whose name we now hear is Mahinee. We saw the two boys get into Mahinee's canoe, as we are now almost certain on the invitation of the chief. We now learn that the name of Mahinee has been added to their name. Does not this mean," said the captain continuing, turning to Waheatoua, "that the two boys have been adopted into Mahinee's family?"

"Yes," replied Waheatoua, "Charleyo Mahinee and Harealdo Mahinee now Mahinee's half-sons."

"Ask Kapiau," said the captain to Waheatoua, "whether Mahinee and his people are kind to the boys."

On putting this question to his friend, Waheatoua replied to the captain:

"Kapiau hear that Kooloo, Mahinee's son, great friend of white boys. With them alle time."

"Then," inquired the captain in the same way, "you think the white boys are safe with Mahinee?"

"White boys heap safe," was the reply. "They now taboo; great taboo. No one dare hurt them."

The two men entered into a long conversation. Kapiau was evidently endeavoring to persuade Waheatoua to ask the captain some questions.

"What does Kapiau want to know?" asked the captain of Waheatoua.

"Kapiau say may he go with you in his canoe to Mahinee's island?"

"Tell him," said the captain, "that we will be pleased to have him go."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Arrangements were soon made for leaving the island. They washed out and refilled their water-casks, loaded up the canoe with cocoanuts and what other food products they could obtain, and started off for the Island of Captivity, or Mahinee's island; not, however, before they made the heart of Kapiou glad by liberal presents, especially of wrought-iron spikes and nails. It is unnecessary to say that from the time of the arrival of boat No. 23, Rompey showed great delight, and took up his abode in the boat as though he feared it might get off without him.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXIII

CAPTIVES IN THE WESTERN VALLEY

BUT let us return for a while to the Western Valley of the Island of Captivity. The news of the return of the expedition, as well as of their but partial success, had spread so rapidly that when the warriors reached the village in the lower part of the valley, they were met by a crowd of angry people, who at once began heaping reproaches on them. The number of Mahinee's men on the mountain was so small that all had confidently expected their warriors would take the entire party captives. At last, they said to themselves, we will be avenged on the great warrior Mahinee, who has so often beaten us. But when, instead of this, they learned that the expedition had returned with only three captives, and two of them mere boys, they shouted in derision. They were angry and took no pains to conceal it. On the contrary, they ran toward the prisoners threatening to kill them. Seeing this, as soon as the people approached to lay their hands on them, the leader of the party cried out in great alarm, "Taboo, taboo."

The people drew back in alarm at those dreaded words. Taking advantage of this, the leader hurried his prisoners toward the king's house lower down in the valley.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"People much angry because their warriors bring only three prisoners, two dead bodies, and no spoils," said Marbonna to Charley, seeing the bad feeling of the people. "Maybe they kill and eat us. But again maybe not, because of great taboo."

"It looks bad," said Charley. "Can we do anything?" he inquired of Marbonna.

"Not now," was the reply. "Perhaps after a while Charleyo will show the king and his priests big magic to scare them. Now people too angry. Must wait."

The prisoners were soon brought before Arahū, the king, who stood outside his house, talking with some of his priests. The king was a ferocious-looking man, fully six and a half feet in height, and of unusual strength. His face was closely covered with tattooings, arranged so as to give him an extremely cruel and ferocious appearance. Not that he needed tattooing for this purpose. Nature had already clearly stamped his character on his face. It needed nothing to increase its cruel appearance. During the entire time he had been with the savages on the Island of Captivity, Charley had never before seen such an awful face.

Arahū carried in his right hand a huge spear, the handle of which was carved with curious faces. But the most conspicuous thing about him was something intended as an ornament; this was a carved piece of wood that had been stuck in a hole through the cartilage between the two nostrils. It was of sufficient length to reach entirely across his face from ear to

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

ear. He must have suffered no little by reason of that ornament. It so nearly closed his nostrils as to compel him to breathe through the open mouth. But kings must not object to such trifling inconveniences. The ornament he firmly believed increased his natural beauty. He would, therefore, continue wearing it.

As the captives were led before him, Arahū, seeing that Charley's hands were not bound, pointed angrily at them and said something to the leader of the warriors, asking why this had not been attended to, and then apparently gave orders to have Charley's hands bound like the other captives. When one of the king's men approached Charley for this purpose, the leader explained in an excited manner why this had not been done. He assured the king that the young white lad was great taboo. The king did not appear to be much impressed with this statement, and was apparently about again commanding Charley's hands to be bound, when one of the priests, turning to the king, said something to him in a low but earnest tone, and Charley's hands remained unbound.

"Stay with us," said Marbonna in a low tone. "Charleyo safer with king and priests than with people."

"People much angry," said Kooloo. "Would kill Charleyo but priest say No."

Arahū now began speaking in a loud and angry tone to the leader of the expedition against Mahinee's men. As he was talking, Marbonna, in a low tone, told Charley what he was saying.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“King say to chief, Why you no take all people we saw on the mountain? Not many, yet you only take three captives. Heap bad.”

The leader, wishing to show the king that his men had done something, now commanded that the dead bodies of Mahinee's warriors be shown to the king. It evidently pleased him that some of the men of Mahinee, his great enemy, had been slain. Now, he and some of his warriors could eat them.

After a short conversation with the high priest, the king began an address to the people in which he told them that the news brought them of the failure of his men were not true. They had routed Mahinee's men, and had brought some of the dead bodies, so that they could now have a feast. The address had a great effect on the people, who shouted with delight and crowded around the king and the priests, asking that they might be present when the feast took place.

Arrangements were soon made, and commanding some of his warriors to bring the dead bodies, the king, priests, and his warriors led the way at a rapid gait, followed by a great crowd of men, women, and children.

They stopped, about a half a mile from the king's house, near a large branch stream that emptied into the river from the eastern side of the valley; that is, from the side next to the valley of Mahinee. Here, as Charley afterward learned, was the *Hoola-hoola* or holy ground. Before actually reaching this place, the greater part of the people stopped on account of a great

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

taboo that had been placed on the ground. They dared go no farther.

The Hoola-hoola ground was an elevated piece of land located in the neighborhood of a huge pi-pi, that was much larger than any that Charley had seen in the Eastern Valley. This pi-pi was almost completely covered with huge trees, in which respect it resembled some of the pi-pis they had seen in Mahinee's valley. The stones of which it was built were however much larger than those employed in the pi-pis of Mahinee's valley, and were, moreover, fitted more closely together.

The Hoola-hoola ground was a sacred place where sacrifices were offered. On reaching it they at once commenced the kindling of fires, on which the dead bodies of Mahinee's warriors were placed. Before long the foul smell of burning flesh could be detected, and soon pieces of the dead bodies were distributed among the men. While this was going on the men began a drunken orgy.

For some reason that Charley and his companions could not then understand, the priests wished, at least for the time-being, to protect them from the people. Fearing that in their drunken fury some of them would be killed, they sent them to their House of the Idols on the pi-pi. This building was of the same type as the priests' house in Mahinee's valley. Here they were left in charge of some of the priests who were charged to guard them at the peril of their lives.

Being now free to talk with one another, Charley at

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

once entered into a long conversation with Kooloo and Marbonna, in order to see if some plan could not be formed for escaping. Remembering the lava cave he and Harold had discovered near the summit of the volcanic mountain at the head of Mahinee's valley, Charley thought that if they could only manage to reach that cave they might readily hide in it until Mahinee, getting his men together, would come to their aid. He therefore urged them to attempt to escape with him, but did not then say anything about the cave. Both Kooloo and Marbonna were opposed to any attempt to escape, at least for the time-being.

"People too angry now," said Marbonna. "Crazy drunk. Maybe try to escape after while. Not now."

There was one thing Charley had been puzzling over at great length. It was evident that the priests were their friends; that had it not been for their interference they would have been killed long ago. He was therefore anxious to know if Marbonna could tell him the reason for this action of the priests.

"Marbonna not know," was the reply. "Maybe because they want to keep us for sacrifices. Maybe afraid of great taboo. Maybe wish to have the great white priest serve in the House of the Idols."

"Kooloo," inquired Charley, "do you think the king would kill you if he knew you were Mahinee's only son?"

"Kooloo hope king don't know. Think king would kill Kooloo if he knew."

"But why should he kill you?" inquired Charley.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Cause it would make Mahinee heap sorry," was the reply.

"Do you think Kooloo is right, Marbonna?" inquired Charley.

"Almost certain the king would kill Kooloo. But we won't let him know Kooloo is Mahinee's son," was the reply.

"Then," said Charley, "I suppose if the king knew that my name was Charleyo Mahinee he would also kill and eat me."

"Yes," cried both Marbonna and Kooloo, "but we no tell him." And then Marbonna added, turning to Charley:

"You only Charleyo; and you," turning to Kooloo, "only Kooloo."

But thinking that Charley would be greatly frightened at the thought of being killed and eaten, Marbonna turned to him and said:

"Marbonna think Charleyo not be killed. Priests afraid of Charleyo's magic."

"Yes," added Kooloo. "Maybe eat Kooloo and Marbonna, but not Charleyo."

The information Charley thus obtained was not satisfactory. He saw it was necessary that they try to discover what was to be done with them. If it was certain they were to be killed, they would of course be warranted in taking any risks in trying to escape. If not, it would be better to wait for a good opportunity. Thinking it would be well for Marbonna and Kooloo to know that if they could manage to reach the lava

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

cave near the top of Mahinee's valley they would be safe, he turned to his companions and said :

“ Charleyo knows a fine place to hide in if we can reach the top of the mountain.”

“ Where? ” inquired both his hearers. “ No place on top of mountain! We there many times, but see no place to hide in. Charleyo says he knows fine place? ”

“ Yes,” was the reply. “ Charleyo found good hiding-place.” He then gave them a description of the lava cave, explaining how it extended a great distance below the ground; that it was difficult to find its entrance, and that if they could only succeed in reaching it they ought to be able to hide there until they could see the great chief Mahinee and his warriors coming to punish the people of the Western Valley.

Charley's description of the size of the cave, and the character of its entrance greatly pleased Kooloo and Marbonna, especially when Charley explained to them that there was an abundant supply of good drinking-water in the cave itself.

“ Take food to cave. Live there heap time till Mahinee come,” exclaimed Marbonna.

“ Good place to hide,” exclaimed Kooloo. “ Maybe after while we get chance we run away and hide there.”

But while both his companions were aware of the chance the cave offered as a temporary hiding-place, they did not see how it would be possible to reach it just then. The priests with whom they had been left in charge were keeping a careful watch. They knew they would be killed if the prisoners escaped.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

It was now Charley's turn to encourage his friends. He again called their attention to the fact that Mahinee had of course heard that his son had been taken prisoner and carried into captivity to the Western Valley; and since, moreover, he knew that the king of that valley was a wicked man who would probably kill and eat them, he would, of course, get his warriors together quickly and come and release them; that perhaps he was even then on his way for this purpose; that the distance between the cave and the Western Valley was not great, so that if they could only manage during the night to reach the cave they would be safe from their enemies.

Marbonna and Kooloo listened carefully to what Charley said to them, when Kooloo told Charley something that greatly discouraged him. It was that the day before their capture he had received a message from his father saying that he was going with his five canoes and warriors on a visit to a neighboring island, and would not return for five or six days. They could not count, therefore, on any aid from Mahinee until at least that time.

"Then," said Charley, "it is all the more necessary that we keep on the lookout for means of escaping. If Mahinee cannot help us we must help ourselves."

The orgies of Arahua and his warriors continued through the night and even into the early hours of the morning. The captives would not therefore again be taken before the king and his chiefs for some time.

As it is with white people it is, perhaps, even more

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

so with savages, one feels worse after a debauch than before. As was therefore to be expected, the temper of the king and his warriors had not been improved by what they had been doing during the night.

When the prisoners reached the royal presence it was evident that there was still a difference of opinion between the king and the priests as to what should be done with them. The king demanded that they should be killed so as to permit another cannibal feast. His warriors were of the same opinion. The priests, however, were determined, at least for the time-being, that the lives of the prisoners should be spared. During the night they had heard still further particulars concerning the wonderful magic of the young white lad, and had now concluded to have him serve in their public worship. If the young white man could make some of the wonderful things happen at their House of the Idols it would strengthen their influence with the people, and would thus greatly increase the value of the gifts brought to the temple. The priests argued this with the king, and had at last obtained from him a reluctant assent, when something happened that completely turned the scale against the prisoners.

So far Arahū believed that Kooloo was merely one of the young lads of Mahinee's valley, and that Charleyo was only a white lad from the same place. It appeared, however, that one of the king's men knew that Kooloo was the only son of the great chief, Mahinee, and that Charleyo was the adopted son of the same king, and was named Charleyo Mahinee.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When Arahū learned what distinguished prisoners he had before him, he was more determined than ever to have both of them killed and eaten. He knew that by doing this he could greatly avenge himself and his people for the many times they had been defeated by Mahinee. An opportunity for vengeance was now offered that might never again present itself. Mahinee would be deeply afflicted not only by the death of the two boys, but especially by the thought that they could never be happy after death; for the savage people believed that being eaten by their enemies would prevent them from entering the happy land to which all good Polynesians go when they die.

To make matters still worse, it seemed that most of the priests agreed with the king. As soon as they heard that both Kooloo and Charleyo were of the king's household they determined that the two boys, together with the other prisoner, should be offered up in sacrifice to their gods, and they began to demand that this plan be followed.

A few of the priests, however, continued to oppose this action. Fortunately, among these was the high or great priest, as well as the priest next in authority to him. The chief priest at once commenced an address to the king, the warriors, and the priests who were opposed to saving the lives of the prisoners. He said that he was willing the prisoners be offered as a sacrifice if the gods so wished. He assured them, however, that he had received a communication from their gods that they should be careful what they did to the prison-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

ers. He had asked the gods whether they wished the prisoners sacrificed, and they had promised to give him a definite reply in a day or two. He, therefore, demanded that the prisoners should be placed in the care of the priests for at least two days, until the gods finally determined what was to be done with them. The king hesitated, for his mind had been set on the sacrifice of the prisoners.

Fortunately this uncertainty of the king was at last removed by the action of the priest that was next in authority to the high priest. Charley had noticed that from the very first this man was opposed to any injury being done to them. Thus far he had contented himself with listening to what was said by the others. Now, however, he began a long and impassioned address to the king and his warriors, and especially to those of the priests who had gone over to the king. He declared he had heard himself from all their gods that the prisoners were taboo. That the young white lad was taboo-taboo, or the very great taboo. That the gods had declared to him again and again that should any injury befall the prisoners, especially the white lad, they would bring awful punishment on the people. He urged, therefore, that nothing should be done until the gods themselves had been heard from. That a day should be appointed, the day after the morrow, when, in the presence of the king, his warriors, the priests, and all the people, the gods should be questioned as to what they wished done with the prisoners.

This eloquent address impressed both the king, his

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

warriors, and the rest of the people to such an extent that it was agreed that this should be done.

The high priest was greatly pleased at the result thus gained and, turning to the people, said:

“What Miconareo says is true.” (Miconareo, they afterward learned, was the name given to the priest whose impassioned address had carried the day in their favor.) “Not only have the gods told me, but you see they also told him that the three prisoners are taboo-taboo, especially the young white prisoner. If the other priests think they know better, let them ask the gods the day after to-morrow what they wish. I am willing there should be a sacrifice if the gods wish it, but if they do not wish it, which of you will dare to act against their commands?”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXIV

MICONAREO AND CHARLEY

As we have already seen, on many occasions, Charley had shown that he was a shrewd observer. He had carefully watched Miconareo as he made his impassioned speech to the king, his warriors, the priests, and especially to the high priest. Although he spoke fluently, never seeming to be at a loss for the proper word, yet there was something about his speech that gave Charley the impression that the man was not employing the language he had employed for the greater part of his life, but one he had mastered in after life. Then too, the general shape of the man's head, the shape of his eyes, and the character of his hair differed markedly from those of the men around him. Indeed, Charley found himself making a careful examination of the man's skin as if he expected to find in it a marked difference from that of the savages. But here he was disappointed. As far as he could see, except that it was a lighter shade of brown, it presented the same dark or almost black color as did the skins of the savages. This, as he knew, might have been due to the tattooings that not only entirely covered the man's body, but also all of his face, neck, and even a considerable portion of his head that had been purposely shaved.

As Charley watched Miconareo he soon made

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

another discovery. Miconareo was watching him almost as intently as he was watching Miconareo. He appeared, however, to do his watching covertly, as if afraid the king, his warriors, and the priests would detect him. At last Miconareo finished speaking, and had, as we have already seen, succeeded in having the matter of the sacrifice left to a decision to be reached by the gods on the next day but one.

When Arahū in answer to the demand of the high priest turned the prisoners over to his care, accompanied by the priests, they were taken back to the house in which they had spent the first night of their captivity, where they were again left in charge of the same priests who had then watched over them.

As soon as they were alone, Charley turned to Marbonna and said:

"I suppose, Marbonna, we will be safe until at least the day after to-morrow. Neither the king nor his warriors will dare to touch us now. Am I not right?"

"All right till day after to-morrow," replied Marbonna. And then turning to Charley he inquired in an anxious tone: "Perhaps to-morrow in the House of the Idols the gods will speak and say that the three prisoners must not be hurt because they are taboo-taboo."

"They very probably will, Marbonna," said Charley. "Do you think everything will be right if they did?"

"If Charleyo show the priests and the people some great magic then the priests will not let any one hurt

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Charleyo or Kooloo or Marbonna, because fear of taboo-taboo."

"You think gods will speak, Charleyo?" inquired Kooloo anxiously.

"I hope they will speak, Kooloo, and speak so as to keep the people from killing and eating us," was the reply.

They sat talking together for more than an hour, when one of the priests came into the room and said something to Marbonna who, turning to Charley, said:

"High priest and Miconareo want to speak to Charleyo. Go to him, Charleyo."

"Won't you and Kooloo come along?" inquired Charley.

"No, priest say only Charleyo come, not others. Better go. High priest and Miconareo our good friends."

"All right," said Charley, "I'll go and hope to come back soon with some good news."

The priest led Charley to the House of the Idols where he was taken before the high priest, Miconareo, and two others of those priests who had sided with them in their opposition to killing the prisoners.

As soon as Charley entered the house the high priest began to talk to him, asking questions as to what had happened in the House of the Idols in Mahinee's valley. By this time Charley had become sufficiently acquainted with the language of the Polynesians to understand fairly well what was asked him. But while he could understand the priest's questions, it was more dif-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

ficult to give the desired information. There is a great difference between being able by understanding a word here and there, to gain the general import of a conversation, and being able to employ the proper words of that language that are necessary for giving the answers. However, Charley did his best, and when he had any difficulty he was able, by means of the pad of drawing paper and a lead pencil to convey his answers to the high priest and Miconareo, both of whom appeared greatly pleased at the ease with which he was able to express himself by the use of the proper Polynesian word here and there, backed up as they were by his sketches.

The high priest showed Charley the idols, and said, as well as Charley could understand, that the day after to-morrow would determine whether he and his friends should be offered in sacrifice to the gods, or whether their lives should be spared on condition that they would serve in their House of the Idols. That perhaps the gods might say they should not be sacrificed because they were great taboo. If they should say this then everything would be right. If they should not say it, then nothing could prevent Charley and his friends from being sacrificed.

It was evident, however, that what the high priest was endeavoring to discover was whether Charley thought there was any chance or probability of the gods speaking out loud as they did in Mahinee's valley. Understanding now that they wished this to occur, Charley replied:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Perhaps the gods might give an answer now if the priest should ask the question. And even if they did answer it would not prevent their giving an answer on the great day when all the people came to hear them.”

Miconareo, who during all this time had said nothing, now gave Charley a look as if he was greatly pleased with his answer. Turning to the high priest, he then began speaking to him in Polynesian, and requested the priest to ask their principal god whether it was his wish that the three prisoners should be sacrificed or if he wished that their lives should be spared, so that they could serve in their temple. He even suggested the form in which this question should be put:

“Ask the god,” he said, “‘Do you wish the lives of the prisoners to be spared?’”

The particular idol which Miconareo had referred to as their principal idol was about eight feet in height. It consisted of wood carved so as to represent a huge man with a stern, forbidding countenance. Unlike the idols Charley had seen in the House of the Idols in Mahinee’s valley, it was not formed of a solid log of wood, but was hollow, the priests being in the habit of placing recently carved idols inside its body so that they might, as it were, be endowed with its supernatural powers.

The high priest, addressing the god by its name, now inquired in a loud voice:

“Do you wish that the lives of the three prisoners taken from Mahinee shall be spared? Speak out loud that your priests may know what you wish done.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Charley now made another use of his great powers of ventriloquism, so that when the high priest who, when he had finished asking the question, held his ear near the mouth of the idol, believed that he heard it speak distinctly the words:

“Aa, Aa. Charleyo Mahinee taboo-taboo. Kooloo Mahinee taboo-taboo. Marbonna taboo-taboo. Taboo-taboo.”

The fact that the idol was hollow greatly added to the deception; for the air contained in its body was set into intense vibrations by Charley's voice. The words seemed to come directly from the lips of the idol, that up to this time had been quite dumb except in the imagination of the priests.

Although while he was holding his ear near the idol's mouth the high priest kept his eyes on Charley, he was unable to detect any motion of Charley's lips that might have made him suspect that it was Charley who was doing the talking. Nor, indeed, could Miconareo, who stood quite near to Charley, detect that he was talking, although he seemed to suspect it.

When this astonishing result was achieved, the high priest, turning to Miconareo, said something that as well as Charley could understand meant that there could now be no doubt as to what the gods wanted, and that if they would speak this way on the day of the trial there could be no doubt that the prisoners' lives would be spared. He then turned to Miconareo and said:

“Wait here with the white lad. I will be back in a

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

few minutes," and motioning all the priests, except Miconareo to follow him, Miconareo and Charley were left alone in the room.

Miconareo, apparently waiting until he heard the footsteps of the high priest and the others growing fainter and fainter until they ceased to be heard, turned to Charley and said in excellent English:

"My lad, that's the best piece of ventriloquism I ever remember hearing in all my life, and I have heard good ventriloquism too. Do that the day after to-morrow and you and your friends are safe. But take care you are not detected; for the king and his warriors would only be too glad to have you killed. But where did you come from?"

As soon as Charley recovered from his great surprise, he said:

"I came from Australia. But who are you who speak such excellent English and yet can talk so eloquently in the language of the savages. Are you an Englishman or an American?"

"I am an American," was the reply. "I came originally from Boston, United States. But tell me what you can do in the way of magic besides ventriloquism. We must agree between us what you are to do the day after to-morrow."

"You want to know what I can do to show that I am a white priest?" said Charley smiling. "Suppose I begin by telling you your name?"

"Do that," said Miconareo in an incredulous tone, "and I will believe anything you choose to tell me."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Then," said Charley, "I'll begin by saying that unless I am greatly mistaken you are Dr. Charles B. Parsons, of Boston, Mass."

It was now the doctor's turn to be greatly astonished. Turning to Charley, he said:

"Is it possible that the world has gone back to the age of wizards and soothsayers? How you have guessed my name I do not know, but that is my name."

"I thought so," said Charley. "You were swept overboard, were you not, from a brig, the Fanny Watson, bound from Liverpool to Melbourne, Australia? The brig was wrecked off the southwestern coast of South America after passing through the Straits of Magellan."

"My lad," said Miconareo—or as we shall now occasionally call him, Doctor Parsons—"I don't know how you obtained your information, but it's straight all right, only, as you see, I was not drowned. But we have no time now to talk over our adventures. I have had mine. From the information you appear to have of me, I judge that you have passed through many wonderful adventures. Some other time we will talk these over. Just now we must get an early opportunity to lay plans for what must be done at the time of the great meeting in the House of the Idols. I hear the high priest coming with probably all his assistants. Don't let him know we have spoken. I will arrange matters to-night so that we can converse freely."

As the high priest entered the room with nearly all

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the other priests, it was evident that he had told them of the wonderful things that had occurred. Their principal god had broken his long silence. He had spoken in a loud distinct voice that could be heard all over the room, and had declared that the lives of the prisoners must be spared on condition that they were willing to serve in their House of the Idols. He had evidently promised the other priests that they should have an opportunity of hearing this great miracle for themselves if, indeed, their god would be willing to again speak to them in a loud voice.

As in the House of the Idols in Mahinee's valley, the principal god was placed at the center of a semi-circle with three smaller idols on each side, thus making seven in all.

Miconareo then entered into a conversation with the high priest, and said to him:

"Beseech the gods that they will, one after another, speak and tell us whether they wish the lives of the prisoners spared. Bid your priests stand near the gods, and let six of them bend their ears near the mouths of the gods so as to hear what they say. Let the others stand near them, and do you," he continued, turning to the high priest, "place your ear near the mouth of the principal god."

As soon as this was done the high priest again addressing their seven gods, successively by name, asked that they should, one after the other, answer this question:

"Shall the lives of the prisoners be spared? Would

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

you prefer that they be spared rather than offered as sacrifices? ”

Again Charley caused the idols to speak apparently one after the other, and, moreover, in different tones or voices, so that each cried out :

“ Aa, Aa. Taboo, taboo-taboo.”

The priests were both greatly surprised and pleased at the wonderful exhibition of the power of their gods. They were now certain that neither the king nor his warriors would dare set at naught commands expressed in so wonderful a manner.

That night, when sleeping with his companions on mats in the house of the priests, Charley was aroused by a light touch. Looking up, he saw Miconareo, who, placing a finger on his lips as if cautioning him to silence, motioned Charley to follow him, and left the room.

Miconareo led Charley to a small house situated at the extreme eastern end of the pi-pi farthest from the Hoola-hoola ground and the House of the Idols. Here, he had built for himself a house more after the manner of European houses; or, more correctly, arranged in the interior like a European house; for, when looked at from the outside, it had the same sloping, thatched roof, and was surrounded by the same open screen of woven bamboo. The interior, however, was divided into separate compartments by woven bamboo curtains that permitted the air to blow freely through. One of these compartments was arranged with a rough table and chair for a study, and on a shelf on one of the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

walls was a large bundle of sheets of specially prepared tapa cloth covered with English writing. The doctor was evidently continuing his studies in the natural sciences, for the remains of dried animals, hanging from the walls and ceiling, gave to the air of this room an odor that reminded Charley of the awful smell the captain and his companions on the derelict brig had told him they had encountered in the cabin when they first opened the door.

Observing the sheets of tapa manuscript, Charley said to the doctor :

“ Are you still busy at your great work, doctor, ‘ The Physical Geography of the Sea ’ ? ”

“ Young man,” said the doctor, “ you seem to have my life down pretty fine. Tell me how you know so much about a man who is supposed to have been dead these many years. What’s your name, anyhow, and where did you come from ? ”

“ My name is Charles Young Pleasanton,” was the reply. “ I was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, and afterward picked up in an open boat by a party who had boarded a derelict brig, the same Fanny Watson from which you had been swept overboard. This party, that had been on the brig for many months, consisted of two men and two boys. The brig, in its turn, was wrecked on a coral island, about six hundred miles to the southwest of the island on which we now are. Another boy, Harold Arthur Harding, and myself, were captured by the war canoes of Mahinee, the king of the valley on the east. The men there treated us very kindly, so

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

that both Harold and myself were adopted by the king as his half-sons."

"Wait a moment," said Doctor Parsons, interrupting him, "I think I heard a footstep. It would never do to let the people know we are talking together. It would render them suspicious and keep them on the watch, and that we especially wish to avoid."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXV

THE DECISION IN THE HOUSE OF THE IDOLS

DOCTOR PARSONS was only gone for a few minutes. When he returned he said to Charley :

“ I thought I heard some one approaching. If the high priest or, indeed, any of the priests should see us together, they would think we were plotting against them. But you were telling me when I left you about your companions. I understand that there were three boys on the brig, that is, two besides yourself, and two men. Tell me now something about the brig. In what condition did you find it? Was the cabin left, and if so, did you find any of the things in the cabin in good condition? Were any of the books and scientific apparatus remaining? ”

“ The people on the brig told me that they found most of the things in the cabin in good condition,” replied Charley. “ The books were all right, except that some of the bindings had been injured by water. Some of the apparatus was in good condition.”

“ And how about my specimens? ” asked the doctor. “ Were they all right? ”

“ If you knew the condition of the specimens,” replied Charley, “ I think, doctor, from what the people on the brig told me, you would not be surprised when I tell you they were obliged to throw them overboard.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The alcohol in which you had placed them had all dried up. They told me the specimens were in an awful condition."

"I imagine from what you said about 'The Physical Geography of the Sea,' that you found at least some traces of the manuscript on which I had been working for many years, and on which I have even here done some little work. Did you find much of that in good condition?" he inquired anxiously.

"The entire manuscript was found complete, and in such excellent condition that Lieutenant Harding, one of the two men who were on the brig, commenced reading it, and considered it so important a work that he has been adding to it; for, in addition to what I have told you about the brig, I must tell you that when it was wrecked on a coral reef and split in two, the part containing the cabin remained firmly wedged between two large rocks on the reef. Before this half of the brig went to pieces, we were able safely to transfer to the island your library, scientific instruments, and especially your manuscript. All five of us lived on that island for over half a year, and unless my companions have left the island in search for Harold and myself, three of them are there yet."

"What is Lieutenant Harding's first name?" inquired the doctor, interrupting Charley as he was about to continue the narrative.

"Arthur," was the reply. "By the way, doctor, Lieutenant Harding, or Captain Harding, as we have been calling him since he took command of our little

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

party, was an old acquaintance of yours. I was informed that when he read your name in the brig's papers as its only passenger, he told his companions that you and he were old college chums, having both attended the same department at Oxford University, England, where you were taking a course in geographical physics. I remember, doctor, they told me how deeply affected the captain was when he afterward read that you were swept overboard the day before the vessel was abandoned at sea."

"Yes," said the doctor, "swept overboard but not drowned, as you can see. How strangely things happen," continued the doctor; "so it is my old friend, Arthur Harding, into whose hands my manuscript has fallen. I am not surprised that Harding should have been interested in it, for he was greatly interested in the physics of the ocean. But go on," he continued, "tell me something about your life on the coral island. Is it a large island? Is it of the lagoon type? Did you have plenty to eat, and were you comfortably fixed?"

"The island," replied Charley, "is of the lagoon type, and is about twelve miles in diameter. There are several smaller islands in the lagoon on which, as well as on the coral island itself, there are many cocoanut palms. On one of the islands in the lagoon we found a large clearing that had been abandoned long ago by a shipwrecked man whose skeleton was found in the ruins of a hut.

"But besides the natural food of the island we were fortunate in being able to transfer from the part of the

brig that remained together, a quantity of canned goods and such other foods as had not been injured by the water. As you know, doctor, the brig was laden with large quantities of hardware, household goods, as well as with a number of portable houses."

"Yes, I remember," said the doctor. "Then you were in a comfortable condition on the island," he continued.

"If you could see the comfortable double house, which we have erected on the southern shore of Harding Island, doctor," answered Charley, "as well as the single house on one of the islands of the lagoon near the clearing, I am sure that you would think we ought to have been very comfortable." He then described Jackson House, with its comfortable study and museum on the second floor, its shaded porches overlooking the ocean at the front and the lagoon at the back of the house, together with the specimens they had collected.

As Charley continued his explanation, the doctor became more and more interested. Harding Island was just the kind of a place where he would like to spend the remainder of his life. Good fortune, backed by the intelligence of his old friend, Lieutenant Harding, had rescued his cherished manuscript, his valuable library, and most of his beloved scientific instruments. When Charley finished speaking, the doctor said:

"After what I have just heard from you I have determined what I shall do. Instead of merely aiding you and your companions to escape, I shall endeavor to escape with you. The king of this valley is a bad fellow,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

and many of the priests are no better. I shall, therefore, try to escape with you; and, moreover, will do all I can to go back with you to Harding Island."

"But even if we escape from this part of the island, doctor," said Charley, "it will probably be even more difficult to escape from Mahinee. I fear he will be opposed to Harold and myself leaving the island. He is greatly attached to us, and wishes us to be companions of his son Kooloo."

"We won't cross that bridge until we come to it, my lad," said the doctor. "The most difficult thing to do will be to escape from this valley. If we succeed in this we will then take up the matter of Mahinee, and see what can be done about reaching Harding Island. As for myself, I have thoroughly determined to reach that island, and will do all that I can to help you and your friends to go there with me."

"Hurrah for that!" cried Charley. "I hope you will succeed. Indeed, I believe you will succeed."

"If we succeed in reaching Harding Island," said the doctor, quite as much or more, indeed, to himself than to Charley, "I shall be able to complete 'The Physical Geography of the Sea,' and can go on with my studies, and in connection with my old friend, Lieutenant Harding, who I know is an exceedingly learned man. Then I shall not care how long I remain on Harding Island. Indeed," he added, "since the savages have covered me with these horrible tattooings, I would be ashamed ever to go back to civilization."

"That's all right for you, doctor," said Charley,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“but both Harold and myself have a father and mother living, and we intend trying to get back home the first opportunity.”

They kept on talking for some time longer. But they had not yet agreed as to what should be done in the House of the Idols, in order to place it beyond doubt that the gods wished the lives of the three prisoners to be spared.

“Now, my lad,” said the doctor, “we must stop talking about everything except as to what we are to do to-morrow, when the great test is to be made in the House of the Idols. Before we go any further, I wish to say that none of the people in this valley know that I speak English and, until we make our escape, I wish this fact kept secret. I have only been on this island for one year, and I think it best to let none of them know that I am an American. I will afterward explain to you what has happened to me since the time I was washed overboard from the brig, so let us now make plans as to the part you are to play as the great white priest.”

“I will do all I can,” replied Charley. “I suppose ventriloquism will play the principal part in what I am to do.”

“Unquestionably,” replied the doctor. “It is most fortunate that you are able to do this so well.”

“Then,” said Charley, “let us first determine as to the questions that are to be put to the gods by you. I know very little of the language of this people, and should the questions be put by the priests in such a

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

manner that I could not make the proper answers, the result would of course be unfavorable."

"That's just what I want to talk about," said the doctor. "The little you know of the language is fortunately well pronounced, so that I think there is no danger of any one suspecting you are doing the talking. Indeed, I very much doubt if these people have ever heard of such a thing as ventriloquism. As to the character of the questions put to the gods, I think I can so arrange matters that the high priest will only put questions to which you can give good answers."

The doctor then arranged with Charley a number of questions, and went over these questions a number of times so that he would know just what was being asked. He then taught Charley the proper answers and made him repeat them. Charley did this so quickly and properly that he greatly pleased the doctor.

"If I can arrange it," said the doctor, "I shall endeavor that the questions asked be such that you can answer in the same words you used in the House of the Idols to-day. And now, my lad," continued the doctor, "tell me about the story I have heard of your being able to command the sun to send down a part of his body to kindle a fire almost immediately."

Charley so greatly prized the lens-shaped piece of volcanic glass, that he had carried it with him ever since the day he was taken prisoner by the warriors of the Western Valley. Taking it from under his coat he showed it to the doctor, saying:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"It is only an unusually large burning-glass. Kooloo and I were captured with the king's interpreter, Marbonna, when we had been sent out by Mahinee to obtain specimens of this volcanic glass for use by Mahinee's people."

The doctor examined with great interest the moon-shaped piece of mineral that Charley handed him.

"It's a splendid specimen of obsidian, and of such a shape as to make a most excellent burning-glass. How long does it take to kindle a fire when the sun is shining brightly in a clear sky? The use of this is very clever, Charley. Were you the first to think of it?"

"No," replied Charley, "it was my companion, Harold, who first suggested it. He is a very bright boy."

"But," continued the doctor, "you have not told me how rapidly you can kindle a fire with this piece of glass."

"It kindles almost instantly."

"Then," was the reply, "I think I can do no better than to arrange matters so that the people can be shown this great thing. It will certainly cause the king and his warriors to regard you as a most powerful white magician. They will, therefore, be afraid to do you any harm. The answer of the gods, the people of course suppose comes from them; but if you show them the kindling of the fire from the sun, they will be able to see that you are a priest."

Charley and the doctor then continued to talk over matters, arranging for some additional magic should

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

this be necessary. In such case the doctor suggested that he might call on Charley to show magic pictures on sheets of paper. This matter having been fully discussed, he then turned to Charley and said:

“Suppose we reach the summit of the mountain that stands at the head of Mahinee’s valley. Is there any place there where we could hide?”

When Charley explained to the doctor the wonderful lava cave he and Harold had discovered on that side of the volcanic cone farthest from the Western Valley, he said:

“This makes our escape a much simpler matter than I feared it would be.” He then added, after a few moments’ thought: “You see, my lad, we may be kept in the cave for some time, and should, therefore, take with us enough food and water to last several days. Now, I think we can manage the food, but I do not see how we can carry enough water. You see,” he continued, “I am assuming that Mahinee will at once get his warriors together and march to the Western Valley for your rescue. As I said, we can manage the food, but I don’t see how we can manage the water.”

“I am glad to say,” said Charley, “that there is a fairly large stream of good drinking-water that flows through the lower portions of the lava cave.”

“Then, my lad,” said the doctor, “I am sure I can arrange for our escape. But you must get rest. There is much for you to do to-morrow, and our success depends largely on you. Come, I will lead you back to your companions. As soon as you reach them lie

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

quietly down and get to sleep as soon as possible. As for me, there is much to be done. I must see the high priest and make arrangements for the questions."

Leading Charley quietly back to the house of the priests, they found Kooloo, Marbonna, and all the people in a sound sleep. To a great extent the cautious steps with which the doctor and his companion entered the room were unnecessary; for, as Charley afterward learned, the doctor had mixed in their drink an opiate that threw them into a profound but safe sleep. This the doctor had prepared from his knowledge of botany from some of the native plants of the Western Valley. While the doctor was certain it would throw them into a deep slumber, yet he took no chances of some of them failing to drink it, and therefore both entered and left the room cautiously.

The next day was spent quietly by Charley, Kooloo, and Marbonna. Acting under the advice of the doctor, Charley had said nothing as to what had happened during his interview with the doctor and the high priest and his associates, except that he thought everything would go well to-morrow, and that they might expect the favor of the gods. Also that he was glad to say they had the favor of the high priest and Miconareo, who were still their good friends.

That afternoon the doctor, who had obtained from Charley a piece of paper from his writing-pad, taking an opportunity when no one was looking, slipped into his hand a little ball of paper, giving Charley a look that he understood to mean:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Read it when no one is looking.”

Charley did this, and read the following lines:

“Be sure you don’t eat anything to-night just before retiring.”

Acting under this advice, when several luscious pineapples were brought into the room where Charley and his companions had been left in the keeping of the priests, just before they were all about to turn in for the night, Charley refrained from eating, and was not surprised that all the inmates of the room except himself soon fell into a deep sleep. Shortly afterward, Miconareo came into the room and touching Charley on the shoulder beckoned him to follow him, when he led him again to his house at the far end of the pi-pi. Here, they completed their plans as to what should be done on the morrow.

The great day of the trial, when the gods were to be entreated by the priests to tell in tones that might be heard by all, just what they wished should be done with the prisoners, had at last come. Like nearly all days in the tropics, the sky was almost entirely free from clouds, and a pleasant breeze came in from the ocean a few hours after sunrise.

There were great preparations in the House of the Idols. The priests, attired in their best robes, had gathered around the different idols, each priest and his attendants standing in front of the particular idol to the service of which he had been appointed. Candle-nuts were burning and shedding their fitful blue light on the idols, as well as on the altars in front of them.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The king and his warriors were given a place where they could see and hear all that was going on. In order to permit the people to enter the house and lay their gifts on the altars, a passageway was left between the king and his warriors so that they could mount the steps of the pi-pi and thus enter the room.

The screen or curtain of woven bamboo was rolled up to near the roof of the house, thus permitting the people who had gathered in front of the pi-pi to look into the House of the Idols and, indeed, to hear what was going on.

At last the high priest gave notice that if there were no others who wished to lay their gifts to the gods on the altars, he would now begin to entreat the gods to tell what they wished to be done with the prisoners, cautioning the people to keep silent while this was being done.

The high priest then began a long prayer to the gods, calling each in turn by name. He related just what had happened during the last few days concerning the three prisoners; he told about the battle on the mountain, and so described it that one might suppose it was a great victory over Mahinee. He explained the difference of opinion that existed between the king and his warriors and some of the priests as to what should be done with the captives. He informed them that they had agreed to leave the decision of this question to the gods themselves; that, moreover, these questions should be asked the gods by Miconareo, since the high priest himself would be required to keep his ear near

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the lips of the principal idol in order to hear what was said, and that the same thing should be done by each of the principal priests of the other idols. He told them he hoped the gods would speak in tones so loud that they could be heard not only by the priests themselves, but also by the people. Still, he added, no man could tell what it would please the gods to do. He entreated them, however, to answer in loud tones. The high priest then, placing his ear near the lips of the principal idol, asked Miconareo to put the question.

Miconareo then began a wonderful prayer to the different gods, in which he entreated them to answer the questions put to them. He said the king and priests wished to do whatever they wanted done; that he would, therefore, put the same question to each of them in regular order, first to the principal god and then to each of the others.

Never before in the memory of the people had the priests asked the gods so to speak that they could be heard by all in the temple. Ordinarily, the priests only were supposed to hear.

The silence of the people was so great that many of them could actually hear their hearts beating. Miconareo then asked this question in a voice strong enough to be distinctly heard by all in the great assembly.

“Tell us, we implore thee, do you wish the prisoners to be left unharmed? Tell us so that we can hear your command.”

Then Charley, who had been placed by Miconareo with his face toward the idols so that none of the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

assembly could see the motion of his lips, gave the answer :

“ Aa, Aa. Charleyo Mahinee taboo-taboo. Kooloo, taboo-taboo. Marbonna, taboo-taboo. Charleyo taboo-taboo. Aa, Aa.”

Charley produced a greater effect on the great assemblage of people than he had before the few priests on the preceding day. The words came with wonderful distinctness apparently from the lips of the idol that Miconareo was speaking to.

The people were so excited that, despite the caution of Miconareo, they began to talk with one another, first in low tones that, however, rapidly became so loud that the high priest had again to warn them to keep silent.

The same question was then put to each of the gods in succession, Miconareo each time indicating to Charley the exact position of the idol from which it was hoped the answer would come.

Everything went on successfully. In each case the words apparently came directly from the lips of the idol spoken to and, moreover, Charley was able to cause each god to speak in a different tone of voice.

When the intense excitement had slightly subsided, the high priest addressing the king and his warriors as well as the people, said :

“ The gods have expressed their wishes. What will you do? Shall the gods be obeyed or not? Do you dare to question their commands? ”

As will be seen, the high priest put these questions to



*"He held the piece of glass between the sun
and the wood which . . . burst into
flame"*

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the king and his warriors in the form of a threat rather than a question. What had occurred had produced so strong an impression on all that there came from the king, the warriors, and the people a simultaneous shout that they would obey the wishes of the gods expressed in this so wonderful a manner.

The high priest then again addressed the people, saying that he had received a communication from the gods instructing him to ask the young white priest, the "great taboo-taboo," to show them how the gods had taught him so to bring down the sun from on high as instantly to kindle a fire in the huge pile of wood they saw had been collected in an open space before the pi-pi.

There was again great excitement among the people. Some of them had heard from the warriors of the wonderful manner in which the white lad had done this on the day of his capture, but most all of them appeared to doubt whether it was possible for any one to perform so great a feat as to cause the sun to send down a part of his sacred body from the skies to kindle a fire on the earth for a mere mortal.

Charley now approached the pile of wood and pretending to entreat the sun to help him do this great piece of magic, he held the piece of glass between the sun and the wood which almost instantly burst into a vigorous flame.

This feat appeared to be of such a wonderful character that the people were even more surprised than they were at the apparent answering of the gods.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Indeed, the people seemed to draw back from the neighborhood of Charley as if they stood greatly in fear of him.

The high priest again taking the opportunity, turned to the people and said:

“Have not our gods properly called the young white priest the ‘Great taboo-taboo’? Be careful, therefore, how you even think of harming him. If you do this the gods will certainly greatly punish you.”

Miconareo had arranged a number of additional pieces of magic for Charley should they be necessary, but what they had done proved so successful that he concluded to close the meeting with one additional piece of magic only. So, addressing the king, he said:

“O Arahū, ruler of our valley, the gods send this message to you. It is, that if the young white priest is willing to do so, that he will make a magic picture appear on a sheet of white cloth as a present the gods send to you to show that they are your great friends.”

When Arahū heard this he turned to Charley and asked him to make for him this magic picture, so that he might have it as a gift from the gods.

Charley, who had been warned by Miconareo that this would be asked of him, now began making a rapid sketch on a piece of paper with his lead pencil. The sketch represented the sun in the heavens sending down from above, a part of himself, thus kindling a fire in the pile of wood, while immediately underneath this he made another rapid sketch of the king in his war dress receiving the picture from Charley.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

This picture was done in so short a time and, moreover, was done so well that when the warriors crowded around the king after he had received it, they looked on Charley with increased horror. He must, indeed, be a great taboo if the gods would at his command cause so wonderful a picture to appear on the sheet of white paper.

As for Arahū, turning to one of his warriors, he bade him untie the hands of Kooloo and Marbonna and, turning to the high priest, said:

“Take them with you for service in the House of the Idols.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ESCAPE FROM THE WESTERN VALLEY

It was a grand triumph for Miconareo when the terror of the king, at the powerful magic he had witnessed, led him in this public manner to order the unbinding of the hands of Kooloo and Marbonna, and give them with Charley over to the keeping of the priests for service in the House of the Idols.

But Miconareo was not yet satisfied. He entered into a prolonged conversation with the high priest, in which, as Marbonna afterward informed Charley, he asked that Charley and his two companions be assigned to his house during such times as they were not needed for work in the House of the Idols. He had some difficulty in obtaining this permission of the high priest, but at last was successful, for the high priest, turning to Miconareo, said:

“I place in thy keeping these three people. Take them to thy house in order that my people come not near them and so be injured.” Then turning to the people he said: “I declare Miconareo’s house to be taboo, and not only the house but all the ground around the house,” and then accompanied by Miconareo he placed rods in the ground at a considerable distance from the house, wrapping a piece of white tapa-cloth around them as signs of the taboo.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Marbonna and Kooloo were greatly pleased at what had happened. At the same time, what Charley had done appeared to them to be of such a wonderful nature that they evidently stood in great fear of the lad.

"No one kill us now," said Marbonna. "Too great taboo."

"Yes," said Kooloo, "afraid Charleyo, great white priest. But Charleyo no hurt us, will he?" he inquired, as if standing in great awe of him.

"I certainly will never hurt either you or Marbonna," Charley replied.

Kooloo turning to Miconareo, began thanking him for what he had done in saving their lives.

"When the great Mahinee, my father, hears this he will be your friend. Not only because you save Kooloo's life, but also because you save Charleyo, his half-son, and Marbonna, his interpreter."

"I may ask you to remember that some time soon," said Miconareo to Kooloo.

The first opportunity Miconareo had of speaking privately to Charley he said:

"I think it best not to let either Kooloo or Marbonna know that I can speak English, or that I am thinking of trying to escape with you. It will be safer not to let them know anything about me, at least until we have escaped from the valley. I will pretend that I am going with you to the cave in order to help carry food. But I must leave you now," he said, "there is much to be done to make arrangements for to-night, and especially to find where the king has placed sentinels on the road

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

leading to the top of the mountain; for I think it almost certain he will place men to watch Mahinee's valley in order to give notice when he begins marching against us."

Several hours afterward when Miconareo returned, he said to Charley:

"I have learned from spies sent to Mahinee's valley that the great warrior, who has been absent on a visit to a neighboring island, has returned sooner than expected, owing to word having been sent him by boat that a fight had occurred at the head of his valley with the people of the Western Valley, and that his son Kooloo, Charleyo, and Marbonna had been taken captives; that Mahinee had immediately started for his valley whence he intends marching with all his warriors to release the captives if they are not already killed and eaten, and at any rate to punish Arahu severely. The spies declare that he will leave his valley about one day from now. He declares that if any of the captives have been killed he will bring a severe punishment on the people of the Western Valley.

"Arahu is in great alarm," continued Miconareo. "He knows Mahinee can bring a great army against him, and has, therefore, determined to retreat with all his warriors to a deep ravine near the lower part of his valley, where he hopes to escape. He has given orders to the high priest to come with all his priests and the three captives early to-morrow. We must, therefore, escape to-night."

Miconareo now told Marbonna and Kooloo about

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

his plans for endeavoring to escape early that night; that Charleyo had told him about the lava cave; that they would, therefore, try to reach the place and wait there until the coming of the great Mahinee; that Charleyo had also told him there was plenty of water in the cave, so it would only be necessary to take enough food with them to last several days; that he, Miconareo, was willing to take the risk of helping them by carrying this food as well as to show them the way out of the valley by a secret path known only to a few.

Marbonna and Kooloo listened attentively to what was said, when the former remarked:

“Warriors are watching the head of the valley to tell king when Mahinee and his warriors come. How we get past them?”

Miconareo then explained that he knew this was difficult, but they would have to take risks. He then told them about a path leading from his house to the plateau, or high plain, separating the two valleys. That their greatest danger would begin when they reached this plateau, since Arahū would of course have warriors stationed on the edge nearest Mahinee's valley to watch what was going on there.

They were now ready to begin their dangerous attempt to escape. Miconareo explained that if any attempt was made to capture them they would be obliged to fight for their lives. If they were caught in the act of escaping, he was sure Arahū and his warriors would have them killed and eaten; that not even the influence of the high priest and himself could stop this. He

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

then explained that besides carrying food they must take spears and clubs with them, so that, if necessary, they could fight for their lives.

It was an anxious day for the little party waiting for the coming of the time they had fixed for leaving. Miconareo gathered together such food as could readily be carried in small bulk and, in order to make their escape the safer, he again drugged the food eaten by the priests.

"I have given them nothing that will injure them," he explained to Charley. "It would not do for them to see us escape; for, if they should catch us, they would be obliged to give us up to the king and the warriors. Indeed, I think we are doing them a kindness in putting them to sleep so that they may not see us."

There would be no moon that night till long past midnight. Shortly after sunset, leaving his house at the western end of the pi-pi, Miconareo led his party quietly toward one of the streams of water that came down from the side of the valley situated next to Mahinee's valley. Here he led them up a path which extended along the side of the stream.

At first the ascent was easy. But the slope soon increased in steepness until at last it was necessary to climb rather than walk. Indeed, in many places the path was so steep that it was necessary to pass the food they were carrying to Miconareo who, knowing the road so well, went ahead and waited in the difficult places to take what they were carrying, until by hard climbing they reached his side. Though the distance

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

was short, they were more than half an hour in gaining the plateau or level plain that separated the Eastern and the Western Valleys.

Fearing they might be seen by scouts and warriors from the upper part of the valley, they did not dare to walk erect, but crawled along the surface of the open ground on hands and feet. This of course made their progress slow. After having gone in this way for several miles, Marbonna and Miconareo, who had gone on before the two boys, suddenly stopped. A short distance ahead of them they had seen a huge warrior standing erect with a spear in his hand in the act of throwing it at them.

Without any hesitation both Marbonna and Miconareo ran toward the warrior. Marbonna was ahead. Quickly stepping aside he managed to escape the spear which the man did not throw until he was at a distance of only twenty feet. Rushing at the man he killed him by a savage blow on the head with his war-club. The spy had been stationed on the edge of the plateau immediately overlooking Mahinee's valley. Marbonna's blow had not only knocked him off his feet, but precipitated him down into the valley below. Fortunately, there had been no noise save that caused by the spear striking the ground back of Marbonna and the crashing of the body as it fell from point to point on the side of the precipitous cliffs.

Marbonna grinned with great delight when he saw his enemy disappear over the edge of the precipice. Turning to Miconareo, he said:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Marbonna old man but heap good warrior yet.”

On a motion from Miconareo they all fell at once to the ground. He feared the fighting might have been observed by some of the other spies, so they remained on the ground for half an hour when, nothing being heard, they again moved slowly, and at last went forward again at a rapid gait for nearly six hours continuously, until at last, near dawn, they reached the lower slopes of the western volcanic cone that were inclined toward the river that flowed down into the valley from which they were escaping.

They were now in the most dangerous part of their path. There was nothing on the lower slopes of the mountain that would afford them a chance for hiding. At this place they were almost certain that sentinels had been placed; for from it an excellent view could be had of both valleys.

As Marbonna and Miconareo afterward explained, the reason they had not already been seen by the spies was that the edge of the plateau over which they had come could not be readily seen from this part, but now they would be in clear view. Moreover, since this place was the point over which Mahinee's men would be obliged to pass to reach the Western Valley, a greater number of men would of course be posted there. As if to render their position more dangerous, the moon, which for the last hour had fortunately been hidden back of a dark cloud, began to shine through its thin edges. They were now in an exceedingly dangerous position. Their safety consisted in reaching the lava

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

cave, but in order to do this they had to pass in full view of the upper parts of the Western Valley.

"There is nothing to be done," said Miconareo, "but to crawl as rapidly as possible without being seen. We may succeed in getting somewhat nearer the eastern slope of the mountain that faces Mahinee's valley."

By this time the moon had emerged completely from the cloud, lighting up the valley almost as brightly as does the sun in the early hours of the morning. Any motion on their part could not fail to be seen by the sentinels on the slope of the opposite mountain. Miconareo again made a sign to his companions, and they lay quietly on the surface of the earth, keeping as still as possible, for they could see another cloud slowly approaching the moon.

It was not unlike the case of the watched kettle that never boils. This, however, of course is only another way of saying that when one is waiting for a certain event to happen it often seems as if a few moments stretch themselves out indefinitely. It certainly was in the case of these four, who were watching the motion of the cloud as it came with majestic slowness to throw its protecting shadow on the short strip of dangerous land lying between them and the place they wished to reach.

At last, however, the cloud intercepted the light of the moon, and darkness again fell on the part of the path which they wished to traverse.

"This is our chance; let's make a run for it," said Miconareo; and so they all started.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

This time they succeeded in reaching a place where Charley said the entrance to the cave was only a few hundred feet distant. Miconareo, turning to Marbonna, said to him:

“Ask Charleyo if he is sure he can find the entrance to the cave without any delay.”

When the question was put, Charley looked at Miconareo with a smiling face, but gave the answer to Marbonna. It seemed odd to him that Miconareo, who could speak such excellent English, should pretend that he only knew the Polynesian language.

“Tell Miconareo,” he said, “that Charleyo can see from here the entrance. There it is,” he said, pointing to a certain part of a lava field near the foot of the ash-cone.”

Kooloo, who looked in this direction, turned to Charley and said:

“Kooloo can see no cave. Is Charleyo certain a cave is there?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “Charleyo is certain.”

“Then,” said Miconareo, who all this time had been looking back in the direction from which they had come, “let us make a run for it.” He was so excited that he said “let us make a run for it” in pure English; but then, as if remembering himself, he added in Polynesian: “Look back of you and you will see why.” On doing this they saw, less than a quarter of a mile from where they then were, a number of savages running rapidly toward them.

It is true there were only six men pursuing them.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

They might have easily made a stand against them, and possibly have succeeded in routing them. But Marbonna and Miconareo were too shrewd to take such chances. They knew that in such an engagement some of their party would probably be killed. But they knew especially that the noise of the conflict would in a short time bring against them a large number of the scouts who, they were sure, were watching in this part of the valley. They therefore wisely concluded to take Miconareo's advice and make a run for it. So all rapidly followed Charley who, knowing the exact position of the cave, led the way. They had better reasons for breaking records than most athletes have, for here their lives were the prizes they were striving to win.

On reaching the lava cave, Charley pointed out the entrance to Kooloo and motioned him to enter, and then waited on the outside until Marbonna and Miconareo were also inside, when he himself entered, just in time to disappear before the pursuing warriors came around the side of the cone that hid them from view.

As the pursuers looked ahead, confident that the parties they were seeking could only be a short distance ahead, they saw with surprise that they had mysteriously disappeared. It seemed as if they had been suddenly swallowed up by the earth, for they could see nothing that offered a place for hiding. At last in astonishment they stopped almost directly over the mouth of the cave, so that the fugitives could hear what they were excitedly saying to one another.

It must be remembered that none of the savages

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

knew the captives had escaped from the care of the priests. They were evidently telling one another that they distinctly recognized those they were pursuing.

"They were the taboo-taboo captives," said one.

"Yes," said another, "two of them were men. Miconareo and Marbonna."

"And two were boys," said another. "I saw the great young white priest."

"Then," said the fifth man, "they have escaped from the priests, and the great white priest has caused them to disappear by his magic."

This last explanation appeared satisfactory to them; for they exclaimed almost in concert:

"Yes, the young white priest, the great taboo-taboo, has taken them into the earth. Better leave this place lest he send spirits after us to punish us for attempting to catch him," and with this they could hear the men running from the opening.

Soon, however, they could be heard coming back; this time accompanied by ten or twelve additional men. Their fears decreasing with this addition to their numbers, they were heard laying plans for making a more careful search in the neighborhood to see if, after all, the disappearance of the fugitives could not be shown to be due to their having discovered some place in which they could hide.

It was near daybreak. The sun would soon be seen rising above the eastern horizon. Was that day to be their last? This question forced itself into the minds of all.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXVII

BOAT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE REACHES MAHINEE'S ISLAND

LET us now return to boat No. 23 with Captain Harding, Jack, Hiram, and Waheatoua, accompanied by Kapiau in his canoe, as they were rapidly moving toward Mahinee's island. Although there were two at the oars in boat No. 23, and only one in Kapiau's canoe, the latter had no difficulty in keeping up. Of course this was not entirely due to the skill of Kapiau, but to the fact that he was in a canoe that could naturally go faster than a boat. Indeed, Kapiau had so little trouble in following them that he remained alongside the boat, keeping up a constant talk with Waheatoua concerning what had occurred during his enforced stay on the small island. The nature of this conversation clearly showed that the supposed differences between the highly civilized and the savage races are not so marked as some believe. The conversation did not appear to be limited to the important facts that Waheatoua should know, but consisted rather of gossip concerning things that some of Waheatoua's acquaintances had been doing.

Nothing of interest occurred on this journey until toward the afternoon of the second day out, when Wa-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

heatoua and Kapiau, suddenly stopping their flow of gossip, pointed in great alarm to the sky in the west.

"*Hury, hury, tia mona,*" exclaimed Waheatoua.

Looking in the direction indicated by him, they saw a dark cloud, of an inverted conical shape, rapidly approaching. While they watched it a column of water appeared to rise in the ocean immediately underneath, and joining the cloud, advanced with it in the shape of a cylindrical column thinner at the middle than at its ends.

"It is a waterspout," exclaimed the captain.

"It be," said Hiram; "and while I wouldn't mind it ef this boat wuz a strong wessel, yet sence it only be a boat, I reckon there'd be little left of it arter thet thing struck it."

As for Waheatoua and Kapiau the approach of the dreaded spout awoke such fears that, abandoning themselves to despair, they threw themselves down in the boats as if it were hopeless to endeavor to escape the coming death.

It is not surprising that the poor savages stood in mortal dread of the approaching waterspout. It might be supposed, with the great power Kapiau had over his canoe, that he might easily escape the devouring column that he believed had been sent against him by some of the many dreaded evil spirits he had perhaps unconsciously angered. Indeed, it was more than probable that Kapiau might have escaped owing to the speed with which he could move his canoe through the water. It must not be forgotten, however, that al-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

though the actual area covered by the spout was comparatively small, yet for considerable distances around it the wind rushed in with such velocity that an open boat would probably be wrecked long before it could be moved out of its influence.

The differences between the white and the brown race here manifested themselves. Instead of yielding to what looked like certain death, the captain, turning to Hiram, said:

“Load the bronze cannon, Hiram, with balls. We might possibly be able to break the spout by sending a ball through it.”

“I reckon ye’re right, cap’n,” said Hiram, pleased to get an opportunity for firing off his beloved gun. “She beant so big a gun,” he exclaimed, “but I’ll load her up to the muzzle with powder and ball and see what she kin do.”

“Will that break the spout, captain?” inquired Jack, while Hiram was loading the cannon.

“I am not certain,” was the reply. “There is considerable difference of opinion about this matter. Although this spout is not very large, and might not be dangerous for a large vessel, it would certainly swamp our boat. We will, therefore, try the experiment. I don’t think that in many of the cases in which it has been alleged that the firing of a cannon-ball has broken a waterspout, the result has been gained so much by the passage of the ball through the column as by the disturbance of the air caused by the explosion of the powder.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The dread of the two savages was great, but their curiosity to see the magic of the white men was greater, so when Waheatoua inquired of Jack what the great white captain was doing, Jack said:

“White man’s magic. The captain will kill the evil spirit who is bringing that column of water toward us.”

When Waheatoua received this astonishing intelligence, he raised himself from the bottom of the boat, and calling to his friend Kapiiau, told him to look at the magic of the white man.

Meanwhile, Hiram had put a greater charge in the bronze cannon than it had probably ever before received. It was loaded fully one-half of its length with powder, and the other half with two balls tightly rammed into place by a packing of cloth.

The waterspout was heading directly for the boat and the canoe with a hoarse hollow sound, due to the roaring of the wind as it blew from all sides toward the whirling mass. Heavy billows rushed in all directions toward the moving column of water, and dashing against one another covered the surface of the ocean with foam. The frail boats were tossed to and fro, and were beginning occasionally to take in water. As the threatening spout approached nearer, the captain cried:

“Now, Hiram, send both balls through the middle of the column.”

Hiram fired the gun, and an almost blinding flash like lightning was seen, and a roar like thunder was heard. The boat was shaken by the force of the explosion, and the balls, scattering, pierced the center

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

of the waterspout at some little distance apart. The column was broken and water fell from the cloud in such quantities in both boats that they were obliged to work hard in bailing them out.

“Heap big white priests,” cried Waheatoua. “Kill spirit of huri, huri. Waheatoua no longer afraid of huri, huri. Great white priests kill evil spirit that brings it.”

Jack, who had been aiding the captain in bailing out boat No. 23, exclaimed:

“Why, captain, the water is fresh. The waterspout therefore cannot be formed of a column of salt water drawn up from the ocean, as I have read in some books.”

“No,” said the captain, “it is due almost entirely to water drawn down from the clouds above. Indeed, it is no longer believed that the column of a waterspout consists wholly of water. Probably a large portion consists of cloud.”

Nothing else of interest occurred, and after several days they could see several large islands in the distance. As before related when describing the approach of Mahinee’s war canoes, they noted that all these islands were characterized by high mountains that came down abruptly to the ocean and had but narrow strips of shore land that were almost destitute of coral formation.

The appearance of each island was followed by a long conversation between Waheatoua and Kapiiau. At the same time the captain obtained no little informa-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tion concerning the names of the distant islands, the character of their people, and the names of their kings or chiefs.

Kapiau now began talking earnestly to Waheatoua about something he wished to ask the white men. After a long conversation, Waheatoua turned to the captain and said:

“Kapiau say we better go to Mahinee’s island first. If we go to other islands the people would follow us to Mahinee’s island. The people want to see the white boys they hear so much about, and maybe Mahinee would not like so many people coming to his island.”

“What do you think, Waheatoua?” inquired the captain.

“Waheatoua say go to Mahinee’s island first. If we go to other islands, maybe chiefs want you stay longer with them, and expect you to give heap presents. Better keep presents for Mahinee and his people.”

“Cap’n,” said Hiram grinning, when he heard what Waheatoua said, “thet’s good advice they be giving ye; don’t ye think so?”

“I do, Hiram,” replied the captain. “We will not only go to Mahinee’s island first, but we will take a route which will as far as possible prevent the people from the other islands from seeing us.”

At last Mahinee’s island came in sight as a dim speck on the northeast horizon. Waheatoua, pointing it out, said in an exulting tone:

“Mahinee’s island there. Now we get there without any one seeing us.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

It was now near the close of the day. They were still five or six hours from the island, so they determined to row slowly and make no attempt to reach it before sunrise the next day.

“No hurry,” said Waheatoua. “Reach island tomorrow when sun there,” he continued, pointing to the eastern horizon. “Must climb to the edge of Mahinee’s valley. Hard climb. Heap hard reaching valley. Need plenty light.”

The sun was rising next day when they brought their boat and canoe to the same landing-place where Mahinee had taken his war canoes with Charley and Harold. They were soon surrounded by a number of people from Mahinee’s valley who had come in order to fish. These people running up to Waheatoua and Kapiau eagerly inquired who the strangers were. When they learned that they were coming to see the two white boys an excited conversation was at once set up between them that lasted for about five minutes. The captain, seeing that these people had brought information that had astounded Waheatoua and Kapiau, at last succeeded in getting Waheatoua to tell him what had happened.

“Heap bad news,” was the reply. “Warriors from another valley had fight with Mahinee’s men and have carried away captives young white priest, Charleyo Mahinee, Kooloo, the son of Mahinee, and Mahinee’s interpreter, Marbonna.”

“What happened to Harealdo Mahinee?” anxiously inquired the captain through Waheatoua.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Other boy escape," was the reply. "Now safe in Mahinee's valley."

"Do you think the prisoners in much danger?" inquired the captain.

"Yes," was the frank reply. "Arahu very bad man. Cannibal. Great enemy of Mahinee, because Mahinee fight many times with his warriors and every time makes them run away. Waheatoua thinks Arahu will kill and eat captives."

"When did the attack and capture happen?" anxiously asked the captain.

A very unsatisfactory answer came. The two boys were carried off several days ago.

"Has not Mahinee already assembled his warriors and marched against the king, either to try to release the boys or avenge them?"

"Mahinee away with boats and warriors," was the reply. "Only came back last night. Will march to-day with his warriors. Getting them all together. Many warriors. Mahinee heap angry; say this time he kill Arahu and most of his warriors, and give valley to his son Kooloo if he not killed and eaten."

"Then," said the captain to Waheatoua, "let us hurry to Mahinee's valley, see the great chief, and offer to march with him against his enemies."

"Heap good advice," said Waheatoua. "Think Mahinee pleased to see white men. Will white men bring make-thunder with them?" he inquired, pointing to the bronze cannon.

"Yes," was the reply, "we'll take it with us."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

While this conversation was going on, the captain had arranged that Kapiiau should remain to take care of the boat. So, starting off, they commenced to climb the path leading up to the top of the plateau that formed one of the boundaries of the valley.

As soon as the boat had touched the land, Rompey, who had exhibited great excitement, jumped on shore and began running around as if endeavoring to find some traces of the scent of his young masters. Of course he was unsuccessful, because so long a time had elapsed since they had landed. As soon, however, as they reached the path leading to the brow of the precipices, Rompey's excitement increased. He began running from one part of the path to another as if he were looking for something, and at last when Waheatoua led the way, a short distance up the path, Rompey, running eagerly ahead from place to place, began barking, until at last discovering the crevice of the rock where Harold had hid the handkerchief, extracted it with his teeth and brought it to the captain, as if to say:

"Is not this something you have seen before?"

"It's Harold's handkerchief," exclaimed the captain. "See," he said, taking it from the dog, "the lad has probably stuck it in this crevice in order to attract our attention. Good dog, Rompey," he said, patting the dog's head.

Waheatoua grinned and said:

"Great dog. Glad he come. Will help find the boys in other valley if Mahinee can't get them."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Hurrying along after Waheatoua, the party were at last standing on the top of the valley looking down into Mahinee's valley. Like Charley and Harold they looked with amazement at the wonderful fertility of the place, spread in all its tropical beauty before them. So when the captain asked Waheatoua to show them the path by which they could reach the valley, he led the way.

Meanwhile, Rompey had again disappeared, and hearing him barking excitedly, Jack said:

"Rompey has found something else that pleases him, captain. You hear that glad bark?"

Hurrying forward, they found Rompey standing in front of the tree on the white bark of which Charley had drawn with his pencil a suggestive picture of five war canoes with crude representations of twelve men in four of the canoes, and twenty-four men in a larger canoe. Jack, who was the first to understand the meaning of the drawing, exclaimed:

"See, captain, this drawing has been left here by Charley. There are the four small canoes and there is the larger canoe."

"Yes," said the captain, who had been following him; "and underneath, Jack, you will see Charley's initials, C. Y. P."

"And here," said Hiram grinning, "ye see an arrow that the lad hez left, as much ez to say this is the way we went down."

"Waheatoua," inquired the captain, "does that arrow point in the right direction of the path?"

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Arrow right,” said Waheatoua grinning. “Young white lad heap great. Leaves something Waheatoua understands. Carried away in five canoes. Goes down in the valley that way,” pointing to the arrow. “But one thing Waheatoua no understand. What this?” he inquired, pointing to the initials.

“That is the young white priest’s name,” said the captain.

“Young white lad heap great,” exclaimed Waheatoua, with increasing admiration.

“You will think he’s great, Waheatoua, if we are so fortunate as to find him alive,” exclaimed Jack.

“Thar’s no brighter lad to be found on this blooming island,” said Hiram. “See if ye don’t agree with me when we find him.”

They now began the descent on the side of the stream that ran through the deep ravine and formed one of the tributaries of the river. It was as much as they could do to get down safely without attempting to carry the cannon with them; but when Waheatoua told the natives who accompanied them the wonderful things the cannon could do, and how the white men had killed or destroyed the spirit that brought the water-spout, after being assured that there was no taboo about it, they aided in getting it down safely to the lower part of the valley.

Long before they reached it, however, Rompey disappeared, and shortly afterward they saw him running eagerly down the valley toward that part in which the house of the great Mahinee was situated.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

But let us now go back to Harold. As already stated, after the boy had seen Charley and Marbonna carried away captives, he had run rapidly down the valley and had reached Mahinee's warriors who were in full retreat. As he came running up to the warriors they rejoiced that one of the lads was saved and, crowding around him, eagerly asked questions as to what had happened to the others.

Like Charley, Harold could now understand the language of the people of the valley fairly well. He told them what had happened, and urged them to go back with him and endeavor to rescue Charley, Kooloo, and Marbonna. After a long and excited conversation, much of which he was unable to understand, he learned that the warriors of the Western Valley so greatly outnumbered them that they thought it better to go direct to Mahinee, who would of course get all his warriors together and at once march against the enemy.

This advice was so sensible that Harold could say nothing against it. So he joined the men and was soon going with them to Mahinee's house.

On reaching the lower part of the valley they were met by crowds of people running toward them. They had seen that there had been an engagement, but did not know the details. When they learned that Arahu's warriors had taken Charleyo, Kooloo, and Marbonna captives, and had killed two of their warriors, there were great lamentations.

"Let us tell Mahinee," cried Harold.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Mahinee no here,” said the people. “He go in war canoe to another island.”

“When will he come back?” cried Harold.

“Maybe one week, maybe to-morrow,” was the reply.

Asking to see the chief whom Mahinee had placed in command of the valley during his absence, Harold inquired eagerly as to whether something could not be done toward rescuing the prisoners. Without any hesitation the chief gave orders for all the fighting men of the valley to get ready, so that when ordered they could march immediately against the enemy.

“If Mahinee come not by to-morrow,” said the chief, “we march against Arahu.”

Fortunately, Mahinee returned much sooner than had been expected. It appears that he was visiting at a near island. Word having been sent by boat as soon as they knew of the capture of Kooloo and the others, Mahinee immediately returned with the warriors he had taken with him, and had marched directly to his house in the valley.

He eagerly inquired of Harold about all that had happened. Praising his chief for what he had done in calling all the fighting men under arms, he gave immediate orders for the assembling of his warriors.

The first opportunity Harold got he asked Mahinee if he thought it probable that the people of the Western Valley would kill and eat the prisoners.

“Mahinee not know,” was the answer. “Mahinee hope that Charleyo, the wonderful white priest, will

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

show them some magic and frighten them. But Arahū very bad. May kill and eat them."

Getting together a large army of warriors took some time, so it was several hours after Mahinee's arrival before he was ready to start. It was then shortly after sunrise. He might hardly, even by a forced march, reach the head of the valley until near sunrise. Since there would be no moon until after midnight, Mahinee hoped that he would be able to be well on his way before the enemy knew he was coming. As they were about to start, noises were heard from the part of the valley that is entered from the ocean, and in a short time a number of their people were seen running toward Mahinee. Before they reached him, however, Harold heard the barking of a dog that he at once recognized as Rompey.

"That is my dog," he said, speaking excitedly to Mahinee. "It means that my people have come here to see me. They are great fighting men, and I am sure will be glad to march with the great Mahinee against the people of the Western Valley."

"Mahinee glad to have their help," said the chief.

The dog was seen rapidly approaching, and in a short time Rompey reached his young master, jumped up and resting his paws on his shoulders began licking his face, and by the shakings of his tail and peculiar noises clearly showed how delighted he was to see his young master again.

The actions of the dog greatly pleased the savages, especially Mahinee.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Great dog," said Mahinee to Harold. "Loves you much. Does he also love Charleyo?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Quite as much, if not more, than he loves me."

"What name you call dog?" asked Mahinee.

"His name is Rompey," was the reply.

But here again the nearest Mahinee and his warriors could come to the name of the dog was Rompeyo.

"If Rompeyo loves Charleyo then we take him with us to find Charleyo, Kooloo, and Marbonna," said Mahinee. Then turning to Harold, he inquired: "Who you think perhaps Rompeyo come with?"

"With two men and another boy," replied Harold. "The men are Captain Harding and Hiram Higgenbotham; the boy is named Jack."

"Good fighters?" inquired Mahinee anxiously.

"Splendid fighters," replied Harold. "Have great make-thunder with them. Kill enemies quick."

"Then Mahinee hopes the white people will fight with him." And saying something to some of his men they soon left him, running rapidly in the direction from which Rompey had come.

In a short time Captain Harding, Hiram, and Jack, together with Waheatoua, were seen approaching at a rapid gait.

When they reached Mahinee, the captain said to Waheatoua:

"Say to the great Mahinee that we have come in peace. We have heard that he is about to march against his enemies who have taken his son Kooloo prisoner,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

and who have also taken prisoner the boy Charleyo, whom we love as greatly as Mahinee does his son. If the great Mahinee will permit us, we will march with him against his enemies. Will Mahinee let the white men fight with him? ”

“ Where do you come from? ” inquired Mahinee.

“ From an island many days’ journey to the southwest,” said the captain through Waheatoua.

Mahinee, who evidently wanted to know more about the captain, now went into a long conversation with Waheatoua, but it was soon evident that Waheatoua gave Mahinee a glowing description of what he called the great white-man priest, explaining, as he did, not only to the astonishment of Mahinee, but to his warriors as well, the wonderful manner he had by means of a big make-thunder, pointing to the bronze cannon, driven away the evil spirits of the huri, huri.

These statements were carefully listened to by Mahinee. The captain, however, wishing to convince him the more certainly that they were to be trusted, now showed him the dagger that Otoa had given to him, requesting Waheatoua to tell Mahinee that Otoa was a great friend of the white man.

When Mahinee recognized the dagger he was greatly pleased, and said to the captain :

“ Mahinee glad to have the white men march with him against his enemies. We go now,” continued Mahinee; and then pointing to the brass cannon that Hiram was standing near, he said: “ Bring big make-thunder along to fight against Mahinee’s enemies.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

While this conversation was going on, poor Rompey, who had almost devoured Harold with his demonstrations of joy, would every now and then look into his face and make a joyous howl, as if he wished to show how pleased he was to meet him.

As for Jack, the captain, and Hiram, they could hardly wait until the important conversation with Mahinee had been completed to show how delighted they were at seeing Harold again; for Harold fairly hurled himself into the arms of the captain and commenced hugging him, and then would leave the captain and go through similar huggings with Jack and Hiram, and then would go back again to the captain.

Instead of being jealous that the lad should be so pleased to see his friends again, the great chief himself rejoiced and, looking at Harold, said:

“Is Harealdo Mahinee glad to see his friends? That makes Mahinee glad too.”

At last the expedition started off at a rapid pace toward the head of the valley. Mahinee's picked company of warriors led the way, followed by the captain and his friends, and they in their turn followed by many companies of warriors that Mahinee was leading against his enemies; for this time he was putting forth a final effort. He hoped that never again would there be any necessity for another fight.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FIGHT AT THE LAVA CAVE

WHEN, as already related in a previous chapter, the savages were running toward them, and Miconareo cried to his companions, "Let us make a run for it," speaking in English, Kooloo and Marbonna looked at each other in surprise. They were then unable to say anything, for they had a hard run ahead of them, and even after they reached the lava cave, they could not speak anything on account of the neighborhood of the savages. When, however, the savages, unable to find any traces of the fugitives, had gone to another part of the mountain to look for them, and they could talk freely, they began asking Miconareo in an excited manner how it was that he, who could speak both their own language as well as Charley's language, had always asked Marbonna to tell Charley what he wished to say to him. Miconareo smiled when this question was put to him, and answered in Polynesian that he had good reasons for doing as he had, which he would explain in due time; but just now they all had as much as they could attend to in looking after themselves.

"For now," he continued, "we have a severe battle ahead of us, and we must plan how best to fight it."

The doctor remained silent for a few moments, as if forming plans. Then, turning to Charley, he said:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“What do you know about this cave? We must pick out the best place for the fight I feel sure is coming.”

“I have never examined it, doctor,” said Charley. “Suppose we go through it now together?”

The particular cave in which they had sought refuge had been formed by a great lava stream flowing down the side of the mountain. Hardening on the outside, the liquid lava had continued to flow in the interior and, on the stopping of the flow from above, had almost completely emptied itself, thus leaving a long tunnel. In lava caves of this character the escaping lava generally breaks its way through the lower end of the tunnel, continuing to flow down the side of the mountain in the shape of the well-known lava fields or streams. In this particular case, however, the lower part of the tunnel-shaped mass had hardened, and the lava stream backing up had exerted a pressure against the sides, near the end, sufficiently great to break them, and had emptied itself at a number of points through these cracks. It so chanced that the principal of these side streams, through which so much of the molten rock had escaped, becoming mixed with water, had blown immense bubbles that, communicating with one another, produced a series of bubble caves through which one might have considerable difficulty in finding his way owing to the very irregular shapes the walls had taken during the blowing process.

Charley and Doctor Parsons walked hurriedly through the tunnel portion of the cave for over five hundred feet down the side of the mountain. They

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

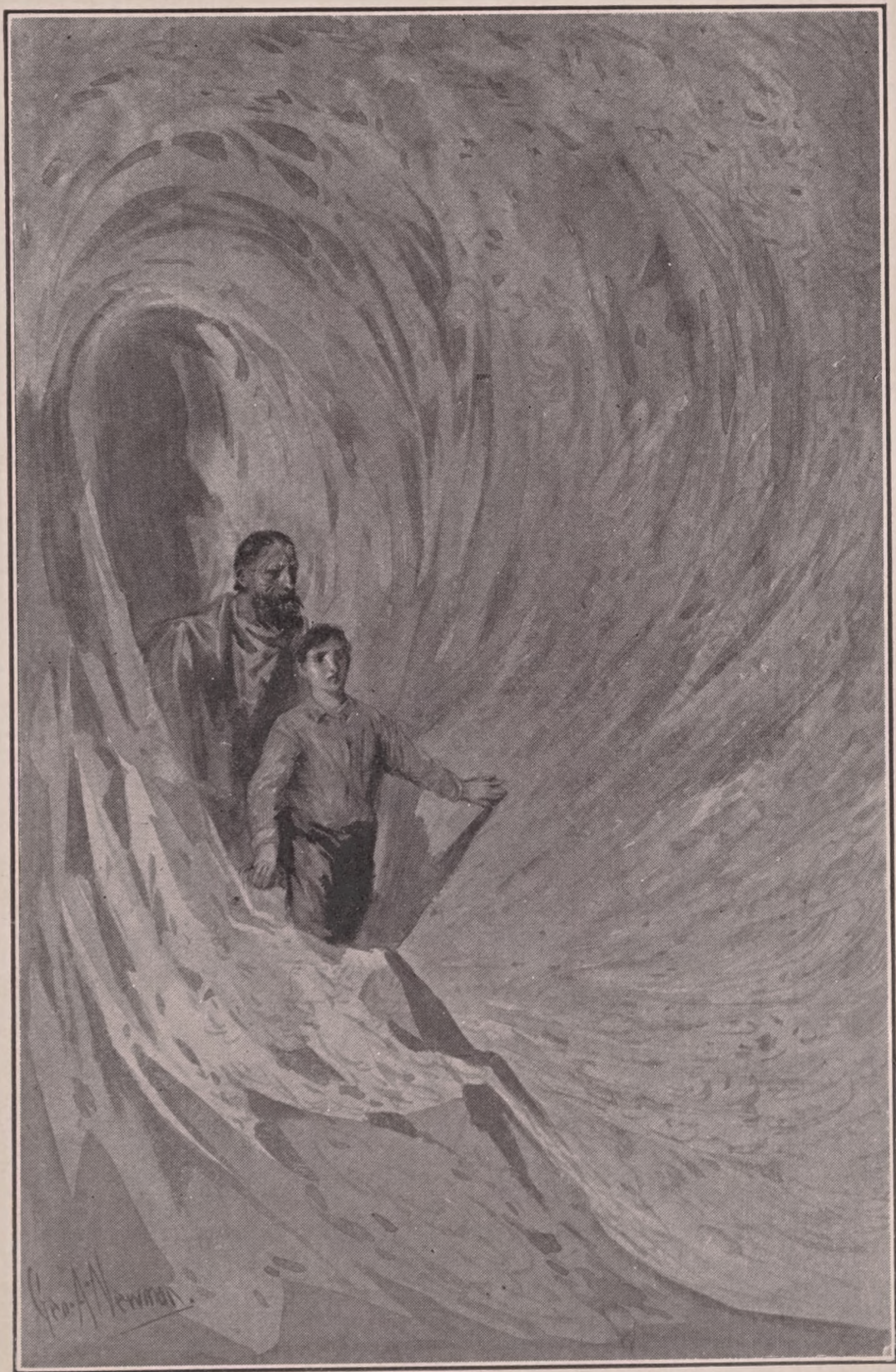
had no difficulty in breathing the air of the cave, nor in finding their way, as soon as their eyes became accustomed to the darkness. The roof of the cave had been cracked in several places, letting in an abundance of air together with small quantities of light. Reaching the end of the tunnel and finding it closed, they slowly retraced their steps toward the main opening, but before they had gone very far found several places where bubble caves had been formed. One of the largest of these communicated with the main or tunnel cave by means of a fissure that was only wide enough to admit the passage of a single man, and which could only be entered by stooping. The sides of this passage, where it entered the bubble-cave, afforded a place where two could stand and deal deadly blows, and at the same time be shielded from the blows of their enemies.

“Here,” said Doctor Parsons, who had been carefully examining the entrance, “is a splendid place where we can make a stand against our enemies. Should we be shut in here there is plenty of good drinking-water”; for nearly the entire stream which they had found flowing through a lower part of the tunnel-cave emptied through the channel into the principal bubble-cave.

“Then,” said Charley, “let’s go back for our food supplies, and bring Kooloo and Marbonna here.”

The advantages of the bubble-cave were thoroughly appreciated by Marbonna.

“Heap good place for fight,” and then turning to Miconareo, he said: “You and I stand on either side



*“ ‘ A splendid place where we can make a
stand against our enemies ’ ”*

Page 348

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

with clubs, and no one can pass us through that," he said, pointing to the passageway.

"And Kooloo will also fight," cried the lad.

"Doctor," said Charley, "if any of the warriors do get through, Kooloo and I will take care of them."

"All right," said the doctor. "You understand this is a fight to the death. If we are taken I think we would have no chance whatever for our lives. I believe Arahū and his warriors would claim that since you have not remained to give service in the House of the Idols, you have disobeyed the commands of the gods, and therefore should be destroyed."

"We will not be taken alive, doctor," said Charley gravely.

"I wish we knew, Charley," said the doctor, "whether these bubble-caves have any other entrances except through the tunnel-cave."

"I imagine, doctor," said Charley, "that there are probably many places where the steam has escaped, and so openings have been formed. Do you not think that probable?"

"You are quite a philosopher, Charley," said the doctor. "But I would like to know for certain how far these caves extend. Therefore, while Marbonna and I keep guard at this entrance, suppose you and Kooloo make an exploration and see if there are any other large entrances that could easily be reached."

"Come, Kooloo," said Charley, "let us see where the cave leads to. Let me go first," he added; "I think we may find openings in the floor."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Kooloo will follow Charleyo," replied the lad. "Charleyo great white priest. Can see much better than Kooloo."

As they were leaving, Marbonna informed Kooloo that should there be any necessity for calling them back, he would imitate the sound of a certain bird.

Charley's caution to Kooloo as regards the probability of their finding openings in the floor through which they might fall proved to be not without foundation. Enough light entered from cracks in the top to enable them to see their way fairly well. In this way they could see a number of openings in the floor through which they might have fallen had they not been on the lookout for them.

The large bubble-cave in which they had left their companions communicated with a second cave almost as large, and this with a third cave. As they were about entering the last cave they heard Marbonna's signal call and hurried back to him and the doctor. As they approached, the doctor said in a low tone to Charley:

"They have discovered the entrance to the tunnel-cave. Listen, you can hear them running in this direction. Keep quiet, it is too dark for them to see the entrance readily, so that it may be some time before they discover it. Indeed, they may not discover it at all."

From their position at the entrance of the bubble-cave they could see the savages, of whom there were now more than six, running in hot haste toward them.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

As the doctor had hoped, they were unsuccessful in finding the small opening communicating with the bubble-cave.

They stood for a few moments directly in front of the fugitives when their leader, calling the others around him, sent two of them to bring torches, and others to get together all the warriors they could find near the head of the valley, and then went with the rest of his men toward the entrance.

"Shall Kooloo follow and see if they stay at the entrance?" he asked the doctor. "Kooloo walk without noise."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but be careful they don't see you."

Kooloo hurried off, and in a short time returned, saying:

"Two men stay at the mouth of the cave. Others run off toward the Western Valley."

"They will get together their sentinels and scouts. We may expect a big crowd here in half an hour or so."

"Shall we kill the men at the mouth of the cave?" inquired Marbonna.

"I think not," replied the doctor. "They are not yet sure we are in the cave. Unless," he continued, "we were sure they had all gone toward the Western Valley, for then if we killed them we could make our escape down to Mahinee's valley."

"Not all go," replied Kooloo. "Kooloo see some wait near the head of Mahinee's valley."

"Then we will remain here," said the doctor.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

But let us now return to Mahinee. There had been no difficulty in collecting all the fighting people of the valley; for all were eager to follow their great chief, aid him punish the invaders and, if possible, bring back the captives. Even the old men of the village, who were still able to carry their clubs and spears, asked Mahinee as a great favor to let them go along with him. Except, however, in a few cases, the chief replied:

“Better stay back and look after the women and children.”

The expedition, as already stated, had left at a rapid pace for the head of the valley. A short time before leaving an advance party was sent out, consisting of thirty scouts, so as to prevent any surprise attack by the enemy. These men were followed by Mahinee's picked company, led by Mahinee himself; and then came the rest of the warriors. They formed a splendid-looking body of fighting men, and, led by so skilled a chief as Mahinee, would be difficult to match in fierce hand-to-hand fighting.

Marching alongside of Mahinee were the captain, Hiram, and Jack, and Waheatoua. The last acted as interpreter.

Rompey accompanied the captain—now running ahead, and now returning and walking alongside of Harold, Jack, and the captain. Rompey was greatly excited, probably there was no one in the company more excited than he. At first Mahinee feared the dog would bark and thus disclose their approach to the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

enemy, but the captain assured him that Rompey was well trained and would keep perfectly quiet if so commanded. This was done, and Rompey proved his good training by refraining from barking. He showed, however, by the quivering of his body and the wonderful shakings of his tail, that the excitement was there. Rompey's conduct greatly pleased Mahinee, for he knew the dog would be of great help if they were obliged to visit the Western Valley to look for the boys.

Hiram had brought his cutlass with him as a part of his equipment. To the savages this appeared a most wonderful weapon, and when Hiram would draw it every now and then from its scabbard, there were low murmurs of admiration at the length and beauty of the blade, as well as its apparently great sharpness. This so pleased Hiram that he drew the blade from its scabbard perhaps more frequently than was necessary.

It was a long march to the head of the valley. Although they had started about noon and had marched continuously, at a rapid gait, it was early morning when they reached the slopes of the central ash-cone.

Rompey had now become even more excited than he had been at any time since leaving Harding Island. He had evidently found slight traces of a trail that had been left when Charley and his companions had last been in this locality; for, after following it for a while, he would turn to the captain and, resting his paws on his shoulders, would look into his face as if vainly endeavoring to tell him something.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Great dog," cried Mahinee, who had been carefully watching the actions of the animal with much appreciation. "Wants to tell you something."

"Yes," said the captain, "it looks as if he had found a scent of Charleyo. I will try to find out." Turning to the dog, the captain said:

"Find Charley, Rompey; find Charley."

As if the dog thoroughly understood what had been said to him, he at once started off on the trail, still running to and fro as if uncertain. At last, however, he quickened his gait, and ran in an almost straight line toward the mountain.

Rompey had run some little distance up the central ash cone, where he had struck a trail of the four fugitives as they had escaped from the valley and were on their way to the lava caves.

"O Uncle Arthur," cried Harold, "Rompey is running toward a lava cave that Charley and I discovered a few days before Charley, Kooloo, and Marbonna were taken prisoners. I remember Charley's advice that nothing should be said about this discovery, since he thought it might happen that some day he and I, or even the captain, Hiram, and Jack would be glad to take refuge in it. I believe we will find Charley in the cave, and I hope Kooloo and Marbonna. Let us hurry. I think I hear signs of fighting."

"I think it very probable, Harold," replied the captain. "Hiram," he continued, "let us hurry after him."

"Mahinee and his men will go with you," said Mahinee, ordering his company to follow him.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

But Rompey's excited condition was such that they found it impossible to keep up with him. Indeed, even Mahinee and his best runners were unable to reach him.

Waheatoua had kept Mahinee acquainted with what Harold was saying, and was about to say something to the captain when Harold continued:

"Look at the smoke, captain. There's something burning near the cave."

As they looked, they saw smoke issuing apparently from a hole in the ground.

Mahinee's keen eyes had already seen the smoke, and his ears had heard the sound of fighting. The captain had also detected both of these signs, so that the entire party now ran at their best gait toward the mouth of the lava cave.

It soon required neither keen eyes to see, nor keen ears to hear, what was going on; for a number of Arah's warriors were seen running toward the place that Harold declared was the entrance to the cave. So intent were these men on reaching their enemies, who they were sure would soon be forced to flee from the cave, that they failed to note the quiet, though rapid, approach of the rescuing party.

It was now shortly after sunrise, and the doctor and his party had been awaiting events. Their enemies had remained outside the cave for several hours, not only for the purpose of obtaining reenforcements, but especially to start fires in the bubble-caves they

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

had discovered. In this way they hoped to smoke their enemies out of their refuge. From their position in the bubble-cave, they could see the approach of a large body of warriors with spears and war-clubs. They had now no difficulty in recognizing them, since two of the men who preceded them carried flaming torches.

Savage joy and exultation were apparent in their faces as they hurried toward them. This time they had no difficulty in detecting the entrance to the bubble-cave, for the light of their torches clearly disclosed it. So rushing forward they attempted to force their way through. But the entrance prevented the passage of more than one at a time, and its length was such that no more than two could get into it at the same time.

There were two determined men guarding that entrance, the old warrior Marbonna, and the cool, calculating Yankee, the doctor. As the savages attempted to pass through the narrow entrance, down came their war-clubs on their heads, thus not only rendering them helpless, but so blocking up the narrow entrance with their inanimate bodies as to necessitate their removal, and thus the defenders got a short breathing-spell. But the cessation of the fighting was short. Again they came, more determined than ever, and began crawling through the narrow entrance. But Marbonna and the doctor again met them, again necessitating the withdrawal of two other bodies through the entrance, and this was repeated until six warriors had

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

been put out of the fight. After a short consultation the remainder determined to make a concerted attack and force their way into the bubble-cave. But the stronghold was too well defended, and again two more of the warriors were knocked senseless by blows on the head from the clubs in the hands of Marbonna and the doctor.

As the enemy retreated, Marbonna and Miconareo heard one of the men say to his companions that there was no use in fighting there any longer; that the fugitives would soon be smoked out by the fire which, it seemed, some of their number had built in one of the bubble-caves communicating with the tunnel-cave.

“A very dangerous thing if they are successful at it,” said the doctor, after he had explained to Charley what they were talking about. “The cave would soon be filled with smoke so that we would be compelled to take the choice of being suffocated or killed outright by the savages as we attempted to escape from the entrance.”

The enemy had not been gone long before thin curlings of smoke began to pour into the cave. These eventually became so strong that they concluded it would be necessary to make an effort to escape. If they remained they would certainly be suffocated, while if they reached the outside they would at least have a fighting chance for their lives.

Going quietly to the entrance of the tunnel-cave they rushed out of it, and a severe fight at once began. It was a fight for life, and the fugitives fought valiantly.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

The doctor and old Marbonna wielded their war-clubs like veterans. Nor were Charley or Kooloo idle. The odds, however, were against them in point of numbers and, had it not been for the aid that was coming, the fight would soon have been over. And even now it seemed as if that long-spread-out line that was approaching, with Rompey in the lead, followed at a distance of about fifty feet by Mahinee, and then a scattering of Mahinee's warriors, and finally by the captain and his companions, would fail to reach them in time.

It was in this condition that the keen eyes of Mahinee saw that Charley was confronted by a huge warrior standing over him with his war-club about to dash out his brains. With all his speed Mahinee could not reach Charley in time. But suddenly, like a flash of light, he saw Rompey spring at the throat of the warrior, savagely tearing it with his teeth when the man fell senseless, only to be almost immediately afterward killed by a blow from Mahinee's club. In a few moments, but before the captain and his companions could arrive, Mahinee, aided by his men, had killed or dispersed the savages who were surrounding Charley, Kooloo, Marbonna, and the doctor.

As soon as Charley had been relieved of his enemy he recognized Rompey, crying out:

"Why, Rompey, where did you come from? Good dog; you saved my life."

Rompey's only reply consisted in a series of joyous barkings and tail waggings, during which the affec-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

tionate animal jumping up rested his paws on Charley's shoulders and commenced licking his face.

"What dog is that, Charley?" inquired the doctor. "He's a full-blooded collie, and is one of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen."

"He is my dog," said Charley. "He was left on Harding Island with your old friend, the captain, and his companions, Hiram and Jack. Since Rompey is here we may be sure the captain and his friends have reached the island. Rompey is probably not far from them."

But the fight was not yet over. Word having been sent to Arahū that the fugitives were shut up in a lava cave from which they could not escape, the king, rapidly collecting as many of his warriors as he could, had marched to the top of the mountain in order to share in the glory of capturing the fugitives and offering them in sacrifice to their gods. As the doctor had suggested, since the captives had disobeyed the commands of the gods, and had not remained to give service in the House of the Idols, they should be sacrificed. The approach of this company had been observed by Mahinee's men who, hiding, had permitted them to pass them, and had attacked them in the rear, thus renewing the battle. The captain and his companions had been kept so busy they had not only failed to reach Charley, but had not even been recognized by him.

Mahinee was at the head of his men fighting his enemies. Singling out Arahū as his opponent, he rushed toward him, crying out in a mocking tone:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Slayer of children and capturer of boys, come now and fight with a man. It is Mahinee who calls you, not mere children and an aged warrior.”

Whatever else could be said against Arahū, he was a brave man. He therefore willingly accepted Mahinee's challenge. Rushing to meet his enemy, the two chiefs were soon engaged in fierce conflict. For a long time the result was uncertain. They were nearly evenly matched; but Mahinee's foot unfortunately slipping, his opponent raising his huge war-club high in the air had almost brought it down on the head of Mahinee when Kooloo, without a moment's hesitation, bravely rushed in and received the blow. Had it not been that it was a glancing blow the lad received he would certainly have been instantly killed. As it was, he received a severe wound on the head, and fell apparently dead. As Arahū's club fell on Kooloo, Mahinee, taking advantage of his momentarily unprotected condition, quickly raised his club and dashed out his brains.

During this fight the captain, Hiram, Jack, and Harold did their share of the work. Hiram especially gained the applause of Mahinee's warriors by discharging the bronze cannon at some reinforcements that came from the Western Valley. It was not that the discharge produced such dreadful slaughter, although the ball with which Hiram had loaded it did pass directly through the bodies of two of the warriors at a distance of half a mile, thus instantly killing them. It was most probably the noise, and the apparent magic

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

that could kill at such a distance, that produced a moral effect stronger than anything else.

During the fight Jack received a slight cut in his shoulder from a spear of one of Arahū's warriors. He did not, however, think much of it at the time.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW THE DOCTOR'S MEDICINE CHEST WAS EMPLOYED

WHEN the battle was over, and the combatants had time to take breath and look around, the captain was greatly surprised when one of the savages who, as he had noticed, had been fighting on their side, approached him and, reaching out his hand, exclaimed in the best of English:

"How are you, Harding? Glad to see you again. What are you doing in this part of the world? Acting as a missionary, and trying to turn these savages from their wicked ways? But no matter what you are doing, I'm mighty glad you happened to turn up here just when you did."

"Who are you," said the captain, "who look so much like a Polynesian, and yet speak such excellent English?"

"I'm your old friend, Dr. Charles B. Parsons, of Boston. You probably remember that you and I were students in geographical physics at the Oxford University, London. I am the same Doctor Parsons who formerly occupied the cabin of the brig, Fanny Watson. I was supposed to have been lost overboard during a heavy gale that preceded the storm and finally wrecked the brig."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

It came all of a sudden to the captain who the doctor was; so, turning to his friend, he said:

"I'm very glad to see you, Parsons; not only as my old friend, but because, as I believe, you have had much to do with aiding Charley, Kooloo, and Marbonna in their escape."

The doctor was about to make some other remark to the captain, when Charley, who having recognized the captain and his companions, turning to the doctor, said:

"Please wait for me a moment, doctor. It's my turn now." And rushing into the captain's arms he commenced hugging and kissing him, crying:

"O captain, how glad I am to see you again! What experiences Harold and I have passed through since we were carried away captives in the war canoes from Harding Island! Come here, Jack, let me hug you. Come here, Harold. It's your turn now. I don't care who sees me acting in this way. I am so happy to see you here again, I am not ashamed to show it. And you too, Hiram," he said, seeing that the old sailor was looking affectionately to him as if awaiting his turn. So rushing to him the lad again began to hug and, as if this was not satisfactory, he ran from one to another repeating the operation. "But," he said, "where is Kooloo?" for he had not seen that part of the fight in which Kooloo had been nearly killed.

"Kooloo has been very severely wounded, and almost killed," said the captain. "During the fight between Mahinee's men and the reenforcements led by

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Arahu, Mahinee and Arahu engaged in a single combat. The fight was long and uncertain. At last Arahu gained the advantage and would undoubtedly have killed Mahinee had not Kooloo, who was fighting alongside his father, rushed in in time to save his life. Kooloo, however, received a glance blow on his head that I fear may kill him."

Doctor Parsons, who had heard what the captain said, remarked:

"Don't talk about Kooloo being killed. Let me see the lad. I may be able to do something for him if he is not already dead. I have spent the last few days with him, and know he is in such splendid physical condition that he should be able to bear a heavy blow on the head without being killed, unless the brain itself has been injured."

"I'm glad to hear you talk that way, doctor," said the captain. "If you can do anything for Kooloo, you would become a friend of the great Mahinee; for, savage as he is, his heart is bound up in his son."

"Yes, doctor," said Charley, "do all you can for Kooloo. Mahinee has been very kind to both Harold and myself and, indeed, has adopted both of us into his family; for, as you know, I am Charleyo Mahinee, and Harold is Harealdo Mahinee."

"I will do all I can, my lad," said the kind-hearted doctor. "Come, let us look at him."

The doctor accompanied the captain, Charley, and Harold, who led them to Mahinee, who was standing near the still unconscious boy

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Mahinee looked up sorrowfully as the captain approached with the doctor. Turning to Marbonna, who was standing by the side of Mahinee, the captain said:

"Tell Mahinee that this man," pointing to the doctor, "is a wonderful doctor; that he can cure your son if any one can."

"I have sent runners for my medicine men," said Mahinee; "but if you can do anything for him, do it at once. I fear he is dying."

The doctor stooped down and carefully examined the lad. Then looking up at Mahinee said in excellent Polynesian:

"The boy has received a severe blow on the head, but as far as I can see it is not a dangerous blow, and I think I can save his life." Then turning to the captain he said: "I say, Harding, if I only had that medicine chest that was left in the cabin of the Fanny Watson, I am sure I could save his life. There has been a fracture of the skull. A piece of the bone is pressing against the brain. I have a trephining set in my medicine chest."

"Why, captain," cried Jack, "don't you remember we put the doctor's medicine chest in our boat? Ask Mahinee to send one of his swift runners for it. He will find it in a locker near the bow of the boat."

"I will, Jack," said the captain; "but how can the messenger find it? I don't quite see how I can describe it to him."

"Let me make a drawing of it," said Charley; "I can show him what it looks like."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When Charley finished the drawing he handed it to the captain, who explained the matter to Mahinee. Mahinee, calling one of his swiftest runners, gave him instructions to go and return as quickly as possible, assuring the runner that he need fear nothing from the taboo, since both he and the great white priest had so declared. Knowing that it was highly important to get the medicine chest as quickly as possible, Mahinee sent relays of runners, stationing them at different locations along the valley, so that on the return the chest could be brought back more rapidly by the fresh runners. By these means he thought the last runner should return with it in about a day and a quarter.

"Now," said the doctor to Mahinee, "let me look again at the young man."

After a careful examination he assured the father that he believed his son would recover if too long a time was not required for the return of the medicine chest.

"The boy is in excellent physical condition," he said. "I do not think any inflammation of the brain will ensue." Then immediately after this he turned to the captain and repeated in excellent English what he had said to Mahinee.

Mahinee gave a surprised look at this man who so much resembled one of his people, could speak their language as if he was one of them, and yet could speak such excellent English. Turning to Miconareo, he said:

"Who are you who resemble one of my race, speak

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the language thoroughly, and also can talk in English so well?"

The doctor then explained fully to Mahinee that he was a native of the great country known as the United States of America, where the same language is employed as in England; that he had been for a year among the people of the Western Valley, where he acted as one of their principal priests; that when the three prisoners were taken and Arahū and his warriors wished to offer them as sacrifices to the gods, he had opposed it, and had at last assisted the prisoners in escaping; that the young white priest, pointing to Charley, showing the people of that valley great magic, had so frightened them that they had been set aside for the House of Idols. He then explained the details of the escape; how they reached the lava cave up to the time when the fight began at the mouth of the large cave.

"It was then," he added, "that the great Mahinee with his white allies took part in the fight, so he knows for himself all that has taken place."

When Mahinee heard the wonderful services that the doctor had rendered, not only to Kooloo, Charley, and Marbonna, he said:

"Mahinee will never forget what you have done for him. Save my son's life, and anything you ask for, Mahinee will give it to you."

"I will remember that," said the doctor, "when the time comes."

"Captain," said the doctor, "have you a sharp pen-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

knife with you? I must shave the hair from the lad's head. It is the pressure on the brain that is causing his unconsciousness. I am sure he will be all right if I can manage to remove this fragment of bone which is causing the trouble, by the use of trephining. I think the lad will be able to speak and recognize us probably a half-hour or so after the completion of the operation."

The captain's penknife was in excellent condition. He had an oil stone with which he kept its blades sharp and free from rust. By its use the doctor soon removed the hair from the wound, when he saw that the injury was as he had stated.

"There is nothing now to do," he said, "but to wait for the messenger. How long will this probably be?" he asked Mahinee.

When Mahinee told him that it would probably require at least a day and a quarter, if not longer, the doctor was evidently worried. But during this time he carefully fashioned a piece of dry, clean shell, so as nearly to fit the opening he expected to make in the lad's skull.

While waiting, Mahinee's men had erected a large and comfortable house, to which Kooloo was carried.

At last the messenger arrived with the medicine chest. Probably never before was this distance in the valley covered in so short a time, and never before, perhaps, had there been greater reason for breaking records. The relays of runners Mahinee had sent, had stationed themselves at different distances along

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the valley and considerably decreased the time required for the return.

The doctor eagerly opened his chest, fearing that his trephining instrument-set might not be there.

“Ah!” he exclaimed with satisfaction, “here they are, and in excellent order. Now, captain, I will show you the manner in which modern surgery can perform apparent miracles. In this case we have the brain of a healthy lad that is unable to discharge its functions only by reason of pressure against it by a piece of the skull. How simple a thing then to relieve this pressure by removing the piece of bone!”

The trephine is an apparatus employed in surgery for the removal of a circular piece of bone from the skull. It consists of a cylindrical saw provided with a cross handle, not unlike that of a gimlet. As the saw is rotated a cut is made through the bone, not by complete rotations, but by half-rotations made rapidly alternately to the right or left as in boring with an awl.

Under the skilful operation of the doctor—whose hands, with all their lack of practice, had not yet lost their cunning—a small circular piece of bone was removed from the skull around the depressed part, thus relieving the pressure. The operation had required a comparatively short time, and the piece of thoroughly cleansed shell was soon bound in its place over the opening. Mahinee said nothing while watching the operation; but it was evident he was extremely anxious as to the result. A few moments after the pressure had been relieved by the removal of the bone, Koo-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

loo opened his eyes and, instantly recognizing his father, said:

“Then the big king did not kill my father. Kooloo come in time. Kooloo is happy. Now he is ready to die.”

“There is no necessity for Kooloo dying,” said the doctor, interrupting him. “I have cured you. Do what I tell you, you will be all right, although let me say it may be some time before you are quite strong again. You have had a close call for your life, my boy.”

Mahinee looked with surprise and awe at the wonderful manner in which the white doctor had almost raised his son from the grave.

“White man wonderful doctor,” he said. “Mahinee will not forget what you have done for him.”

“Kooloo must be kept quiet until the sun is again in that part of the sky,” said the doctor to Mahinee, pointing to the sky. “The only danger now is that an inflammation or a fever may set in.”

“I must now leave you,” said Mahinee in Polyneesian to the doctor, “and hasten with my warriors to the Western Valley. This invasion of the enemy must be stopped forever. I will march against the remnants of the enemy, and when I get through, difficulties need never again be feared from that quarter.”

“That’s all right, Mahinee,” said the captain through the doctor; “I hope the great Mahinee will be merciful to his enemies and spare the lives of as many as he can.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“Mahinee,” replied the great chief, “will not forget what the gods have done for him. He will be as merciful as he can.”

As soon as Mahinee had left with his warriors for the Western Valley, he took the precaution to leave a body of his warriors more than sufficient to guard the place where his son was resting. As soon as he left them, Jack, turning to the doctor, said:

“Doctor, have you any salve or ointment you can rub on my shoulder? I received a slight scratch during the fight from a spear of one of Arahū’s warriors. It’s a mere scratch, and I thought nothing of it; but it has commenced to swell, and is now very painful.”

“Let me see that arm, Jack,” said the doctor; and, examining it, said to the captain:

“This is a more serious matter than you might suppose. The spear has been tipped with a powerful poison, so that a small puncture almost invariably results in death. Fortunately, I have made a study of this poison and have discovered an antidote that is easily prepared from a mixture of the juices of the leaves and roots of plants that are common on the island. I will go to that clump of trees half a mile down the mountain, where I believe I can find all of the plants I need.”

In about half an hour the doctor returned with a bundle of roots and leaves, from which he soon obtained a mixture of their juices. When this was done, he turned to the captain and said:

“I must again ask you for the loan of that penknife,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

captain. I shall hurt you a little, Jack," he said, as he opened the blade and, cleansing it by holding it in the fire, made several deep incisions in Jack's shoulder. A quantity of dark-colored blood flowed freely from the wound when, pouring the liquid in the open cuts, and using a mixture of the bruised roots and leaves as a poultice, the doctor bound it on Jack's arm. "What I did to the penknife, Jack," he said, "by holding it in the fire was endeavored to kill any poisonous matters or germs that might have collected on it."

"Yes, I know, doctor," said Jack, "you were sterilizing it."

"I have certainly struck a scientific crowd of boys," said the doctor smiling. "I have already heard to-day from Charley as to why he thought the bubble-caves, in which we had taken refuge, probably connected with other caves, and now I hear from this lad a criticism as to what I had done."

"Why, doctor," said Jack blushing, "I beg your pardon! I assure you I did not mean to criticize you."

"All right, my boy," said the doctor, "I'm only jollying you."

Everything went well with the two boys. Kooloo soon entirely regained his consciousness, and in a few days was able to walk about. He continued weak, however, not yet having completely recovered from the shock. As to Jack, his recovery was complete; and, except for the gashes made by the knife and the stiffness of his shoulder, there was nothing left to show that he had ever been injured.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

During the two days they remained in the house that the warriors had erected for them, the doctor and the captain had long conversations concerning their old life at Oxford University, as well as the wonderful things that had happened to both of them. The doctor was very much interested in the captain's description of Harding Island, of its lagoon, and of the islands in the lagoon; especially of the huge limestone grottoes and of the earthquake shock that had formed a ship channel communicating with the lagoon.

But the comfortable cottages that had been erected on Harding Island especially interested the doctor. In his imagination he saw the study communicating with the vine-shaded porch. He pictured to himself the splendid times he and the captain might have if they could only manage to reach the island.

At last Mahinee returned after a successful and unexpectedly peaceful invasion of the Western Valley. When its people heard that their king had been killed they joyfully received Mahinee and offered allegiance to him. So Mahinee took possession of the valley in the name of his son Kooloo, who was duly chosen as its king.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXX

THE RETURN TO HARDING ISLAND

So far as the injury to the skull was concerned, Kooloo was rapidly improving. Nor did there appear to be any injury to the brain itself. While the relief of pressure following the removal of the bone had resulted, as already described, in a complete recovery of consciousness, and while no fever followed the operation, yet the shock to the system had left its impress on the lad's general health. Though he could walk about, yet his system did not regain the vigor that had characterized it.

The air of the valley was wonderfully pure, and during the greater part of the day both cool and pleasant when the sea breeze prevailed, but during the night it was often sultry; and being unable to obtain sound, refreshing sleep, the lad was not recovering so rapidly as they had hoped. Indeed, he was growing worse instead of better; so that his condition gave the doctor considerable anxiety.

"Captain," said the doctor one day, shortly after their return to Mahinee's valley, "if I could get Kooloo to Harding Island, where he would have the cool sea breeze by day, and the cool breeze from the lagoon by night, I am sure he would recover rapidly."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Then," said the captain, "let's see if we can persuade Mahinee to send Kooloo to Harding Island in one of his canoes. There we could look after the lad. Indeed, we might take Mahinee himself with us, for I imagine that affairs are in such a condition in the Western Valley that there would be no danger of his leaving the people in care of the chief he has temporarily placed over them."

"I agree with you, captain," said the doctor; "but don't say anything about it yet to Mahinee. It would be better if Mahinee would ask you as a favor to take both Kooloo and himself to Harding Island, than for you to ask him to permit you to do this. I think I can arrange matters so that he will make this request. By the way, captain," he added, "I know Hiram is very fond of that small bronze cannon. Do you think he would care if we left it with Mahinee as a gift?"

"If I can show Hiram that any advantage is to be gained by so doing, I am sure he would be willing," said the captain. "But I don't see what Mahinee could do with the cannon."

"That may be true, captain," said the doctor smiling, "but it is not so much what Mahinee actually can do with the cannon, as what he thinks he can do with it. Ever since the wonderful shot that killed two of Arahū's warriors at a distance of half a mile, Mahinee has looked on the cannon with longing eyes. He regards it as the most wonderful engine of war he has ever seen. He once said to me, 'Big make-thunder is most wonderful,' and then," continued the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

doctor, "he expressed both surprise and admiration at its ability to kill at a distance of half a mile."

"Did he say anything which led you to suppose that he would like to own the cannon?"

"Yes," was the reply; "he said to me, 'Do you think the great white chief,' that's you, captain, 'could be persuaded to make me a present of the big make-thunder?'"

"And what did you say?"

"I told Mahinee that I thought I could persuade you to do this."

"Now I understand what you are trying to get at," said the captain laughing. "I will see Hiram about the matter. I am sure he will be willing to give up the gun if it will aid us in returning to Harding Island."

As the captain had imagined, Hiram was pleased to do anything that would make their return to Harding Island more probable. When the captain told the doctor of his success, the doctor said:

"I will take an early opportunity of presenting the gun to Mahinee. Of course you will understand that to a man of Mahinee's character, it would be ill advised even to hint that this present had anything to do with our going back to the island."

"You are right, doctor," was the reply. "Such a course would only weaken us with Mahinee; but if we place him in the position of receiving something greater than anything he could readily give us, he would be disposed to agree to any reasonable request we might make."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"Let us explain to him," continued the captain, "that if he agrees to go with his son Kooloo, certain parts of Harding Island will be put aside for him and any people he may wish to take with him. Indeed, for that matter, if Kooloo recovers his health, as we believe he will, he could live with us for half a year or so."

Kooloo's condition did not improve. Mahinee was growing daily more and more anxious, and was continually asking the doctor why his son did not get well. Could he tell him when his son would be cured? At last Mahinee asked the question that the doctor had been hoping and expecting that he would ask. This was:

"Is there anything that can be done for the boy that has not already been done?"

The doctor then entered into a long explanation with Mahinee, saying that what his son needed was a change of air.

"I don't mean," he said, "to take him from this island to another in the neighborhood, but to an island at some considerable distance from here." Then continuing, he said: "Could not the great Mahinee take Kooloo with the captain, Charleyo, and his companions, in the great war canoe to some great island, say some five or six hundred miles from here, where he could get a cool breeze both day and night. Now, the island of which the great white captain is king is just such an island as I would prefer for this purpose." And then he began to describe to Mahinee what he had heard

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

about Harding Island; where, owing to the lagoon inside the reef, as well as the ocean on the outside, they could generally be assured a cool wind both by day and by night."

"If the great white captain went with Kooloo and Mahinee to the island, would he take Charleyo and Harealdo with him?" anxiously inquired Mahinee.

"That would be as you wish," replied the wily doctor. "If you say no, the boys would remain. If you say yes, they would be pleased to go."

"And would you go along?" inquired Mahinee of the doctor.

"Yes," was the reply; "I would be compelled to go along in order to cure the young man."

"But do you think the great white captain would be willing to do this?" anxiously inquired Mahinee.

"I am sure he would," was the reply. "Indeed, I asked him and he said he would not only be pleased to have Kooloo go with him, but that he would like the great Mahinee to accompany him, and would like me, as the doctor, to go along. Then too," he added, "that since Charleyo and Harealdo were such great friends of Kooloo, he would like them to go with him."

When the doctor made his explanation to Mahinee, he smiled and intimated that he understood just what the doctor was endeavoring to do. He said, however, that it was natural the great white captain should wish to take back with him to Harding Island Charleyo and Harealdo, whom the captain loved quite as much as he did Kooloo. He explained, however, that he thor-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

oughly understood the advantages his son would gain from a change of air, and that if under the doctor's care and owing to this change, his son recovered his health, he would be willing that the captain and his friends should remain on Harding Island if they so wished.

"As to you," he continued, addressing the doctor, "who have been so kind as to offer to go and take care of my boy, you can either remain on the island for ever, or I will send my canoes to bring you back, as you may choose."

"Then," said the doctor, "let us see the great white captain, and hear what he has to say about this matter."

The captain eagerly entered into the arrangements that had been made between Mahinee and the doctor. So Mahinee finally determined to get ready to visit Harding Island.

Calling a meeting of his chiefs, Mahinee informed them of the conclusion he had reached; that his son Kooloo, who had been injured in saving his life, was not growing better; that the great white doctor had recommended a change of air; that the great white captain had invited him to bring Kooloo to the island of which he was king, offering him the gift of a piece of land sufficient for the erection of houses for his warriors to live in while they were on his island; that he would take with him Charleyo Mahinee and Har-ealdo Mahinee in order to keep Kooloo company. He then appointed one of his chiefs to rule over the island during his absence, explaining that the captain had

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

made him a present of the big make-thunder, so as to help them drive away any enemies that might attack them during Mahinee's absence.

The announcement created considerable surprise among Mahinee's followers, but they all agreed that the step was a wise one, and were loud in the expression of their hopes for the rapid recovery of the lad, and the early return of their chief to his own island.

It was determined that the parties should return to Harding Island in the same five war canoes that have already been referred to both in the second volume of "The Pacific Series," as well as in this book. Before leaving, Mahinee, wishing to reward Waheatoua for the services he had rendered, made him a present of a much better canoe than the one he had lost.

Kooloo, for whom all these steps were being taken, was pleased to learn that Charleyo and Harealdo were to go with him, for both of these boys had given Kooloo glowing accounts of the wonderful times they had had on Harding Island. The story of the skeleton found in the Maddox Clearing, with the cocoanut palm tree growing up alongside the bed and extending through the roof of the house in which the skeleton was lying, greatly interested him. So too did the excursions Charley and Harold made in the lagoon in boat No. 13. They told him also about the coral-encrusted wreck, but Kooloo did not seem to think much of this as a matter of fun.

"Kooloo see no fun there. Rather lie under cocoanut trees."

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

But when the boys gave Kooloo a description of the swimming-pool in the lagoon he was greatly interested. It struck him as being a particularly jolly thing to slide rapidly down the inclined slope into the deep waters of the lagoon. So too, the account of the limestone grottoes at Parker Cliffs proved very attractive.

Already the boy's health had improved. Mahinee, pleased at the change, spoke to him about the good times they would have on the island.

Kooloo entered into a long conversation with his father which, however, Marbonna, who was present, translated briefly as follows:

"Kooloo have heap good time with Charleyo, and Harealdo, and Jackeo. Soon get well now."

Everything was at last ready, and the canoes were soon moving rapidly through the ocean toward the southwest. Waheatoua, in his new canoe, Kapiou in his canoe, accompanied them as far as their island. It is needless to say that their canoes were carrying with them many presents from the captain and Mahinee. Before leaving, these men anxiously inquired of the captain whether he would object if they brought their families with them so that they could settle on Harding Island. The captain willingly gave this permission, and they promised to come to Harding Island as soon as possible.

Before leaving the Island of Captivity, the captain distributed nearly all the things they had remaining in boat No. 23 to the people of the island, Mahinee giving directions to one of his canoes to tow the boat after it.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Rompey was of course taken with them, as was also Satan.

As they were about leaving, Mahinee handed to Waheatoua a handsome dagger that he was in the habit of carrying, saying:

"When you see your King Otoa, say to him that Mahinee asks him to accept this dagger that he himself has carried for many years. He wishes to thank the great Otoa for sending him the great white captain and his friends to help him in his fight against the people of the Western Valley.

We will not attempt to describe the voyage to Harding Island. The weather was all that could be desired, and they at last brought the canoes, not to Jackson Harbor, where the captain and his companions had been accustomed to bring their boats before the earthquake but, passing through Harding Channel, went direct to the landing in the lagoon near Jackson House.

As they were passing through Harding Channel, the four boys, Charley, Harold, Jack, and Kooloo, who were seated in Mahinee's canoe near him, began eagerly talking about the different points of interest, which they pointed out to Kooloo.

"Kooloo," said Charley, pointing to the entrance to the grotto on the northern shore of the Harding Channel, "there is the cave in which Harold and I hid our boat on the day we left the island."

"Is it a big cave?" inquired Kooloo in an excited tone.

"Not so very big," was the reply. "But plenty big

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

enough to hide the boat in, but not so big as some others."

"Maybe to-morrow or next day," said Kooloo, "we go and get boat?"

"Yes," was the reply; "we will probably go to-morrow."

It pleased Mahinee greatly that his son was beginning to take a greater interest in things than formerly. He saw that already the change of air had done much toward bettering his condition.

All the other points of interest that they passed on their way to Jackson House led to long conversations between the boys.

Mahinee was greatly interested in what he saw on the island. Being assured that the water in Harding Channel was deep enough to permit the passage of a ship, and that the lagoon would afford an excellent harbor, he predicted that in a short time Harding Island would be visited by many ships, and would probably soon have many people living on it.

At last the canoes reached Jackson House. Its size and comfort excited the admiration of Mahinee, Kooloo, and the warriors.

Whenever he could do so, that is, whenever what he wanted to say was not a matter of special importance, Mahinee employed the English language, and encouraged Kooloo to do the same; for he wished that both he and his son might learn how to speak English. Their first sight of Jackson House therefore called forth the following remarks:

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"The white king of the island live in big house. Did he build it or find it here?"

"My companions and I built it," replied the captain.

"Great white king," replied Mahinee in admiration.

"Heap big house," said Kooloo. "Very funny house on top house. How you get up there?" he continued, pointing to the porch.

"Come," said Charley to Kooloo, "I'll show you," and leading the way through the house to the stairs, they went to the second floor, accompanied by Mahinee and the captain.

The arrangement of the bedrooms was a great surprise to Kooloo.

"Where you sleep?" he asked. "No mats?"

"On the beds," explained Charley. "They are nice and soft," and he asked Kooloo to touch the mattresses.

They had left the house in good condition, so that there was a restful look about the bedroom, and especially the porch, shaded as it was by running vines, that greatly pleased Mahinee.

"Kooloo stay here?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the captain's reply, "this will be your room. You sleep in that bed," he said, pointing to one of the beds in the room, "and Kooloo in that," pointing to another. "And the doctor and I in here," pointing to the next room.

"And where Charleyo and Harealdo sleep?" inquired Kooloo.

"We'll bring in two extra beds and they can sleep in the room with you," replied the captain.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

There was much to be done in arranging places for the warriors. At the captain's request Mahinee selected a piece of ground on the southern side of Harding Channel. Here a number of houses were soon erected under the supervision of Hiram from the portable houses they had obtained from the wreck, so that in a few days the warriors were comfortably sheltered.

It was several weeks before the new conditions of life on Harding Island had adjusted themselves to the changes required by its marked increase in population. At the captain's request, Mahinee had given strict orders to his people not to destroy any of the cocoanut palms, and that when wood was needed the screw-pines should be employed. It was not possible to supply the visitors with the canned goods, but the abundance of cocoanut palms gave them plenty of food, while the clearing at Maddox House was now producing a great abundance of vegetable products. Moreover, fish could readily be caught in the lagoon and off the shallow waters of the outside reef, so that there was no difficulty in providing their visitors with plenty to eat.

There is much in the way of food around a coral island of the type of Harding Island. Mahinee's men were far better acquainted with many of these things than was the captain. One result of their visit therefore was to disclose many kinds of food, and many methods of preparing it of which the captain and his companions had heretofore been ignorant.

They had now been on the island four weeks. As

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the doctor had predicted, Kooloo's health was soon completely established. Scarcely a day passed that the boys did not spend several hours in rambling over the island itself, or in trips in boat No. 13 on the waters of the lagoon.

Frequently, entire days would be given to these excursions, the nights being passed in the house at Maddox Clearing; for the doctor wished to encourage them to lead an out-of-door life as far as was possible.

They were happy days the captain and the doctor spent in the library and the reading-room at Jackson House. It is needless to say that much of this time was devoted to learned discussions as to the views expressed in many of the chapters of the doctor's "Physical Geography of the Sea." In some cases the doctor did not agree as to the changes suggested by the captain; in some cases the captain was convinced by the doctor's arguments; in still other cases the doctor agreed to the changes. Indeed, the doctor's greater experience, since the wrecking of the brig, led him to suggest many changes himself. As this pleasing work went on both men became enthusiastic over the importance of the book.

"Of course you expect to have it published, Parsons, do you not?" asked the captain. "I mean, of course, if we are ever taken off this island."

"I certainly hope to publish it," was the reply. "As to being taken off this island, I think there is very little doubt about that. Now that so excellent a channel has been formed by the earthquake, the deep waters of

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

the Harding Lagoon will afford a most excellent harbor for ships. You can be assured that it will soon be a regular stopping-place for vessels; for your supply of fresh water is sufficiently great to make Harding Island an admirable watering-place."

"Of course, doctor," said the captain, "when the day does arrive for taking us off the island you will return with us, will you not?"

"Look at these horrible tattooings on my face, Harding," answered the doctor, "and then ask yourself would you like to go back to civilization had you been so awfully disfigured? No, I shall not return with you, but shall spend the rest of my life on Harding Island, which I assume the king of the island," turning to the captain and laughing, "authorizes me to do."

"I don't blame you, Parsons," said the captain. "Indeed, if it were not for the boys, whom I feel bound to return to their parents, I would remain on the island with you."

"That would certainly be very pleasant for me," said the doctor. "But what is to prevent your coming back to the island when you have safely placed the boys with their parents?"

"That's exactly what I've been thinking of doing," replied the captain. "Let me show you something," he continued, bringing to the doctor the box of pearls they had obtained from the cabin of the coral-encrusted wreck. "I know you are a judge of pearls, doctor. What do you say to these?"

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

"They are magnificent," he said, examining them. "I should say these would bring in the market many thousand pounds. To whom do they belong? To you, captain, or are they joint property of you and your companions?"

"They are joint property," replied the captain, who then explained the terms of the Maddox letter that was found with the box of pearls, leaving them to be jointly distributed among those who found them, provided they would give his remains a Christian burial.

"Let me show you now what I have obtained during my wanderings on the different islands, since my escape from drowning when I was washed overboard from the brig."

With this the doctor showed the captain a number of most beautiful pearls, most of which were much larger than any of the Maddox pearls.

"Where did you get these, Parsons?" inquired the captain.

"I obtained them in various ways," replied the doctor, "from the different islands I have visited. It is surprising how far a few trinkets will go to purchase these things from the savages. Then too," he added, "I have spent much of my time among the priests of the different islands, and have obtained from them many remarkably fine pearls."

"What are you thinking of doing with the money the sale of these pearls will bring?"

"That's just it, Harding," was the reply. "Should you carry out your plan of returning to the island after

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

you have placed the boys with their parents, take these pearls with you; sell them as advantageously as you can, and expend the money so received in the purchase of the best books you can find, especially the modern books and periodicals referring to geographical physics. Then bring back with you the best physical instruments, together with whatever you can think of that would render life on the island both more comfortable and more profitable.

"Parsons," replied the captain, "I will do this, should the opportunity ever present itself."

It happened that Hiram, who was in the room while the conversation had taken place, fixing up some little contrivance for the doctor, said to the captain:

"Cap'n, ef the day comes fur you and the boys to leave Harding Island, Hiram is going with ye. But when he gits his share of money from the sale of the pearls and calls on some of his people, ef ye do not mind it, Hiram Higgenbotham will come back and spend the rest of his days in this here place."

"I should be delighted to have you do so," replied the captain.

"And so would I," added the doctor. "And now," he continued, "let me tell you briefly about some of my adventures after I was swept off the deck of the brig."

"I would like to hear and have often intended to ask about them," said the captain.

"During the storm that, as I have learned from you, wrecked the Fanny Watson," began the doctor, "and shortly before the brig was abandoned, I was swept

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

off her deck by a huge wave. At least, this was what Charley told me you saw entered in the log-book of the brig when you succeeded in boarding her. By good fortune, I soon regained consciousness. I do not know how long I was swimming in the water, but I know it was for several hours. Ordinarily, I could have kept up for half a day or more; for, as you know, I am an excellent swimmer, but the storm continuing made it more difficult for me to keep up. At the last moment, when I had concluded it was impossible for me to keep up any longer, I spied floating in the water a piece of a mast which I succeeded in reaching.

"Harding," he continued, "I shall never forget my experiences on that mast. I remained on it for many days, how many I do not know. Fortunately, the heavy rain accompanying the storm supplied me with a little drinking-water; but having nothing to eat, after a while I became so exhausted I lost consciousness.

"I do not know what happened, but when at last I opened my eyes and was capable of understanding what was going on around me, I was on an island surrounded by a number of tattooed savages. As you know, Harding, I have made an extended study of the Polynesian language, believing it would be of use to me on the trip I had long planned to take over different parts of the Pacific Ocean in the brig. I could, therefore, understand the savages when they asked me how long I had been in the water. I had no difficulty in gaining their good-will, for they were a

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

kindly disposed people. Showing them some simple experiments, which my knowledge of physics and chemistry made easy, I succeeded in soon having them regard me as a wonderful white priest. They insisted on my joining their tribe, and acting as one of their priests. To do this, however, I was obliged to submit to the tattooing. I refused to permit this being done as long as I safely could; but at last, seeing that I must either have this done or lose my life, I permitted them to cover me as you can now see with these awful markings that disfigure my body and face.

“I will not attempt to give in detail my after life. After remaining some time with these people, I succeeded in escaping, and visited a number of islands. My tattooings, as well as my ability to speak the Polynesian language, made it comparatively easy to get on good terms with the people of the different islands. In this way I have gradually passed from island to island until, about a year ago, I reached the Western Valley of the island the boys call ‘The Island of Captivity,’ one of the Marquesas. There, for about a year, I was only exceeded in rank by the high priest.”

Shortly after the above conversation, a special messenger, sent from Mahinee’s island to the great chief, reached Harding Island. It contained a request from the chief left in authority, that Mahinee should return as quickly as possible in order to quell a disturbance that had arisen between the people of the Western Valley and the chief he had temporarily left in control. It seems, as far as the messenger knew, that these disturb-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

ances were not so much the fault of the people of the island as because of the foolish manner in which the temporary chief had acted.

Kooloo had now so completely recovered that he could safely return with his father. Mahinee explained matters to the captain, with the doctor acting as an interpreter. When Mahinee explained the nature of the message, and his determination to return with Kooloo to his island, he said to the captain:

“Shall I take Charleyo Mahinee and Harealdo Mahinee back with me?”

“Let me answer that question, Harding,” said the doctor. So turning to Mahinee, he said: “That shall be as the great Mahinee wishes. If he says Charleyo and Harealdo must go with him they will go. But the great white captain asks me to say that he hopes you will not take them. That he loves the boys as much as Mahinee loves Kooloo.”

It was evident that Mahinee was disappointed that the request should have been formally made to him to leave the two boys to whom he had become so greatly attached. Seeing he was hesitating, the doctor said:

“The great Mahinee will not forget his promise to me. He said that if his son should recover he would grant anything I should ask. Now,” said the wily Yankee, “I will not ask you to do this, but I will never forget Mahinee’s kindness if, of his own will, he tells the boys to stay with us on the island.”

The adroit manner in which the request was framed

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

resulted in Mahinee granting it; for, turning to the doctor, he said:

“ Tell your captain that Mahinee says keep your boys with you. Mahinee will now go home with Kooloo. Perhaps sometime soon Mahinee come back again and bring Kooloo with him.”

Arrangements were soon made, and Mahinee and his warriors were ready to leave the island on their long journey toward the northeast. Kooloo and the boys were very sorry to leave one another, but it was agreed that as soon as it could be done, Kooloo should return to the island either with some of his warriors only or possibly with the great Mahinee himself.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XXXI

CONCLUSION

THE scene shifts. We are again in the waters of the Kuro Sivo, about six hundred miles east of the port of Yokohama, Japan. But it is no longer on the derelict brig that so long withstood the buffetings of the winds and waves and at last yielded to the wrathful sea. It is on a stately ship that, under full sail, is forging rapidly due west toward Yokohama.

It is the lunch-hour. In the vessel's comfortable dining-room all the first-class passengers are seated around a long table. At the head of this table is one we have seen before. It is our old friend Capt. William M. Parker, the former commander of the *Ketrel*. Shortly after the wreck of his vessel he was placed in command of a passenger ship, plying between Melbourne, Australia, and Yokohama, Japan.

The captain is engaged in conversation with a lady and gentleman seated next to him on his left. The captain has evidently been telling his companions about some of his many experiences in shipwrecks, as well as stories he had heard from others of almost incredible rescues from drowning.

"So you see," he continued—it was to the lady he was now talking—"one can never be certain, because a vessel has entirely disappeared, that some of its pas-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

sengers may not again be heard from. At any time, in the most unexpected way, news may come that some of them may have been able to reach any of the almost countless islands of the ocean, where they are anxiously awaiting an opportunity again to reach home, or at least to let their friends know they are still in the land of the living."

"That's just what I've been telling my wife, Mrs. Pleasanton," said the gentleman.

"Then I'm only too glad, Pleasanton," answered the captain, "that what I have just been saying agrees so closely with what you have told her."

"I am sure you believe all you have told me, Captain Parker," said Mrs. Pleasanton. "While I know that there is a chance that my only son, Charley, is still living, I know only too well that such a chance is very remote. I suppose," continued the lady, with a sad smile, "it is natural for parents to believe their children are unusually bright and lovable, but I am sure that if you had ever seen my Charley you would agree with me that he was far beyond the average. I cannot but feel that I will never again see him alive."

"While as you say the chances are against your seeing Charley again," said the captain, "yet I cannot but express my belief that it is not at all impossible. He may still be alive, and some time or another you may unexpectedly hear from him. But," he continued, "it now my watch on deck. I must take my place on the bridge." Saying this, the captain left the dining-room, and was soon afterward followed on deck by

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton; for the cool outer air was far more agreeable than the air of the dining-room or, indeed, of any other place below deck.

The captain had not been long on the bridge before a lookout reported to one of the other officers on deck:

"Something in the water, sir, on our larboard quarter. Looks like a bottle."

Going immediately to the captain, the officer said:

"Lookout, sir, reports floating object on the larboard quarter. Says he thinks it is a bottle."

"Tell the boatswain to lower one of the ship's boats, take a crew, and pick it up," said the captain.

In passenger ships there are always many of the passengers on deck on pleasant days. The unusual experience of stopping the ship and sending out a boat to pick up something was a welcome break in the monotony of life on shipboard. The passengers therefore gathered together and leaned over the rail of the vessel where they could have a view of the boat as it was lowered from the davits and rapidly rowed toward the distant object.

It took but a short time to pick up the bottle, bring it on deck, and hand it to the captain. As the officer did this, he said to the captain:

"It is a sealed bottle, sir. You can see a letter inside."

Unsealing the bottle, the captain took out the letter and began reading it. As he did this an expression of mingled joy and amazement came into his face. Calling another officer to take his place on the bridge, he

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

immediately went with the letter to Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton who, with the other passengers, when they heard that a sealed bottle had been picked up, had crowded to the neighborhood of the bridge.

Turning at once to Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton, but speaking so that all the passengers could hear him, the captain said:

“I have wonderful news for you. Listen while I read the letter I have just taken out of the sealed bottle.” The captain then read the following:

The ship Ketrel, from Liverpool, bound for Yokohama, Japan, was wrecked on the—— [giving the date and year], in the China Sea in—— [giving the latitude and longitude]. The ship's sides being badly damaged by the rigging and masts that were blown overboard during a severe storm, let in water, and the ship commenced rapidly to sink. All on board were safely transferred to the boats that, after seeing the ship sink, made for the China coast. The largest boat, commanded by the captain, Wm. M. Parker, was in the lead, and the last boat in charge of Lieut. Arthur Harding followed. During a second storm, which lasted for about five days, the boats were separated. The boat in command of Lieutenant Harding was struck during a dark night on the fifth day by a derelict brig. Two of the people in this boat were swept overboard, but the remaining four—Lieutenant Harding, Hiram Higgenbotham, the boatswain of the Ketrel, Harold Arthur Harding, a nephew of Lieutenant Harding, and John Parker Jackson, a ward of Capt. Wm. M. Parker—reached the brig in safety, on which they are now comfortably located with an abundance of food and water. We have thrown this bottle overboard from the brig. If found, please forward to the English embassy, Yokohama, Japan, to George Harding.

(Signed with date).

Lieut. Arthur Harding.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

And to this the following was added:

It has now been several months since we began throwing overboard bottles containing the above message. Since that time the brig has picked up at sea a boat containing a lad from Australia named Charles Young Pleasanton, aged thirteen and a half years. The lad is with us on the brig, and is in excellent health.

“Thank God,” said Pleasanton. “At last I have tidings of my dear boy. How odd it is, captain,” he continued, “that this bottle should have been picked up so shortly after the statement you made—that at any time, in some unexpected way, word might be received from those who disappeared on shipwrecked vessels so long ago that they have been counted as being among the dead.”

“This is a happy day for us, captain,” said Mrs. Pleasanton.

“It is also a happy day for me,” said Captain Parker. “As the letter informs you, the ship on which were Lieutenant Harding and three others was under my command at the time it was wrecked. All its other passengers were saved. It was only Lieutenant Harding’s boat that was missing. Now, with the exception of the two of the crew who were swept overboard, I am happy in knowing that all have been saved. But it means even more than this to me, madam. One of these boys, John Parker Jackson, is my ward. Lieutenant Harding, my lieutenant or first mate, is one of my closest friends; and the boy, Harold Arthur Harding, is a nephew of Lieutenant Harding. I am,

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

therefore, doubly happy to be assured that all these people were not drowned on the wrecking of the ship, but are probably still living."

A prolonged conversation then followed between the captain and Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton, in which the probabilities of the derelict remaining afloat, were discussed, as well as the best plan for finding her and thus rescuing the party.

"How far are we from Japan, captain?" inquired Mrs. Pleasanton.

"Only about five hundred miles," was the reply.

"Will you send the letter found in the bottle to Mr. George Harding, or will you take it to him?" inquired Mr. Pleasanton.

"I will take it to him," was the reply. "I know Mr. Harding intimately."

"If you do not object," replied Mr. Pleasanton, "Mrs. Pleasanton and myself will accompany you."

"I should like very much to have you do so," was the reply.

"Then we will go," replied Mr. Pleasanton. "You see," he continued, "I wish to talk the matter over with Mr. Harding, so as to ascertain what steps he intends taking for sending a vessel in search of the derelict brig. By the way, captain," he continued, "is Harding a well-to-do man?"

"Oh, fairly so," was the reply. "He is probably worth a few hundred thousand pounds."

"I don't know that that matters much," replied Mr. Pleasanton. "But we must plan to charter a ves-

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

sel and go in search of the brig. It will be no easy task, in the great Pacific Ocean, to find a derelict vessel whose movements are dependent solely on the direction of the winds and the currents. My dear," he said, turning to his wife, "would you like to go with us, or shall I put you in care of some captain bound for Melbourne?"

"I will go with you, of course," said Mrs. Pleasanton.

While the vessel was steaming toward Yokohama, Captain Parker pointed out to his passengers that the first thing to be done in this search was to put themselves in communication with the admiralty offices in Japan and other parts of the world, in order to see whether any news of the derelict brig had been received. Failing in this, Captain Parker advised the chartering of a swift steamer for the purpose.

"It will be much more satisfactory to you," said the captain, "to have this vessel under your own command."

"The advice is excellent," said Mr. Pleasanton, "and I shall count on you for aid in purchasing or chartering such a vessel."

While Mr. Pleasanton had said nothing about the matter, the captain knew that he was an exceedingly wealthy man owning a number of large sheep ranches in Australia, besides valuable real estate at Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, and other cities in Australia.

Yokohama was reached in due time, and the happy

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

news was carried to Mr. and Mrs. George Harding by Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton and Captain Parker.

Without entering into details it is sufficient to know that arrangements were soon made by which a yacht-steamer was purchased, a competent sailing-master engaged, a crew selected, and stores of all kinds placed on board, and the yacht was soon steaming toward the east from Yokohama across the ocean. It was a long voyage, and we will not attempt to follow them in their many months of wandering over all parts of the Pacific. Mr. Harding had obtained permission from the home office in England, by cable, to leave his office in the hands of a successor, and had started in company with Mrs. Harding and Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton on the yacht. Before leaving, cablegrams were sent to the principal ports of the world, especially of the Pacific, requesting all steamers and sailing vessels to keep on the lookout for the derelict brig.

A few weeks after the time when Mahinee and Kooloo had left Harding Island with the war canoes, the yacht-steamer was moving through a portion of the Pacific Ocean about midway between the Marquesas and Harding Island, when the lookout reported in sight two small canoes, each containing a Polynesian moving toward the southwest.

A vessel on a mission like that of the yacht was not apt to pass by any possible source of information, so hailing the canoes, it was soon in conversation with its occupants.

Fact is stranger than fiction. The two Polynesians

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

were our old friends Waheatoua and Kapiiau. It did not take long for the captain of the yacht to let them know they were searching for a partially wrecked brig containing three white boys and two white men. Nor did it take long for Waheatoua to explain to them that he knew all about the people for whom they were searching.

“What you name boys?” he inquired of Mr. Harding and Mr. Pleasanton, who were soon questioning him. “You call them Charleyo, Harealdo, and Jackeo? Waheatoua know them; you find them on Harding Island. Waheatoua go there now.”

Arrangements were soon made for taking the canoes on board the yacht and steaming rapidly toward Harding Island.

At last, under the guidance of the Polynesians, Harding Island could be distinctly seen over the bow of the yacht, and soon the steamer had passed through Harding Channel and was steaming through the lagoon toward Jackson House.

Captain Harding, Doctor Parsons, and Jack were seated on the porch outside the study at Jackson House; Harold and Charley who had gone in boat No. 13 to the Maddox Landing, were inside the house when Charley, suddenly turning to Harold, said:

“That sounds like the puffing of a steamer, Harold.”

“It does, indeed, Charley,” said Harold, “and that sounds still more like it”; for, as the steamer had entered the lagoon, she blew her steam-whistle in order to notify the people of her approach.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

Rushing out of Maddox House they saw the yacht-steamer flying the English ensign.

"Hurrah!" cried Charley. "Now, Harold, we'll get back to our homes and see our mothers again."

"There is no danger in boarding that yacht if we can do so," said Harold; "she flies colors that are safe." So rushing to boat No. 13 they were soon pulling toward the yacht. At the same time hailing it at the top of their voices.

Of course all on the yacht were on the lookout, for they were now near what they hoped would be the happy termination of their long hunt. The shouts were heard, and as the boat was pulled through the waters of the lagoon toward the yacht, the yacht stopped her engines and awaited them.

Long before the boat reached the yacht, by the means of glasses, Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton and Mr. and Mrs. Harding had recognized the boys.

"Look! look!! George, there is Harold," said Mrs. Harding excitedly.

"There's our Charley," said Mrs. Pleasanton, with equal excitement.

We will not attempt to describe in detail the happy meeting between the two boys and their parents. A full half-hour was insufficient for the hugging and kissing, momentarily stopped every now and then for explanation. Despite the convict-looking clothes they were wearing; despite the condition of the clothes; despite the change in the appearance that more than a year had produced, there had been no difficulty on the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

part of the parents in recognizing their children. Of course, Charley was unknown to the Hardings, and Harold to the Pleasantons, but it did not take them long to become almost as well acquainted with one another as if they had been together for many years.

There was one party in the boat we must not pass by. That party recognized Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton instantly. This was our old friend Rompey, who was almost wild with joy at seeing their faces again. Nor will we stop to attempt to describe the meeting of Jack with Mr. and Mrs. Harding, or the joy of the Hardings at finding the captain alive and well.

In the meanwhile, Waheatoua, who had been away from the island in his canoe, and had been sighted by the steamer on his return, informed the captain he had heard that Mahinee, accompanied by Kooloo, had started with his five canoes on a visit to the island. Indeed, toward the close of the day on which the yacht had reached Harding Island, Waheatoua brought tidings of the approach of Mahinee and his war canoes, and in due course of time they had landed on the island.

We will not stop to explain the sensible way in which Mahinee acted when he learned that the people of the yacht had come to take Charley, Harold, and the others back to their own country again. In this matter he showed his great superiority over the average savage. Instead of endeavoring to persuade Charley, Harold, and the rest of the party to remain with them, he said, through Waheatoua:

“Mahinee heap sad that Charleyo, Harealdo, are

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

going away in the big canoe. But Mahinee glad that Charleyo's friends have come for him. Mahinee and Kooloo sorry to lose their friends. But maybe sometime Charleyo and Harealdo will come back."

When the captain assured him that it was not at all an improbable thing, he was indeed greatly pleased. Nor was this statement mere talk. The short time the Pleasantons and the Hardings had been on Harding Island had been sufficient so to please them with the beauties and conveniences of the place, that they had agreed to return in six months for a short sojourn.

Events followed one another rapidly on Harding Island, and soon the yacht, under full steam, was passing out of Harding Channel with Doctor Parsons and Mahinee standing on the southern shore of the channel waving them adieu.

As had been arranged, the captain took with him the pearls they had obtained from the cabin of the coral-encrusted brigantine, as well as the pearls the doctor had succeeded in collecting during his wanderings over the islands of the South Pacific.

In due time the yacht reached Melbourne, where Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton and Charley left for their home, and from which Captain Harding and Hiram, after a short visit, took a steamer for London. The yacht with its party then headed for Yokohama, which was also reached in due time.

It is now six months from the time we left Doctor Parsons standing with Mahinee on the southeastern

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

corner of Harding Island. He is again on the top of Parker Cliffs examining, through a powerful glass, a steamer that is approaching from the northwest. He recognizes it as the yacht-steamer, and knowing from arrangements he made with Captain Harding, that he would probably return with the boys about this time, he watched it with great satisfaction as it approached the island. In due time the steamer entered Harding Channel, and Doctor Parsons in boat No. 23 soon boarded it. To his great delight it contained not only Captain Harding and Hiram, but also Charley, Harold, and Jack.

These were, so to speak, but the advance guard of others who had promised to follow in a few months. Mr. Pleasanton and Mr. Harding had been talking the matter over with their wives, and had concluded that instead of sending the boys to public schools and college in Australia and Japan, they would send them to what, for want of a better name, they agreed to call, the Harding School, on Harding Island, one of the Pamutos. Mr. Pleasanton had bought the yacht, and being a very wealthy man determined that he would employ it for frequent trips between Australia and Harding Island. Mr. Harding having resigned his position in the English embassy at Yokohama, had accepted another consulate in Melbourne, so this arrangement suited all.

Shortly after this time they received another visit from Mahinee and Kooloo, who had visited the island with the bare hope that they might find their friends

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

there; for both he and Kooloo, especially the latter, had greatly missed Charley and Harold. When Mahinee heard of the plan of founding the Harding School, he at once asked, as a great favor, that his son Kooloo might be enrolled as one of the scholars.

Harding School flourished to an extent that at first sight seemed almost incredible. But when it is remembered that it had for its head master such a magnificent teacher as Captain Harding, and for an assistant teacher a man of the ripe learning and varied experience of Doctor Parsons, it is not at all surprising that it rapidly attained great notoriety. A limited number of students were admitted both from Melbourne and London, while Mahinee, having finally sent a colony of the people of the Eastern Valley to settle on the island, persuaded the captain to admit to the school a few of the sons of his chief warriors.

The captain had made an unusually satisfactory sale of the pearls, and had brought back with him on the yacht a magnificent library, twenty or thirty times the size of the doctor's old library, and had, moreover, brought with him a great variety of the highest type of physical apparatus. We will not attempt, however, to describe these things. They had an abundance of money to spend, and could not spend it more satisfactorily than in thus making it possible for them to continue their own private studies while on the island.

Hiram had also returned, and this time, to the boys' great astonishment and amusement, he brought a wife with him. And so on the island on which so many

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

pleasant things occurred, which we have recorded, we leave our friends to the larger life which may lead to things we may imagine, but of which we cannot tell.

What happened because of all these changes, how the school grew and flourished, and the amusing, exciting, and in some cases dangerous experiences they had will be told in the fourth volume of the "Pacific Series"—"The Harding School."

THE END

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

APPENDIX

I. THE BREADFRUIT TREE. “Edible fruits, roots, and vegetables are found in plenty and variety. The breadfruit, *artocarpus*, is the principal, being produced in greater abundance, and used more generally, than any other. The tree on which it grows is large and umbrageous; the bark is light-colored and rough; the trunk of the tree is sometimes two or three feet in diameter, and rises from twelve to twenty feet without a branch. The outline of the tree is remarkably beautiful, the leaves are broad and indented somewhat like those of the fig tree, frequently twelve or eighteen inches long and rather thick, of a dark green color, with a surface glossy as that of the richest evergreens.

“The fruit is generally circular or oval, and is, on an average, six inches in diameter; it is covered with a roughish rind, which is marked with small square or lozenge-shaped divisions, having each a small elevation in the center, and is at first of a light pea-green color; subsequently it changes to brown, and when fully ripe assumes a rich yellowish tinge. It is attached to the small branches of the tree by a short thick stalk, and hangs either singly or in clusters of two or three together.

“There is nothing very attractive or pleasing in the blossoms; but a fine stately tree, clothed with dark, shining leaves, and loaded with many hundreds of

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

large, light green or yellowish-colored fruit, is one of the most splendid and beautiful objects to be met with among the rich and diversified scenery of a Tahitian landscape. Two or three of these trees are often seen growing around the rustic native cottage, and embowering it with their interwoven and prolific branches. The tree is propagated by shoots from the roots; it bears in about five years, and will probably continue bearing for fifty.

“The breadfruit is never eaten raw except by pigs. The natives, however, have several methods of dressing it. When traveling on a journey they often roast it in the flame or embers of a wood-fire and, peeling off the rind, eat the pulp of the fruit; this mode of dressing is called *tuna pa*, crust or shell roasting. Sometimes, when thus dressed, it is immersed in a stream of water, and when completely saturated forms a soft, sweet, spongy pulp or sort of paste, of which the natives are exceedingly fond.

“The general and the best way of dressing the breadfruit is by baking it in an oven of heated stones. The rind is scraped off, each fruit is cut in three or four pieces, and the core carefully taken out; heated stones are then spread over the bottom of the cavity forming the oven and covered with leaves, upon which the pieces of breadfruit are laid; a layer of green leaves is placed over the fruit, and other heated stones are laid on the top; the whole is then covered in with earth and leaves, several inches in depth. In this state the oven remains half an hour or longer, when the earth is

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

cleared away, the leaves are removed, and the pieces of breadfruit taken out; the outsides are in general nicely browned, and the inner part presents a white or yellowish cellular, pulpy substance in appearance, slightly resembling the crumb of a small wheaten loaf. Its color, size, and structure are, however, the only resemblance it has to bread. It has but little taste, and that is frequently rather sweet; it is somewhat farinaceous, but by no means so much so as several other vegetables, and probably less so than the English potato, to which in flavor it is also inferior. It is slightly astringent and, as a vegetable, it is very good, but is a very indifferent substitute for English bread.

“To the natives of the South Sea Islands it is the principal article of diet, and may indeed be called their staff of life. They are exceedingly fond of it, and it is evidently adapted to their constitutions, and highly nutritive, as a very perceptible improvement is often witnessed in the appearance of many of the people a few weeks after the breadfruit season has commenced. For the chiefs it is usually dressed two or three times a day, but the peasantry seldom prepare more than one oven during the same period, and frequently *tihana*, or bake, it again on the second day.

“During the breadfruit season the inhabitants of a district sometimes join to prepare a quantity of *opio*. This is generally baked in an immense oven. A large pit, twenty or thirty feet in circumference, is dug out; the bottom is filled with large stones, logs of firewood are piled upon them, and the whole is covered with

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

other large stones. The wood is then kindled, and the heat is often so intense as to reduce the stones to a state of liquefaction. When thoroughly heated, the stones are removed to the sides; many hundred breadfruit are then thrown in, just as they have been gathered from the trees, and are piled up in the center of the pit; a few leaves are spread upon them, the remaining hot stones built up like an arch over the heap, and the whole is covered, a foot or eighteen inches thick, with leaves and earth. In this state it remains a day or two; a hole is then dug in one side, and the parties to whom it belongs take out what they want, till the whole is consumed. Breadfruit baked in this manner will keep good several weeks after the oven is opened.

“ Although the general or district ovens of opio were in their tendency less injurious than the public stills, often erected in the different districts, they were usually attended with debauchery and excess, highly injurious to the health, and debasing to the morals of the people, who generally relinquished their ordinary employment and devoted their nights and days to mere animal existence of the lowest kind—rioting, feasting, and sleeping—until the opio was consumed. Within the last ten years very few ovens of opio have been prepared, those have been comparatively small, and they are now almost entirely discontinued.

“ Another mode of preserving the breadfruit is by submitting it to a slight degree of fermentation and reducing it to a soft substance, which they call *mahi*.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

When the fruit is ripe, a large quantity is gathered, the rind scraped off, the core taken out, and the whole thrown in a heap. In this state it remains until it has undergone the process of fermentation, when it is beaten into a kind of paste. A hole is now dug in the ground, the bottom and sides of which are lined with green *ti* leaves; the mahi is put into the pit, covered over with *ti* leaves, and then with earth or large stones. In this state it might be preserved several months; and, although rather sour and indigestible, it is generally esteemed by the natives as a good article of food during the scarce season. Previous to its being eaten it is rolled up in small portions, enclosed in breadfruit leaves, and baked in the natives' ovens.

“The tree on which the breadfruit grows, besides producing three, and in some cases four crops in a year, of so excellent an article of food, furnishes a valuable gum or resin, which exudes from the bark, when punctured, in a thick mucilaginous fluid, which is hardened by exposure to the sun, and is very serviceable in rendering water-tight the seams of their canoes. The bark of the young branches is used in making several varieties of native cloth. The trunk of the tree also furnishes one of the most valuable kinds of timber which the natives possess, it being used in building their canoes and houses, and in the manufacture of their articles of furniture. It is of a rich yellow color, and assumes, from the effects of the air, the appearance of mahogany; it is not tough, but durable when not exposed to the weather.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“It is very probable that in no group of the Pacific islands is there a greater variety in the kinds of this valuable fruit than in the South Sea Islands. The several varieties ripen at different seasons, and the same kinds also come to perfection at an earlier period in one part of Tahiti than in another; so that there are but few months in the year in which ripe fruit is not to be found in the several parts of this island. The missionaries are acquainted with nearly fifty varieties, for which the natives have distinct names—these I have by me, but it is unnecessary to insert them—the principal are, the *paea*, *artocarpus incisa*, and the *uru maohe*, *artocarpus integrifolia*.” “Polynesian Researches.” By William Ellis. London, 1829.

Hermann Melville, from whose book, “Typee,” much valuable information concerning the products of the Marquesas Islands, as well as its people, has been obtained, describes the method of roasting breadfruit taken directly from the tree.

Referring to the breadfruit which has been exposed to the action of fire, he says:

“Sometimes after having been roasted in the fire, the natives snatch it briskly from the embers and, permitting it to slip out of the yielding rind into a vessel of cold water, stir up the mixture, which they call *bo-a-shoe*. I never could endure this compound, and, indeed, the preparation is not greatly in vogue among the more polite Typees.

“There is one form, however, in which the fruit is

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

occasionally served, that renders it a dish fit for a king. As soon as it is taken from the fire the exterior is removed, the core extracted, and the remaining part is placed in a sort of shallow stone mortar and briskly worked with a pestle of the same substance. While one person is performing this operation, another takes a ripe cocoanut and, breaking it in half, which they also do very cleverly, proceeds to grate the juicy meat into fine particles. This is done by means of a piece of mother-of-pearl shell lashed firmly to the extreme end of a heavy stick, with its straight side accurately notched like a saw. The stick is sometimes a grotesquely formed limb of a tree, with three or four branches twisting from its body like shapeless legs, and sustaining it two or three feet from the ground.

“The natives, first placing a calabash beneath the nose, as it were, of his curious-looking log steed, for the purpose of receiving the grated fragments as they fall, mounts astride of it as if it were a hobby-horse, and twirling the inside of one of his hemispheres of cocoanut around the sharp teeth of the mother-of-pearl shell, the pure white meat falls in showers into the receptacle provided. Having obtained a quantity sufficient for his purpose, he places it in a bag made of the netlike fibrous substance attached to all cocoanut trees, and compressing it over the breadfruit, which being now sufficiently pounded, is put into a wooden bowl—extracts a thick creamy milk. The delicious liquid soon bubbles round the fruit, and leaves it at last just peeping above its surface.

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

“ This preparation is called *kokoo*, and a most delicious preparation it is.” “ Typee.” By Hermann Melville.

Cook thus describes a preparation of the breadfruit called *mahie* which, since it can be kept for a long while, is employed during the parts of the year when no fruit is borne by the tree:

“ The fruit is gathered just before it is perfectly ripe and, being laid in heaps, is closely covered with leaves; in this state it undergoes a fermentation and becomes disagreeably sweet. The core is then taken out entire, which is done by gently pulling the stalk, and the rest of the fruit is thrown into a hole, which is dug for that purpose, generally in the houses, and neatly lined in the bottom and sides with grass. The hole is then covered with leaves, and heavy stones laid upon them. In this state it undergoes a second fermentation and becomes sour, after which it will suffer no change for many months. It is taken out of the hole as it is wanted for use and, being made into balls, is wrapped up in leaves and baked. After it is dressed it will keep five or six weeks. It is eaten both cold and hot. The natives seldom make a meal without it, though to us the taste is as disagreeable as that of a pickled olive generally is the first time it is eaten.

“ As the making of this *mahie* depends, like brewing, upon fermentation, so, like brewing, it sometimes fails, without their being able to ascertain the cause. It is very natural, therefore, that the making it should be

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

connected with superstitious ceremonies. It generally falls to the lot of the old women, who will suffer no creature to touch anything belonging to it but those they employ as assistants, nor even to go into that part of the house where the operation is carrying on." Cook, "Three Famous Voyages Around the World." London and New York.

2. YAM. "The *uhi*, or yam, *dioscoria alata*, a most valuable root, appears to be indigenous in most of the South Sea Islands, and flourishes remarkably well. Several kinds grow in the mountains; their shape is generally long and round, and the substance rather fibrous, but remarkably farinaceous and sweet. The kind most in use is generally of a dark brown color with a roughish skin; it is called by the natives *obura*.

"The yam is cultivated with much care, though to no very great extent, on account of the labor and attention required. The sides of the inferior hills and the sunny banks occasionally met with in the bottoms of the valleys are selected for its growth. Here a number of small terraces are formed, one above another, covered with a mixture of rich earth and decayed leaves. The roots intended for planting are kept in baskets till they begin to sprout; a yam is then taken and each eye, or sprout, cut off with a part of the outside of the root, an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick, attached to it; these pieces, sometimes containing two eyes each, are spread upon a board and left in some part of the house to dry; the remainder of the

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

root is baked and eaten. This mode of preparing the parts for planting does not appear to result from motives of economy, as is the case in some parts where the Irish potato is prepared for planting in a similar manner, but because the natives imagine it is better thus to plant the eyes when they first begin to open, or germinate, with only a small part of the root, than to plant the whole yam, which they say is likely to rot. Whether the same plan might be adopted in planting the sweet potato and other roots, I am not prepared to say, as it is only in raising the yam that it is practised in the horticulture of the natives. When the pieces are sufficiently dry, they are carefully put in the ground with the sprouts uppermost, a small portion of dried leaves is laid upon each, and the whole lightly covered with mold. When the roots begin to swell, they watch their enlargement and keep them covered with light rich earth, which is generally spread over them about an inch in thickness.

“The yam is one of the best flavored and most nutritive roots which the islands produce. The natives usually bake them; they are, however, equally good when boiled; and, as they may be preserved longer out of the ground than any other, they are the most valuable sea-stock to be procured; and it is to be regretted that they are not more generally cultivated. Few are reared in the Georgian Islands; more perhaps in the Society cluster; but Sir Charles Sander’s Island is more celebrated for its yams than any other of the group.” Ellis, “Polynesian Researches.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

3. CHESTNUTS. "In certain seasons of the year, if the breadfruit be scarce, the natives supply the deficiency thus occasioned with the fruit of the *mape* or *rata*, a native chestnut (*Tuscarpus edulis*). Like other chestnut trees, the *mape* is of stately growth and splendid foliage. It is occasionally seen in the high grounds, but flourishes only in the rich bottoms of the valleys, and seldom appears in greater perfection than on the margin of a stream. From the top of a mountain I have often been able to mark the course of a river by the winding and almost unbroken line of chestnuts that have towered in majesty above the trees of humbler growth. The *mape* is branching, but the trunk, which is the most singular part of it, usually rises ten or twelve feet without a branch, after which the arms are large and spreading.

"During the first seven or eight years of its growth the stem is tolerably round, but after that period, as it enlarges, instead of continuing cylindrical, it assumes a different shape altogether. In four or five places round the trunk small projections appear, extending in nearly straight lines from the root to the branches. The center of the tree seems to remain stationary; while these projections, increasing at length, seem like so many planks covered with bark, and fixed round the tree, or like a number of natural buttresses for its support. The center of the tree often continues many years with perhaps not more than two or three inches of wood round the medula, or pith; while the buttresses, though only about two inches thick, extend two, three, and four

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

feet, being widest at the bottom. I have observed buttresses, not more than two inches in thickness, projecting four feet from the tree, and forming between each buttress natural recesses, in which I have often taken shelter from the rain. When the tree becomes old its form is still more picturesque, as a number of knots and contortions are formed on the buttress and branches, which render the outlines more broken and fantastic.

“The wood of the rata has a fine straight grain, but being remarkably perishable is seldom used, excepting for fire-wood. Occasionally, however, they cut off one of the buttresses, and thus obtain a good natural plank, with which they make the long paddles for their canoes or axe-handles. The leaf is large and beautiful, six or eight inches in length, oblong in shape, of a dark green color and, though an evergreen, exceedingly light and delicate in its structure. The tree bears a small, white racimated panicle flower, esteemed by the natives on account of its fragrance. The fruit, which hangs singly or in small clusters from the slender twigs, is flat and somewhat kidney-shaped. The same term is also used by the natives for this fruit and the kidney of an animal. The nut is a single kernel, in a hard, tough, fibrous shell, covered with a thin, compact, fibrous husk. It is not eaten in a raw state; but, though rather hard when fully ripe, it is, when roasted in a green state, soft and pleasant to the taste.” Ellis, “Polynesian Researches.”

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

4. TARO. "Next to the breadfruit the *taro*, or *arum*, is the most serviceable article of food the natives possess, and its culture receives a considerable share of their attention. It has a large, solid, tuberous root, of an oblong shape, sometimes nine or twelve inches in length, and five or six in diameter. The plant has no stalk; the broad heart-shaped leaves rise from the upper end of the root, and the flower is contained in a sheath or spathe. There are several varieties; for thirty-three of which the natives have distinct names; and it is cultivated in low marshy parts, as the plant is found to thrive best in moist situations. A large kind, called *ape*, *arum costatum*, which is frequently planted in the dry grounds, is also used in some seasons, but is considered inferior to the taro.

"All the varieties are so exceedingly acrid and pungent in their raw state as to cause the greatest pain, if not excoriation, should they be applied to the tongue or palate. They are always baked in the same manner as breadfruit is dressed; the rind, or skin, being first scraped off with a shell. The roots are solid, and generally of a mottled green or gray color, and when baked are palatable, farinaceous, and nutritive, resembling the Irish potato more than any other root in the islands.

"The different varieties of *arum* are propagated either by transplanting the small tubers, which they call *pohiri*, that grow round the principal root, or setting the top or crown of those roots used for food. When destitute of foreign supplies, we have attempted to

IN CAPTIVITY IN THE PACIFIC

make flour with both the breadfruit and the taro by employing the natives to scrape the root and fruit into a kind of pulpy paste, then drying it in the sun, and grinding it in a handmill. The taro in this state was sometimes rather improved, but the breadfruit seldom is so good as when dressed immediately after it has been gathered." Ellis, "Polynesian Researches."

H 18 89

